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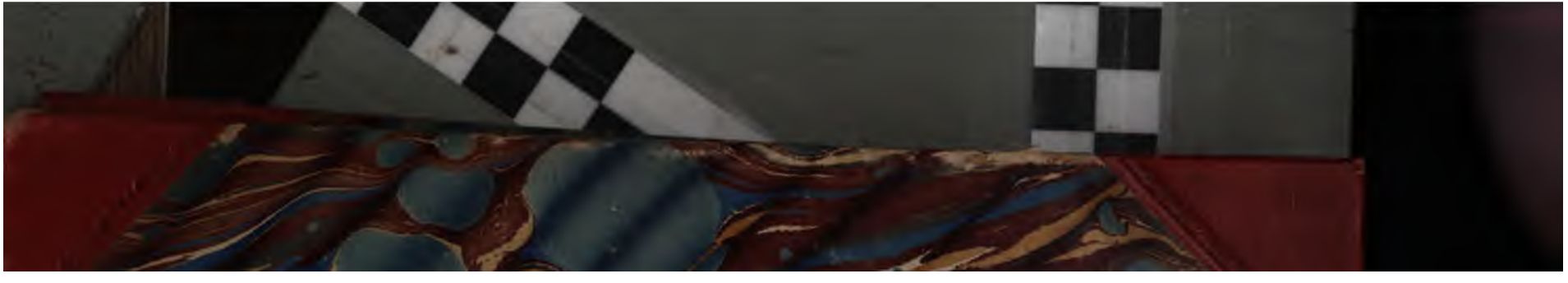
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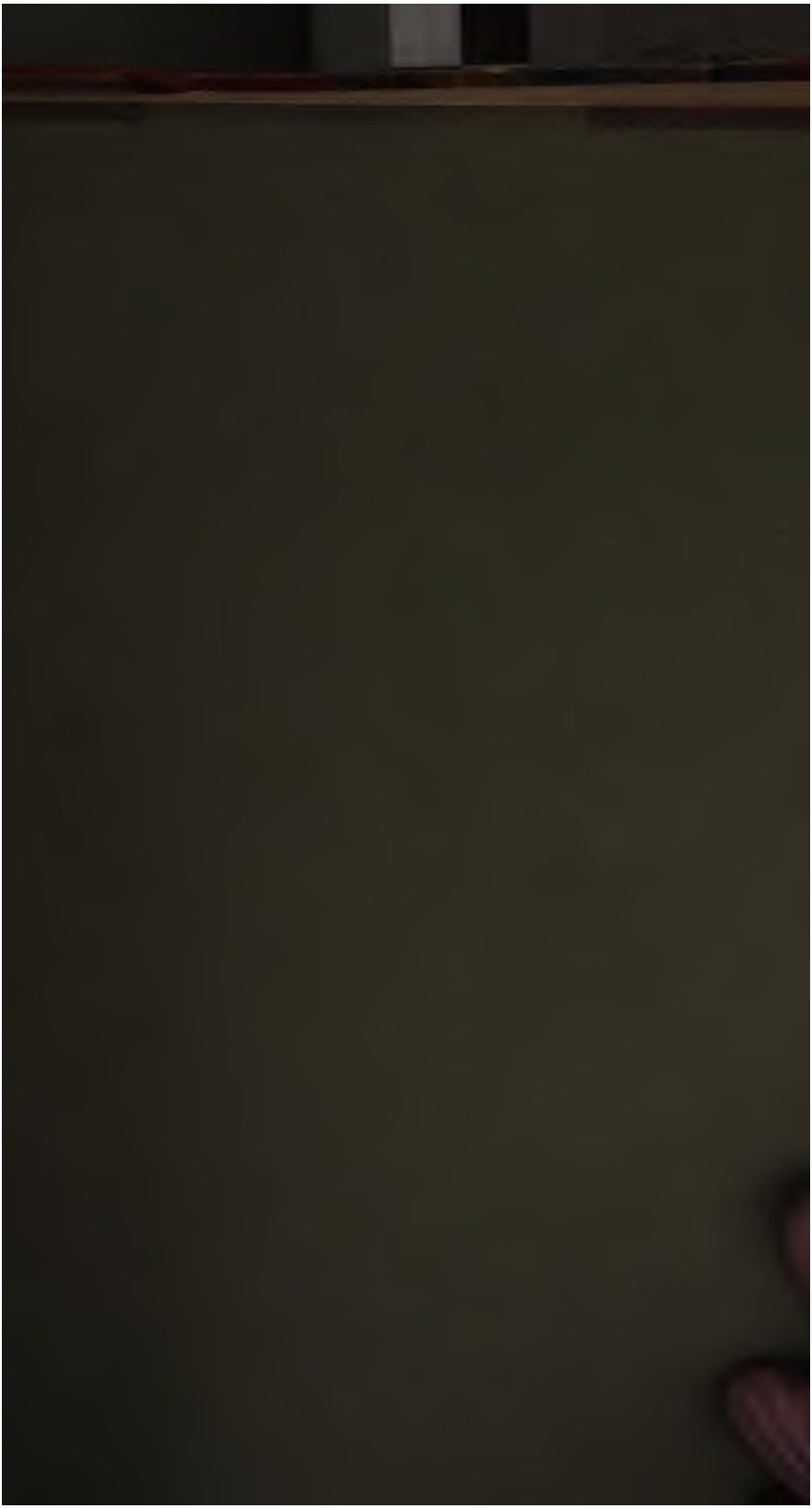
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W. E. HORN.
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THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.
JANUARY 1887.

KATE SEYMOUR.

BY W. H. STACPOOLE.

PART I.

IT was about ten minutes past five o'clock on a lovely August evening when Mr. Edward Oldham, a young man of about twenty-three years of age, stepped out of the express train which had just arrived from London at the station in Margate. Having left a handsome travelling-bag, which was his only luggage, in the cloak-room, he sauntered along the Crescent to the Royal York Hotel. It was the height of the season in Margate. The place was crowded, and there was not a bed to be had at the York or the White Hart, so he strolled up the hill towards the Cliftonville. As he was passing by Fort Crescent he saw, standing on the doorstep of a house some ten or fifteen yards before him, a tall slight girl, whose wavy golden hair, confined by a single ribbon, floated over her shoulders until it reached her waist.

Her complexion was very pale, but it was wonderfully transparent, and suited the delicate lineaments of her dreamy Grecian features. Mr. Oldham instinctively slackened the very leisurely pace at which he was walking, and looked curiously at her. Then he looked at the house. There was a card in the parlour window with the word "Apartments" on it. To take apartments in Margate would have been one of the last things that he would have thought of doing under any ordinary circumstances. Young, and possessed of means which made him independent of any small economies, he would never have dreamt of immuring himself in the comparative solitude of a lodging-house, however well appointed it might be, while he could have the freedom and sense of companionship which there is—to young men, at all events—about an hotel. He paused, however,

for a moment he seemed in doubt. Then he went up the steps, and was about to ring the bell, when the young lady, who had stepped aside to make way for him, asked in a very musical but clear and incisive voice if he wished to see anyone?

"I wished to know what apartments there are to let?" said Mr. Oldham, who actually blushed under the influence of the grave brown eyes which were suddenly turned full upon him.

"There is the parlour and bedroom on the ground-floor. How long would you want them for?" replied the young lady, in a voice which was perfectly polite but perfectly uninterested.

"I am not sure how long I can stay, but I should be happy to take them for any reasonable time if they suited me," said Mr. Oldham, in a tone into which, though equally polite, there was thrown just that amount of irritation which is likely to be occasioned when a handsome young man finds that what he knows to be his semi-advances, however faint or involuntary they may be, are either rejected or unnoticed by a beautiful woman.

Why the young lady whom Mr. Oldham was addressing should have been more cordial after his last speech I do not know, and I am sure that it would have puzzled her to explain. Some extra clever reader of this story may suggest, as a simple and obvious explanation, that she saw he was likely to be a good customer to the house. But this hypothesis will, I think, disappear in the course of the tale. However it may have been, she replied in a much more cordial tone:

"My aunt is not at home at present, but if you will come in I will show you the rooms."

As the rooms were on the ground floor it did not take long to inspect them; and, after extracting as much conversation from the young lady as he politely could, he engaged the rooms, and went to the station to get his bag.

Edward Oldham was the only son of a very wealthy shipowner who had been away on business in South America for the last eight months. During the absence of his father he had taken a First Class at Oxford, and he was now living without any very definite aim in life, except a general idea that he would stand for some constituency at the next general election. The allowance he received from his father was practically unlimited; but he was entirely dependent on this allowance, and for the first time in his life he realised the circum-

while he was on his way to the station. It did not take him an half an hour to get back to Fort Crescent. To his great intment, the door was opened by a servant.

"Has Miss Darrell returned?" he asked when he had put his travelling-bag in his bedroom.

"No, sir, she will not be back till eight o'clock. Would you like anything to eat, sir?"

"No, thank you. Can I have a cup of tea?"

"Yes, sir. I shall bring it up directly."

He did not want the tea, but he wanted some excuse to dally about the place. He did not like to ask if Miss Darrell's niece was still in the house—there was no plausible excuse for doing so; but, if he waited a little, perhaps one might arise. When the servant left the room he opened a rather ancient-looking cottage piano which stood by the window, and, having struck a few chords, found that it was one of those that have the poignant melody of tone which is so often wanting in modern pianos. Mr. Oldham was an accomplished pianist, and he played from memory two of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," and a waltz of Chopin. Then he got up and began to inspect some volumes of music which were lying on a table near the piano. There was Beethoven's "Sonatas" and Bach's "Fugues," and Mozart's "Sonatas," and a few other volumes of more or less classical music. On the fly-leaf of each book was written, in a woman's hand, which was at once firm and delicate, Catherine Seymour, with various dates, the oldest of which was nearly nine years, and the last about six months.

"Who may Catherine Seymour be, I wonder?" said Mr. Oldham to himself. "The fair young lady I have been speaking to, I hope. She is a musician if there is any truth in physiognomy."

"Is Miss Seymour the young lady I saw when I came here first?" he asked when the servant came in to make preparations for tea.

"Yes, sir."

"Could I see her for a minute?"

"Yes, sir. I'll tell her."

In a minute or two Miss Seymour came into the room. Mr. Oldham rose from the table, and, having very politely asked her to be seated, he apologised for troubling her, and then proceeded, in a very candid and deferential manner, to say that if the music on the table was hers he hoped she would use the piano while he was in the house whenever she pleased.

"I am a little of a musician myself," he said, "and I should be exceedingly sorry if I thought that anyone who is fond of music was in any way prevented from enjoying it by me."

Now there are many considerations which would probably have

prevented most men from addressing Miss Seymour in this way, however strongly they may have felt on the subject. In the first place, there would be the fear of appearing to act in a patronising manner; and then there would, probably, be an apprehension lest she might resent such conduct as being, under the circumstances, too familiar; or, perhaps, think that they were taking advantage of the situation to try to force their society upon her.

Very likely one or all of these objections would have applied if Mr. Oldham had spoken otherwise than as he did. But he addressed her in such a perfectly natural and straightforward manner; he spoke with such an easy deference, so much as if his words expressed nothing more than their plain literal meaning, that, insensibly, her confidence was gained by the handsome young stranger who was speaking to her in a perfectly polite and almost distant manner, but yet with an evident interest and appreciation of everything she said which, without perhaps knowing it, she found to be very flattering. The conversation naturally ran on music. Mr. Oldham sat down to the piano and played one or two pieces about which they had been speaking. And presently, at his urgent request, Miss Seymour blushing very much, and not quite knowing whether she was doing right or not, sat down and played from memory some of Mendelssohn's "Songs," and then sang Schubert's "Adieu." Alhough she was rather nervous she succeeded in astonishing her listener. It is a popular error to suppose that anyone who chooses to practise can play the piano well; the truth being that a great pianist or instrumentalist of any kind is, like the poet, born and not made. She had the gift which is so rare, and which can never be acquired by mere practice—the gift of performing the music of others as if it were an inspiration of her own. But if Mr. Oldham was surprised at her performance on the piano, he was even more surprised when he heard the soprano voice in which she sang Schubert's "Adieu." The fact was, that Miss Seymour had very great natural talents for music, and had been carefully taught before her father died, insolvent, leaving her and a son, who was at sea, penniless.

It was not until long after seven o'clock that he went down to the White Hart to dine. His thoughts were wholly engrossed with Miss Seymour, and before he had finished his dinner he determined to give up all thoughts of a political career for the present, and to enter his name at the Temple. In the meantime Miss Darrell returned to Fort Crescent, and was very wroth on hearing that the rooms were let to a young gentleman with no other luggage than a bag.

"But he is a perfect gentleman, and will pay you in advance," ded Miss Seymour.

"Then why did you not take his money? You let him into the e, and now goodness knows how we shall be when we get rid of . His money will be gone in scamping before the end of the week, it won't give him much trouble to get away with the bag. Do think I can keep house for yourself and every man who makes at you?" was the retort.

One of the predominating elements in Miss Darrell's character a quality of being unpleasant. A small woman, with a pale hed face, and coal-black hair, her asperity seemed to mingle quite rally even with her geniality, just as the tartness of a small crab-le does with its sweetness. And, to pursue the simile, just as the -apple can be very bitter occasionally, so Miss Darrell could be nasty at times.

Miss Seymour did not cry or retaliate. She was poor and enceless, and so, after saying that the rooms were let for that ht at all events, she went upstairs to her room; which was, perhaps best thing she could have done.

"Oh, you are the gentleman who has taken the ground floor?" s the salutation Mr. Oldham received when he returned at about ne o'clock.

"Yes, madam, I believe I am that fortunate individual," he replied.

"Miss Darrell was taken aback. He spoke so politely, but with ch a cool self-possession, that she did not quite know whether to gard his answer as being complimentary or the reverse.

"Are you likely to stay for any length of time? At the present eason I——"

"I told Miss Seymour I shall be happy to take the rooms for a fortnight if you can let me have them, and to pay for them in advance," said Mr. Oldham.

There was no resisting this, so Miss Darrell, who was as proud as she was tart, and who saw that he was evidently quite trustworthy, signified that he could have the rooms, and that he could pay when he was leaving.

Next morning he played the piano for an hour or more after breakfast, in the hope of bringing Miss Seymour into the room; but she did not appear. He went out for a walk, and came back about two o'clock, but there was no trace of her. Once or twice he was on the point of asking the servant if she was in the house; but he refrained from doing so as he began to suspect she was keeping out of his way because she had been bullied about him by her aunt. His

suspicions were confirmed by what happened when he returned at about half-past ten that night. Miss Seymour was coming downstairs as he opened the hall-door. She blushed, said very timidly "Good night," and ran downstairs before he could say a word to her. It was evident, then, that the poor girl was afraid to speak to him.

He divined the situation at once, and his affection increased with his anger and pity. For more than an hour he sat meditating in his parlour, and the result of his deliberations was a determination to propose to Miss Seymour at the first opportunity.

"We must keep it dark from the governor," he thought. "I know that his mind is set on founding a family, as it is called. He wants me to marry into some aristocratic family, and get into the Peerage. But we could live on £500 a year (allowing for the appearances I'll have to keep up), and at that rate we'd have nearly £5,000 saved by the time I'm called to the Bar. Yes, that's evidently the game. And now I must see Miss Seymour—to-morrow if possible, for I must be in town to meet the governor on Wednesday. There's the difficulty, though. The aunt must not know anything about it. It would be sure to leak out if she did."

And then he framed several devices for getting an interview with Miss Seymour, which he abandoned one by one as being unworkable.

Next morning, however, accident gave him the opportunity he sought. After breakfast he strolled up towards Fort Parade. He was just about to pass the Parade, when he looked back and saw Miss Darrell walking down towards the town, evidently on her way to church. Mr. Oldham walked on a little way to let her get out of sight. Then he turned and went back to the house as fast as he could. When he got into his parlour he rang the bell and asked the servant if he could see Miss Darrell for a minute.

"No, sir, she's just gone to church."

"Oh! Could I see Miss Seymour then?" He blushed, and his heart beat fast as he asked the question.

"I'll see, sir. She's upstairs, I think," was the answer.

He sat down, and pretended to read a newspaper, which was two or three days old; but he must have been very clever if he succeeded, for he held it before him upside down.

"She'll be down in a moment, sir," said the servant a minute afterwards.

She began to clear the table of the breakfast things, and he watched her in a perfect agony. For, so absorbed was he in the one engrossing topic that he had to speak to Miss Seymour about, that, if she had come into the room whilst the servant was there, he could not,

to save his life, have found any pretext that would have passed muster as an excuse for having asked to see her. At last, however, the table was cleared, and he was left alone. What was he to say? All his thoughts seemed to rise before him in an incoherent mass, the only unifying principle about which was his desire to tell her that he loved her, and to ask her to be his wife. But how to put the matter? It was so sudden, and there were so many complications about it. He was a clever man, and under any ordinary circumstances he knew it well enough—better, perhaps, than he might have cared to confess. But at present he sat pale and trembling, with a sense of his own impotence and audacity. There was no getting out of it now. Without, practically, a penny that he could call his own, he had summoned into his presence a young lady to whom he was almost a stranger to ask her to marry him secretly, and to live for years under an assumed name. His feelings were like those of a *débutant* who is about to face a very critical audience, with a strong consciousness that in doing so he is going to do something which is unutterably foolish and presumptuous.

In a few minutes there was a light tap at the door. He turned as red as he had been pale, and, having opened the door, asked Miss Seymour, who was dressed in a white muslin polonaise, and who looked, he thought, more spiritual and statuesque than ever, to come and sit down. She was perfectly calm and self-possessed, and his thoughts seemed to concentrate themselves in her presence. Having taken a chair at some distance from her, he sat down and commenced by saying that he wished to speak to her on a very important matter. Then he told her, with a fluency and conciseness which surprised himself, who he was, how he was situated, and what his prospects were. So far he spoke easily and pointedly; and she listened with evident attention and surprise. When he got over what I may term the historical part of the interview he faltered, and seemed for a minute at a loss how to introduce the subject to which the exordium had been leading. Perhaps she anticipated what it was, for she was very pale, and kept her eyes steadily fixed on the floor. At length, as if by a strong effort, he said: "Miss Seymour, I do trust that you will not think me guilty of unpardonable presumption. I have a liberal allowance at present. My father, as I have told you, is an old man with stupid ideas about my marrying into some aristocratic family—a thing I never thought of doing. In three years I shall be able to make my own way. Until then I could support the two of us. When he sees that I am independent, I know that he will relent. If he does not, I shall be able to do without his assistance. I love

you more than I can tell you. I ask you to be my wife. I have told you everything ; and, if you should do me the honour to accept me, you will, I think, see why for the present we ought to keep the fact of our being married a secret."

The terms in which he expressed his proposal seem, I must confess, rather commonplace and prosaic on paper. But he jerked the sentences out as if he were pleading for his life—and there is, I suppose, a good deal in the manner in which such things are said. At all events Miss Seymour was visibly affected, for she sat in her chair silent and trembling, with the tears running down her pale cheeks.

" For heaven's sake, forgive me if I have been presumptuous. You do not know how I honour you," he exclaimed.

" No, no," she answered quietly. " You have done me the greatest honour a man can do a woman. But I am only a poor girl. Why should one like you link yourself to me? Besides, you know nothing about me at present."

" I know you as well as if I had known you for a thousand years. And if I lived for a thousand years you would be my wife at the end," he said, taking her hand in his.

She suffered it to remain there for a minute, and then withdrew it quickly, and brushed the tears from her eyes, saying, " I have no one to advise me, but it would be cruel and unjust for me to accept your offer now. We must, both of us, have time to think. For the present we shall consider your proposal as if it had not been made. If you like to renew it at some future time I may be able to give you an answer. But you must regard yourself as being perfectly free to do as you please. If you should ever think of me again, you must consider that you are not in the slightest degree bound by what has happened. You have made me a most flattering proposal, and I have—at least for the present—declined it, though, believe me, with every sentiment of gratitude, and with the deepest sense of the honour you have done me."

" I am not very fickle," said Mr. Oldham. " My sentiments will remain unchanged. But how long will it be before you can give me an answer? "

" I have given you an answer," she replied. " With the deepest gratitude, I decline your kind proposal."

" Nonsense ! " he cried ; " that is not fair. You gave me hopes that I might be successful at some future time. I want to know how long you think the probation ought to last? "

" I did not speak of any probation," said Miss Seymour ; " I said that we must consider the matter as if it had not been. You are

quite free. If ever you renew the subject, it must be after you have been away from Margate—after you have been amongst other people and other scenes."

"I see," he replied. "I understand and respect your wishes. You shall have a proof of my constancy. And now, whilst I am in Margate, cannot we meet a little oftener? Do not be afraid that I shall be ungenerous enough to allude to the subject. But, surely, we might see each other occasionally—merely as friends."

"I should be very happy to do so," said Miss Seymour; "but it is very difficult for me to know how to act. My aunt is so——" She paused for an adjective, and Mr. Oldham broke in.

"So censorious, so ready to think that everybody ought to be an old maid like herself——"

"No, no. You must not speak in that way," interrupted Miss Seymour. "She is a very good woman. You don't know her. If she knew everything, I am sure she would see no objection to our meeting occasionally. But she can't, and, knowing no more than she does, she would naturally object if I were seen much in your society.'

And so on, and so on. The old story. When the man wills the woman obeys. They went to church together that evening, Mr. Oldham meeting her at a little distance from Fort Crescent, and saw each other a good deal at his desire on the Monday and Tuesday. On Wednesday morning they spent nearly an hour together while Miss Darrell was out shopping. Miss Seymour wanted him to stay away for at least a month; but he insisted on returning on the following Monday, and they parted that afternoon without any allusion being made to the subject which was uppermost in both their minds.

On Thursday evening he met his father at Paddington. Since the death of his wife, some five years before the date I am speaking of, Mr. Oldham senior had given up his establishment in Grosvenor Square, and lived chiefly at the Langham and Westminster Palace Hotels. They drove to the latter, where they dined together, and sat chatting until after midnight. The conversation was chiefly about the son's future, and the father seemed to take it for granted that his son's one aim in life would be to get into the House of Commons, marry into some powerful family, and, by every possible means, work himself into the Peerage.

Next Monday morning Edward Oldham arrived at Fort Crescent at about eleven o'clock.

When he drove up to the door the servant, who saw his arrival from one of the upper windows of the house, ran down to welcome him with an enthusiasm which was due partly, no doubt, to his

liberality, but partly also, I should think, to his general affability and kindliness of disposition. For servants are much more sensitive on the latter point than many people suspect.

"Well, Angelina," he said as he got out of the trap that brought him from the station, "I hope you are all well and happy."

"Yes, thank you, sir; and I hope you have come to stay for some time with us. Miss Darrell did not expect you so early, or I'm sure she'd have been at home to receive you, sir. But you'll find everything just as you left it."

"And Miss Seymour—she is quite well, I hope?"

"Yes, sir, thank you. She is upstairs at present, but she'll be down in a few minutes. Can I get you anything, sir?"

"Not at present, thank you. I'm going out in a few minutes. You might tell Miss Seymour, though, that I'd like to see her for a minute before I go out."

"Yes, sir, I'll tell her directly."

In a few minutes Miss Seymour came into the room. She was pale, but her manner was free from any restraint or hesitation.

"How do you do, Mr. Oldham?" she asked, in a candid voice, as they shook hands.

"Very well, thank you," he replied. "Angelina has told me that you are quite well. But I should not say so," he added earnestly; "you look very pale."

"Oh, I am very well," she answered, blushing. "I was not aware that I looked pale."

"I am afraid that you want somebody to look after you," he said tenderly. "Miss Seymour, you know the question I have to put to you. I have respected your wishes, and have not spoken to you on the subject before. But you know what has brought me back. You cannot refuse me an answer any longer. Will you be my wife?"

"Have you seen your father?"

"Yes."

"Has he spoken to you on the subject of marriage?"

"He has; and it is as I told you before. He wants me to marry some woman whose family would, as he thinks, be instrumental in getting me into the Peerage. You know what I think of that—even if I did not think of you."

"And you propose instead to marry me, a poor girl without either money or family?"

"Why do you add these absurd qualifications, which are only creatures of your imagination?"

"They are not creatures of my imagination," she said, gently

but decisively." They were sitting on a sofa to which he had led her. "They are facts. What do you propose that we should do?"

"Have I not told you? That we should go to London and get married. I have at least £2,000 a year I can draw. We could live comfortably on £500. That would be £4,500 saved by the time I am called to the Bar. And with my profession and £4,500 capital, cannot we dare the world together?"

"Yes, but how is the money got?"

"How?"

"By a fraud," said Miss Seymour calmly. "By a fraud for which I should despise myself more that you ever could. Do you think that I could live on money which you were getting, practically, by false pretences. Stop, stop; hear me out. You naturally regard your father's money as your own, and act with a clear conscience. But think of me. I am to live on money which was given to you for a purpose different from that to which you are applying it, and which would be withheld with scorn if it were known how I was sharing it. Do you think that I should act with either dignity or honesty if I were to do so?"

"You do not love me," said Mr. Oldham.

"Why?"

"Because if you did you would recognise that as man and wife we would be one."

He perfectly appreciated the nature of her objection, founded as it was on her sense of self-esteem. But, being quick-witted, he avoided argument, and took the quick way to reach a woman's reason through her heart.

"Cannot we wait until you have made yourself independent?" she asked after a moment's pause.

"If you had parents living, and a comfortable home, perhaps we might," was the answer, "but not as things are. Do you think that I have no feeling? How do you suppose that I am to work, as I shall have to do, while I know that you are miserable here. No; it is my right and my duty to protect you. And when you ask me to live in comfort in London, and leave you here unhappy, as I know you to be, you ask me to do a thing which is both unnatural and impossible. My future is in your hands. With the consciousness that you were my wife, and that your fate was depending on mine, I could do all that I am capable of doing. If you leave me I have no aim in life. 'Love has sharp eyes,' as the saying is, and I know well enough that you cannot remain here for long. The suspense and knowledge of your unhappiness are terrible to me.

Could I share your troubles, I hope that I am man enough to fight my way out of them. But to leave you here to suffer while I have a large income, precarious though it is—oh, no, it is not possible!" he exclaimed, rising from his seat and standing before her. "I am a man, and you are a woman. Will you take me now, while my future is a mystery, for better or worse?"

"I will."

The words were said very humbly and submissively, with her head hung down, and tears rolling down her cheeks. Poor girl, she had need of tears—but this is anticipating.

Kate had, in truth, been leading a very unhappy life. Nagged (to use a word which, if it be not classical, is gradually becoming so by virtue of its expressive power) to persecution about every trivial detail of the household arrangements, she was made more unhappy by the fact—of which she was not unfrequently reminded—that she was entirely dependent on Miss Darrell. And if Edward Oldham had not come to Fort Crescent, I dare say that before long she would have left her home, such as it was, to seek her fortune. He remained in Margate until Friday, when he went back to town. On the following Tuesday Miss Seymour also left Margate, leaving a short note for her aunt (who had been very unpleasant after Mr. Oldham's departure) to say that she did not wish to encumber her any longer, and that she had gone to see if she could not do for herself.

She was met by Mr. Oldham at Victoria Station that afternoon, and they drove together to lodgings which he had taken for her in Eastbourne Terrace, Bayswater. The house was kept by a Mrs. O'Phelan, a shrewd and kind-hearted Irishwoman, whom he had known for some three or four years, through a friend of his having lodged with her. She was a woman in whom he felt that he could place confidence, so he told her candidly that he was going to be married to the young lady who was coming to the house; that, for reasons which he briefly intimated, it would be necessary to keep the matter secret for some time; and asked her to be a witness at the marriage ceremony. I need hardly say that Mrs. O'Phelan entered *con amore* into the whole transaction—more especially after she had seen Miss Seymour. Next to being married themselves, there is nothing that most women like better than being instrumental in arrying somebody else. It was arranged that the marriage was to e place in three weeks' time, and that they were to spend the neymoon at Virginia Water. In the meantime Mr. Oldham used come to the house every day to take her out to see the various

sights of London, and they generally dined at home with Mrs. O'Phelan, who acted as a sort of *chaperone*, especially when they went to theatres and concerts. The time passed very happily until about a week before the Tuesday on which they were to be married. Then a cloud seemed to come over Edward Oldham's spirits. He was as kind and attentive as ever, but his thoughts seemed to be preoccupied; and she could not help thinking that he was brooding over something which he did not wish to speak about. They dined together on Sunday; but he was so silent and absent-minded all the evening, that even Mrs. O'Phelan noticed the change in his manner, and observed to Miss Seymour, when they were alone, that she thought he must be unwell. It was about eleven o'clock when he rose to take his leave, and Miss Seymour went with him to the hall door. He kissed her affectionately as they parted. Something seemed to occur to his mind as he stood on the door-step. He paused for a moment as if in thought, and then said:

"Good-bye, darling! To-morrow at one. Good-bye!" They embraced again, and he went away towards Praed Street, turning back once or twice to wave his hand to her.

She felt very anxious when he was gone. At about ten minutes to one o'clock next day she sat down by the parlour window, with her watch in her hand, to wait for his arrival. When the hands of the watch had passed the hour by some ten minutes she looked out of the window. There was no appearance of him in the street. Hitherto he had always been before his time. But now, on their bridal eve, he was late. What could it mean? She was asking herself the question, when there was a sharp ring at the house-bell.

He never rang. But she ran out of the room and stood on the landing to listen, and heard Mrs. O'Phelan herself go to the hall-door.

"Miss Seymour," said a boyish voice, and looking over the bannisters she saw a telegraph-boy hand a telegram to Mrs. O'Phelan. A dreadful sense of fear came upon her. She groped her way back to the parlour, and dropped into an arm-chair. "It is a telegram for you," said Mrs. O'Phelan, coming bustling into the room a moment afterwards. "I hope he's all right, but it's a queer time to be sending telegrams." Her manner was at once familiar and assertive, and seemed to act as a tonic on Miss Seymour. Without rising from her seat she quietly took the telegram in her hand and opened it. It ran as follows:

"Edward Oldham. To Miss Seymour,
11 Eastbourne Terrace, Bayswater.

"Have to leave town on important business. Cannot be with you at one o'clock."

The telegram seemed to confirm her presentiments. She shivered, and handed it to Mrs. O'Phelan, who read it, and observed, in a tone which was so unsympathetic as to border on irony :

"It must be something very important to keep him away from you to-day."

The remark was made as if she had a right to comment on the matter, and it nettled Miss Seymour accordingly.

"It is, of course, something very important," she replied ; "but I would prefer to be alone at present, if you please."

"Oh, very well," was the answer ; "the rooms are yours, of course, while you pay for them," and with this remark Mrs. O'Phelan bounced out of the room.

"As pert as a duchess!" she muttered to herself as she went down the stairs. But when she got back to her own room she began to feel rather sorry for the poor girl, and more angry than ever with Mr. Oldham for what she vehemently suspected to be an act of treachery.

"He's like all the rest of them," she thought. "Taken her away from her home, and now he's going to leave her to shift for herself in London. God grant it's no worse! That's what's made him so silent for the last three or four days. Pish! What a fool I am! Her people ought to have jumped at the chance of her marrying him. Who are they, I wonder? And why has she run off from them in this way? They'd have kept the thing dark enough. Of course they would : it would have been to their interest. I hope Mr. Oldham has not been making a fool of me as well as the girl. 'Has to leave town on important business.' Very good. I hope he'll come back, that's all."

When Mrs. O'Phelan had gone Kate got up and walked several times up and down the room. She was not at all superstitious, but, like most women, she had a slight belief in presentiments, and the tears ran down her cheeks as she tried to think what could possibly have taken Edward Oldham out of town at such a time.

"If I could only see him for a minute!" she muttered to herself, sobbing ; and then she sat down, shuddering at the thought that she might never look upon him again. At length her thoughts reverted to Mrs. O'Phelan. Her tears stopped at once, and a hard cold expression came over her face.

"Not a word of sympathy! 'Dared say it was all right,' indeed! As if she had a right to make any remark!" she exclaimed through her clenched teeth. "Thinks it must be something very important to keep him away to-day—as if I wanted her to tell me that! The woman's insolence is unbearable!"

She took out her purse and counted its contents. A five-pound note, three sovereigns, and some silver. Then she looked at a watch and chain and a few rings which he had already given her—they were to have gone to Hunt and Roskell's that day to get the remainder of the wedding-presents.

"I can play and sing well, and I have enough to keep me for the present. Surely," she thought, "if it is necessary, I can do for myself in London."

At three o'clock the servant came up to ask if she would come downstairs to dine with Mrs. O'Phelan. She thought it better to do so, and they dined together, but spoke very little during the meal. When dinner was over she took a walk to Kensington Gardens, where she strolled about for more than an hour. It was nearly half-past seven when she returned; and then the evening passed wearily away until about ten o'clock, when Mrs. O'Phelan came up to say that supper was ready.

She had begun to be very sorry for Miss Seymour. She felt certain that Mr. Oldham was a smooth-tongued scamp who had deserted her; and she was enraged at the thought that she herself had been his dupe and tool. Already she had begun to speculate as to the prospects of an action for breach of promise of marriage, and it was partly with a view to broaching this subject that she was particularly civil during supper-time. At last, as they were sitting at the table after supper, it being then about a quarter to eleven o'clock, she observed:

"He's hardly likely to be here to-night. He knows that the house is always shut by eleven; and there are few trains, if there are any, that arrive from the country at this time of night. It's a queer thing, I'm thinking, that he didn't say where he was going and a queerer thing that he hasn't telegraphed from the place he went to, wherever it was."

"I suppose he was in great haste, and has been very busy since he left. It must have been something very important," replied Miss Seymour.

"Where there's a will there's generally a way," said Mrs. O'Phelan. "It does not take long to send a telegram, and there is a telegraph-office at every railway-station in the country. My dear, I'm thirty years older than you are; I've seen a good deal more of the world; and I tell you candidly I don't like it. I don't like it at all."

"Don't like what?" asked Kate, who had become very pale.

"I don't like his manner for the last couple of days. I don't like

the way he's left you, and I don't like the way he's telegraphed. I've seen too much of that sort of thing in my time ; and if he's not here by half-past eleven o'clock to-morrow morning, I'd be with a solicitor, if I were you, by twelve."

"Why?" gasped Miss Seymour.

"Why!" repeated Mrs. O'Phelan in a tone of astonishment, real or assumed. "Why, to make him pay for his pranks. If he's not here by half-past eleven to-morrow morning, you can't be so blind as not to see that he's cut and run from you. Faith, I'd let him do that if he pleased, and think it a good riddance of bad rubbish; but I'd take care I got enough out of him to keep me comfortable for the rest of my days. Are you sick, dear? Take a little brandy. Here, Ann! Ann! Quick!"

Kate had suddenly collapsed, and slid from her seat to the floor in a dead faint. It was some time before she recovered her consciousness ; but at last she was able to go up to her bedroom, followed by Mrs. O'Phelan, who was profuse in her apologies, as she was very much frightened at what had happened.

The daylight had found its way into her bedroom before she was awakened, with a start, by the postman's rat-tat at the hall-door. Hastily throwing on her dressing-down, she ran downstairs. There was one letter, but it was addressed to Mrs. O'Phelan. So she went back to her room, and sat down to think.

He might have written, and he would have written, she felt sure, unless he was very far away—too far to be with her by twelve o'clock. What did it mean? The telegram was very curt. Telegrams are necessarily so, but, still, he might have contrived to say a little more if he had wished. She took the telegram from under her pillow, where she had put it before she had got into bed, and read it again :

"Have to leave town on important business. Cannot be with you at one o'clock."

What was the important business? And why had he not either telegraphed or written to say at what hour he would be with her? Every minute was of importance now. Either he was, or he was not in London. If he were, it was strange that he was not at the house already. But if he were not, where was he? And by what train could he reach London so as to be at the house in time to get to the church before twelve?—for they had arranged to go with Mrs. O'Phelan to St. Mary's Church, where the marriage was to take place.

As she sat meditating, and weighing the *pros* and *cons* of the

question with a hard clearness that surprised herself, she saw hanging from a rack on the wall the plain grey silk dress in which she had intended to be married. For a moment the tears came to her eyes. But they dried as quickly as they came. A hard, stern expression came over her countenance. She took the dress down, and examined it in a stony, mechanical way; shook it out, and held it before her, gazing at it with a strange, bitter smile, and muttered to herself as she restored it to its place:

"If the worst comes to the worst, you will do to wear when I drown myself."

When she had nearly completed her toilet she put on a dressing-wrapper, and left the wedding-dress hanging in its place, intending only to assume it if Mr. Oldham should come, which he did not. They waited until a quarter to twelve, when Mrs. O'Phelan drove to the church to inform the clergyman that the marriage must be postponed. While she was away Kate packed up nearly all her things. Her week would expire on the following Monday evening, and, if she did not see or hear from Mr. Oldham by that time, she determined to try if she could not make her own way in the world. When Mrs. O'Phelan came back, she was surprised at the calm and apparently indifferent manner in which Miss Seymour said that she would have to take humbler lodgings, and try to get employment, if Mr. Oldham did not return during the week. With all her quickness of temper, Mrs. O'Phelan was a kind-hearted woman. She was angry at what she regarded as a despicable fraud upon both herself and Miss Seymour; but she could not help pitying the poor girl's utterly friendless state.

"Don't trouble yourself about the rooms," she said; "it's Mr. Oldham, and not you, that's responsible for them; so you are welcome to stay as long as you please. He's safe to come back some day. God grant, for your sake, it will be soon! I have no doubt about his paying me in the end. But if I never saw him again it does not matter. You shan't want a shelter as long as I can give you one. And as to your getting employment, take my word, it is easier said than done."

"I am very thankful to you, dear Mrs. O'Phelan," said Kate, who was completely softened by this speech. "Do not think that I am ungrateful if I cannot find words to thank you. But I have made up my mind. A day or two will tell whether he has deserted me or not; and, if he has, do you think that I would accept as much as a crust of bread at his hands? No; my mind is made up. I am not exactly the kind of woman that hangs upon a man who does not want her."

The last sentence was spoken in a tone in which, albeit calm, there was a concentrated passion and contempt which made Mrs. O'Phelan rather afraid of the imperious girl who uttered it.

"Well, well," she said, "we must not be too hasty in judging him. What do you say if we go to the Albany to see if he has left any word as to where he has gone?"

"*I* follow Mr. Oldham to his chambers if he does not think proper to communicate with me!" exclaimed Kate in astonishment.

"Faith, if he has followed you to your home, and taken you away from it, I think you have a right to," said Mrs. O'Phelan. "Right is right. I'd be the last to ask you to do anything that wasn't becoming; but you're clearly within your right here."

"I dare say I should be," replied Miss Seymour, "but I could not do it. I can't tell you why, but I could not. Don't speak to me about it, dear Mrs. O'Phelan; it makes me sick."

"I won't say anything more," said Mrs. O'Phelan, "except that I admire your spirit, and hope he's worthy of it. But there can't be any harm in my going myself to ask about him. I'm sure, Miss Seymour, you know it's not that I'm thinking about money. But it's so strange his going away at such a time, and saying so little. Where you might not like to go, I can go, and ask about him as a matter of course, without your name appearing at all."

"I don't care whether my name appears or not. But if you go, it must be on your own account, and not from me. You must promise me that."

"Certainly. I'll start at once, then, and I'll be back as soon as I can."

In about three hours she returned, looking very grave. Mr. Oldham had given up his chambers in the Albany, and had taken all his luggage away with him. The furniture was to be sold by auction if the incoming tenant did not require it, and the proceeds paid to Mr. Eversfield, solicitor, of 8 Bedford Row. This was all she could learn at the Albany, so she went to see Mr. Eversfield. He received her very politely, and said that Mr. Oldham had called on him that morning and instructed him to dispose of the furniture in his chambers, and to pay any debts of his that might be due. Mr. Oldham had left for the Continent, and he (Mr. Eversfield) did not know where he had gone, and did not expect to hear from him for some weeks. He added that he had been authorised by Mr. Oldham to give Miss Seymour one hundred pounds as compensation for her trouble in coming to London.

Such was, very briefly, the information Mrs. O'Phelan had to

communicate. Kate listened very quietly until the hundred pounds compensation was mentioned. Then she started from her seat, and exclaimed in a voice that trembled with passion:

"He might have spared me that insult at least!"

For some minutes she was so much agitated that Mrs. O'Phelan did not attempt to speak to her. At length, when the good woman was about to proceed with the recital of Mr. Oldham's perfidy—a recital which was plentifully interspersed with such comments and interjections as her indignation suggested—Miss Seymour said in a very quiet but decisive tone, "I must see what I can do for myself now. You will oblige me by not mentioning his name again."

That afternoon she went to a pawnbroker's, where she pledged the jewellery which he had already given her, for £35. She would have gone to an ordinary jeweller's shop to sell them, in order to avoid going into a pawnbroker's, were it not for a hope that some day or other she would be able to redeem the things and send them back to the giver. The £35 she received for the jewellery, together with the money she had in her purse, left her in all just £43. But, on the other hand, she owed £22, which would have to be paid shortly for clothes she had ordered; and there was the bill at her lodgings, both for the last week and the week she was entering upon. These bills she insisted on paying, though Mrs. O'Phelan wanted to let them stand over for Mr. Oldham to settle.

"They are not your bills at all—at least the first week's can't be," said Mrs. O'Phelan.

"Whether they are my bills or not, this is his money," replied Miss Seymour. "And, if I live, I shall never rest until I have accounted for every penny of it. He shall never say that I have benefited by a farthing from him."

There were a few other small debts, which she paid; and, thus when she arrived at St. Mary's Terrace, where she had taken a little back room at five shillings a week, she had barely ten pounds left. She was full of hope, however, and thought that there would be no difficulty in getting a situation as resident governess in some school or family. But music was the only subject in which she was really proficient; and some required advanced French or English; others objected to her because she was too young, or because she had no experience. And so September and a part of October slipped away without her being able to earn a penny. At last she got a tuition in Camden Town, where she went for an hour three times a week, and then another in Brixton, where she went twice a week for two hours each day. Her emoluments from these sources amounted to ten shillings a week;

but out of this she could not help spending two to three shillings in omnibuses and tramways. She had little more than five pounds left when she got the first of these tuitions. Do what she would she could not live for less than a pound a week. And many a lonely evening she passed sitting in her little room, and wondering what she was to do when the few pounds she had were gone and she was left entirely dependent on the ten shillings a week, which was all that she was able to earn.

Part II.

On a bitterly cold evening in the following February Mrs. O'Phelan arrived at Victoria Station to meet Edward Oldham on his arrival from Australia. He had come home by the Suez Canal and Brindisi, and had telegraphed to her and to Miss Seymour from Melbourne, Port Said, and Brindisi to announce his return.

"Poor young man!" she said to herself as she sat by the fire in the waiting-room, "he'll be dreadfully cut up when he hears the news. 'Fraud'—what can it mean? His father, I suppose."

She took from her pocket the telegram he had sent to her from Melbourne, and read it.

"Edward Oldham,
Melbourne.

"To Mrs. O'Phelan,
11 Eastbourne Terrace,
Paddington, London.

"Taken here by fraud. Leave for England in three days by mail."

"Yes, the father is a great shipowner; he must, as Mrs. Wheeler says, have captured him in some way and sent him off to Australia. Poor fellow, he was fond of her! Why on earth didn't I force her to come home with me that last night I met her?"

I dare say that the reader has already surmised what Mrs. O'Phelan and Mrs. Wheeler at once suspected when they read Mr. Oldham's telegram, viz. that his absence was due to a stratagem of his father. What had happened was, very briefly, as follows:

A Mrs. Lawrence, who was a sister of Mr. Oldham senior, whilst visiting a friend who lodged in the house next to Mrs. O'Phelan's, had seen Edward Oldham come home with Miss Seymour. Through the servant she learned that they were engaged and were to be married on the following Tuesday week at St. Mary's Church. This information she at once communicated to the father. He knew that it would be useless to remonstrate with his son, and determined to

use forcible means to break off the match. Accordingly, he told Edward Oldham next day that his affairs were in a very uncertain state, and when Edward returned to the Albany, after leaving Miss Seymour on the Sunday night, he found an urgent letter from his father, asking him to meet him at the Cannon Street Hotel next morning at half-past eleven o'clock. When they met he borrowed all the money which Edward had at his bank (about £400), on the pretence that he wanted it that day. Then he told his son that a ship of his, the "Dodder," would be passing Brighton at about four o'clock that evening, bound for Melbourne, and that everything depended on Edward getting on board of her to deliver a letter to the captain.

"I'll send a clerk with you who knows the 'Dodder,' and who'll get you a boat in Brighton. Come on: we have not a minute to lose in getting to London Bridge. If you catch the 'Dodder' I'm safe; but everything depends on that," said the father. Accordingly, they went to London Bridge, where Edward took the opportunity of hurriedly sending the telegram to Miss Seymour, and then went on with the clerk to Brighton. There they found a boat ready to sail, and hailed the "Dodder" in the course of a couple of hours. Edward Oldham went on board to give the letter to the captain, whom he accompanied to his cabin. When they came on deck again the boat was half a mile off, on its way back to Brighton, and the "Dodder," a fast-sailing clipper, was under full sail. I wish I had space to describe the scene when Edward Oldham discovered the manner in which he had been trapped. Luckily, he had in his pocket £300 which he had drawn that morning to buy some wedding-presents, and with this money he made his way home.

"Merciful heavens, you do look bad!" said Mrs. O'Phelan when she saw him standing among the passengers who had just got out of the train from Dover. He was pale and haggard, and looked very much as if he were recovering from a severe illness.

"Where is she—Kate?" he asked, in a strange trembling voice.

"Oh, I'll tell you when we get into the waiting-room. But have you any luggage?"

"Luggage? No; except this bag. Come on."

They went into the waiting-room, which was empty, and as they stood by the fire Mrs. O'Phelan told her tale. About the beginning of December, Miss Seymour had called a wardrobe-dealer into her lodgings in St. Mary's Terrace, and sold the greater part of her clothes. With the money she received she paid what was due at St.

Mary's Terrace, and went to Pickering Place. Here she remained until a few days after Christmas, being, as Mrs. O'Phelan had heard from her landlady, in a very impoverished state. Mrs. O'Phelan called upon her several times, and offered to assist her; but her offers were almost peremptorily declined. At last, about a week after Christmas, a gentleman drove up to the house in which Miss Seymour was lodging, in a carriage. He asked to see Miss Seymour, and, as she had only one room, the landlady showed him into her own parlour while she took his card upstairs. When Miss Seymour looked at the card she turned very pale, but came down at once to the parlour, where she remained for about ten minutes with the stranger. Then she went upstairs, and came down again in a few minutes with her hat and jacket on, and looking so pale and strange that Mrs. Wilson (the landlady) felt frightened. Then Miss Seymour and the stranger went out together, and, to Mrs. Wilson's astonishment, they both got into the carriage, which was a covered one, and drove away. At about seven o'clock that evening, while Mrs. Wilson was away from home, Miss Seymour returned. She paid what was due at her lodgings to Mrs. Wilson's husband, and left without giving any address. Mrs. Wilson did not remember the name of the stranger with whom Miss Seymour had gone away, but he was a tall man with grey hair, and she would know him if she were to see him again.

Such is, very briefly, the most important part of the story which Mrs. O'Phelan had to tell.

"Can you give me a bed to-night?" he merely asked when she had finished her tale.

"Certainly," she replied, wondering at the indifferent manner in which he spoke.

"I am very tired to-night," he continued, "and I shall have a good deal to do to-morrow."

They went to Eastbourne Terrace, where they had supper shortly after they arrived, and he went to bed at a little after nine o'clock, saying that he was tired and wanted a night's rest. He was curiously calm and reserved all the evening, and did not allude to anything she had told him.

"I don't like it," she said to herself when he had retired to his room. "He is a bit too quiet for my taste. Them dogs that bite don't bark, and he looks as if he is ready to bite somebody's head off. Faith, I hope it won't be his own."

Next morning Mr. Oldham went out rather early. His first visit was to Pickering Place; but Mrs. Wilson could not tell him anything

more than he had already heard from Mrs. O'Phelan. Then he went to the Westminster Palace Hotel, and got there as his father was sitting down to breakfast.

"Just in time to have some breakfast: sit down, my boy," said the father quite pleasantly.

"Thank you, sir, I have already breakfasted, and even after the voyage for which I have to thank you, I could not breakfast twice."

"Pooh, pooh! you can eat a devilled kidney. Ring the bell, and bring yourself to an anchor, as Captain Evans would say."

"I shall neither ring the bell nor sit down," said Edward Oldham. "I have come here to say a few words before I leave you for ever."

"For ever?" said the father, laughing, and fondling a handful of sovereigns in his trousers pocket.

"Yes, sir, for ever. I shall say nothing more of the trick you have played me than that it has opened my eyes to the snobbery and rascality of yourself and the whole nest of toadies and parasites who, I regret to say, are my relatives. You are a British merchant whose word is supposed to be as good as gold. The value of your word you and I know. You are perfectly regular and proper as long as you are within reach of the law. A little eccentric when you conceive yourself to be free from its wholesome influence. You were right in supposing that I would not attempt to prosecute. I shall not. But I am forisfamiliated."

"Foris what?" cried the father.

"Forisfamiliated," replied the son. "It is an expression which means that I am no longer a member of your family. It is not a particularly noble one in any sense, and I quite appreciate your idea of supplementing its defects by marriage. Only, forget that I ever belonged to it, and leave your money to whom you please—the Devil, if you like. Good morning!" and with this remark he left the room.

"Insolent cur!" exclaimed the father to himself. "Where the mischief did he get the money to come back? He must have had some about him when he left. What a fool I was not to have asked him! That will soon come to an end though. He's bound to be after me before long, if it is only for what I got from him in Cannon Street. Forisfamiliated indeed, the young ass! death and poverty are the only forisfamiliators when one of a family has a pile like mine. Egad, I like his nonsense. Mrs. Lawrence, and his uncle Sam, and his cousin Robin will be forisfamiliating themselves next. No, as long as I have the money they are bound to come to me, as

certain as the needle comes to the magnet. Besides, Miss Seymour is married, and there is no use in his crying after her now. Shall I tell him so at once, and have done with his nonsense? It's better not, perhaps. He would not believe it on my word alone, and if he once saw her while he is in his present state goodness knows what would happen. Very likely he'd get her to run off with him, and then there'd be a divorce, and the devil to pay. He'd marry her very likely, afterwards. No, he'd better have a few months to cool himself. When he finds his pockets empty and his love flown, he'll be docile enough."

When Edward Oldham left his father he went to the Albany, where he found his chambers as he had left them, with two quarters' rent unpaid. His father had called the previous September and told the steward that his son had left town to get rid of the persecution of a lady with whom he had got himself entangled, and the information Mrs. O'Phelan had received was dictated by the father. It is wonderful what an amount of confidence a really wealthy man inspires. The steward and Mr. Eversfield felt that they were quite safe in the hands of Mr. Oldham of Leadenhall Street, and obeyed his instructions implicitly.

When the furniture in his chambers was sold, and all his debts were paid, he found that he had about £300 to begin the world with. It was of course useless to think of going to any profession, or getting into any business with this small capital, so he set resolutely to work to try if he could not make money on the press. Accordingly he sent a number of articles to the London daily papers, and to the principal reviews. Some of these articles were returned; of the rest he heard nothing more. Then he tried some of the leading provincial papers, but with the same result. He had been working in this way for about two months, and was very nearly giving the whole thing up in disgust, when, fortunately, he met an old college friend who was the London editor of a paper called the *Northern News Letter*. Through the instrumentality of this friend he was appointed to be London correspondent to the paper, with a salary of six pounds a week. His duty was simply to write a letter every day which would occupy about a column of the paper; and two or three hours generally sufficed for the composition of this letter. Gradually the articles, which he had ample time to write, began to be accepted by various daily papers and reviews; and thus he found, in the course of some two or three months or so, that he was making a very comfortable little income. The only trouble he had was about Kate Seymour, and the thought of her haunted him day and night.

Having ascertained that she had not returned to Margate, he consulted a private detective, and issued a series of what are termed "agony advertisements." But the advertisements remained unanswered, and the detective could find no trace of Miss Seymour.

And so time went on until one evening in the beginning of August, when he went to a concert at St. James's Hall. He had been to very few theatres or concerts since his return; but he went on this occasion, partly because he had a free ticket and thought he might work something about the concert into his "letter," partly because a Mrs. Herbert was announced to sing Schubert's "Adieu," and he had an unaccountable yearning to hear the first song he had heard Kate Seymour sing. The concert commenced with Beethoven's wondrous overture to Leonora. It was well performed, which is saying a great deal for any orchestra, and its mighty tale of yearning, hope, disappointment, and final triumph seemed to him like the tale of his own life. They would conquer in the end, and Leonora would be his own. Why cannot such music abide in the senses as a picture does? It is gone almost before we realise it. The applause which greeted the terrific passage that concludes this greatest of overtures had died away, and he was sitting in the silence of the concert-hall, trembling with the spirit of hope and daring it had awakened within him, when a loud clapping of hands from the audience announced that Mrs. Herbert was coming up the steps which led to the platform. The gentleman who was to accompany her came first. There was a moment's delay from the narrowness of the staircase. Some people before him rose from their seats; he could only catch a glimpse of a tall lady in a dark dress. Then the people whose curiosity had made them rise for the instant sat down, while the lady advanced to the verge of the platform. It was Kate Seymour!

Edward Oldham held his programme before a face that was as colourless as the face of a corpse. He knew that she might break down if she were to see him, so he bowed his head and hid his face behind the programme until she had left the platform. How she sang he had no idea, all his thoughts having been devoted to concealing himself from her. It was only when he heard a loud burst of applause, mingled with the cries of "*Encore*," that he knew the ordeal was over, and the continuance of the applause warned him to get out of the hall before she should return. When the door of the concert-hall had closed behind him; he felt as if he had awakened from a horrid dream. Kate Seymour Mrs. Herbert? Was she

married, or was it an assumed name? He looked at the programme to see if she were to sing again, and found that she was to sing in the second part of the concert.

"Thank goodness," he thought, "I can communicate with her to-night."

Then he went into the restaurant and asked for a glass of brandy, with which he was served by a young lady, who looked curiously at his white and haggard face; and when he had drunk the brandy he went to a club he belonged to in Regent Street, to write a letter to her. It was only when he attempted to indite the letter that he found the difficulties there were in addressing Mrs. Herbert in a suitable manner. If she were another man's wife it would not do to address her as "My darling Kate." To address her as "Dear Mrs. Herbert" was too cold. Again, it would be difficult within the compass of a letter to tell her of the way in which he had been entrapped and taken out of the country. And if she were married there was something that was repugnant to his feelings in the thought of the shock it would give her if she were to be suddenly informed of the real cause of his disappearance on their wedding-eve. He wrote and tore up half a dozen letters, and at last had to be contented with the following:—

"Grosvenor Club,
"*August* 4, 187 .

"I shall explain the reason of my absence when I see you. Please let the commissionaire who delivers this letter have a line to say where and when I can see you. I await your answer at the above address.

"EDWARD OLDHAM.

"*To* Mrs. Herbert."

A commissionaire whom he had sent for was waiting for him when he had finished this note, and they went together to St. James's Hall, where he waited about the door of the concert-room until Mrs. Herbert's performance was over. Then he sent the commissionaire to the stage-door with the note, and went back to his club to wait for the answer. In about half an hour the commissionaire returned with a letter and a small box. He tore the letter open and read,

"St. James's Hall,
"*August* 4, 187 .

"In the accompanying box you will find the jewellery you once gave me. You will understand why I return it. I do not know whether I ought to meet you, but we are living at Dagmar Cottage, Grove Road, N.W., and I shall be alone to-morrow between twelve

and one. If you should call I can only trust to your feelings as a gentleman to make the interview as little painful as possible, and to regard it as final.

"CATHERINE HERBERT."

When Edward Oldham read this letter he folded it carefully up, and put it in his pocket. Then he gave the commissionaire half-a-sovereign for his trouble, put the jewel-case under his arm, and walked back to the office of the *Northern News Letter* in Fleet Street. All the way he found himself speculating about the letter he had to write for the paper that night. There was a curious sickening feeling somewhere in his breast, and a dreadful indispensable sense of utter loneliness and sorrow that seemed to hover about him like a cloud; but his mind seemed to be preternaturally clear, and to work away of its own accord about the subject of the *Letter*. Only, the feeling of his breast would sometimes become very sickening, and the cloud, which his intellect refused to examine, sometimes became almost palpable. When he got to the office he sat down to his task, and never before did he write with such ease and precision. The *Letter* he wrote that night was pronounced on all sides to be the best thing he had as yet done for the *Northern News Letter*. Then he went home to bed, when he fell at once into a profound sleep.

Shortly after twelve o'clock next day he arrived at Dagmar Cottage. It was a small house which stood on about half an acre of ground, the whole property being surrounded by a high brick wall. When he rang the bell at the door in the road a maid-servant came out and conducted him across the gravel pathway which led to the house, and into a neatly-furnished drawing-room. In less than a minute Mrs. Herbert entered, and asked him very gravely to be seated. She did not offer to shake hands with him, but sat down, and continued in a voice that was both dreary and uninterested, "You evidently wish to make an explanation: please be as succinct as possible."

There was no trace of emotion about her, and Mr. Oldham was insensibly nettled at the perfect indifference to himself which her whole manner bespoke.

"Certainly," he replied, in a constrained but slightly angry tone, "I have been, as I told you in my telegram, the victim of a fraud—a wicked, heartless fraud of my father's."

"What telegram do you speak of?"

"A telegram which I sent to you from Melbourne last December, and which is still lying unopened at Mrs. O'Phelan's house. She has retained it, with two others, one of which I sent from Suez, and the

other from Brindisi, so as to give them to you whenever she should meet you."

He then told her the story that the reader is acquainted with, pausing when he came to the period when he met Mrs. O'Phelan at Victoria Station. She was dreadfully agitated, and wept bitterly as he proceeded with his tale ; but she only interrupted him once to ask why he was not more explicit when he telegraphed from London Bridge.

"Because," he replied, "my father was waiting for me at the door of the office, and he came in just as I had written what I sent."

"And now," she asked, when she was informed of the reason of his sudden disappearance, "what is the purpose of this explanation?'

"To vindicate my character," cried Mr. Oldham in astonishment, "and if it were possible—— " He had risen from his seat, but he sank into it again without being able to find words to complete the sentence.

"If what were possible?"

There was a pause for a moment. Then he asked, "Are you married?"

"I am not." She had recovered herself completely, and the words were spoken in a harsh, contemptuous tone.

"Then, thank God," he cried, "we can be united." He went to where she was sitting, but she sprang from her seat, and, putting the chair between them, confronted him with a defiant look.

"We cannot be united," she almost shrieked. "Do you think, after what has happened, that I could be a member of your family? Do you think that I could be the daughter of a man who holds me in such contempt that he would risk the life of you—his only son—that he would banish you from your country, rather than see me your wife? Do you suppose that I have no spirit, no pride—— "

"I do not suppose anything of the sort," interrupted Mr. Oldham. "I suppose you to be a woman who is as proud as she is true, and I think that you would be unworthy to be my wife if you were reconciled to the man who is legally my father, but whom, with his whole family and belongings, I have disowned and denounced. "Now let me tell you what has happened since I returned to London." She sat down and listened while he told her of the interview he had had with his father on the morning after his arrival in London ; of the way in which he had sought for her ; and of the new career he had commenced with the purpose of making himself independent of the family he detested and despised for her sake.

"We are both of us, thank God, independent now," he said

when he had finished his story. "We can live for each other. With my family I have severed all connection. I ask you again, will you join your lot with mine and live for me as I could live for you," and the answer was,

"I will."

. . . . . .

"Who was the gentleman who came to Pickering Place for you in the carriage?" he asked her that evening.

"I suppose you wonder why I called myself Mrs. Herbert, and said in my note last night that '*we*' were living at Dagmar Cottage?"

"Yes, I should like to know."

"Well, I'll tell you. Last November and December a Mr. Raymond used to visit occasionally at a house in Brixton where I was giving music-lessons. He is a theatrical and concert agent, and he told me several times that I could make a fortune by singing in public. I did not attach much importance to what he said, as I thought it was only intended as a compliment. One day, however, the landlady in Pickering Place brought me up his card, and said he was in the parlour and wished to speak to me. I went down to the parlour, where he told me that there was to be a concert at three o'clock that day at St. James's Hall, that the principal soprano had been taken suddenly ill, and that he would pay me thirty guineas if I would take her place. I thought for a minute, and then I consented, on the condition that I was to appear as Mrs. Herbert, and that he was always to represent me as being a married woman.

The music I had to sing was familiar to me; I was encored twice, and was very much astounded at my success. I had two reasons for wishing it to be thought that I was a married woman. The first was to keep at bay the number of men who are always running after any woman who appears in public. But the other was a rather peculiar one."

"What was it?"

"Well, I was not quite certain, though I was very nearly so, that you had deserted me. I thought it likely that we might meet eventually if I appeared much in public, and I thought it was just possible that you might want to renew our acquaintance, even if you had acted in the way that all the appearances seemed to indicate. If you attempted to renew an acquaintance I knew that you must begin by offering some explanation of the way in which you had left me. I was determined not to know you if the explanation were unsatisfactory, and, and ——"

"And what?"

"Oh, the quickest way to hunt you would be to tell you that I was married."

. . . . . .

About three weeks afterwards Mr. Oldham senior came hurriedly into the office of Mr. Eversfield.

"I thought," he exclaimed in a tone of fury, "you told me that that cursed Miss Seymour was married?"

"I told you," said Mr. Eversfield, "that I heard a Mrs. Herbert sing at a concert; that her appearance and voice attracted my attention; and that, on making inquiries of a Mr. Raymond, a well-known theatrical agent, as to who she was, I was informed that she had been a Miss Catherine Seymour, but had lately been married to a Mr. Herbert, a commercial traveller. Her appearance corresponded with that of the Miss Seymour to whom your son was engaged, and you concluded that she was the same person."

"Then look at this, sir," said Mr. Oldham, in a voice which trembled with fury, pointing as he spoke to an advertisement in the *Times*.

Mr. Eversfield took the paper, and read aloud in a very deliberate voice:

"'OLDHAM—SEYMOUR.—On the 26th inst. at St. Mary's Church, Paddington, by the Rev. Charles Hamilton, Edward Oldham, only son of George Oldham, Esq., of Leadenhall Street, to Catherine, only daughter of the late Henry Seymour, Esq.'"

"Now, sir, are you satisfied?" cried Mr. Oldham.

"Very much satisfied with this announcement," was the answer, "and very much dissatisfied with the representations which you made to me last September."

PAGANISM IN ENGLAND.

I DO not intend for a moment to suggest that Englishmen exist who still offer sacrifices to Odin and Thor, or that there are traces of druidical worship still lurking amongst us unawares; our Paganism is derived entirely from a different source, and has been introduced into England through the medium of Christianity itself.

Having spent several winters in what we may call the cradle of Christianity, that is to say among the Christian population of remote corners of Turkey and Greece, I have taken special interest in noting down the numerous traces of Pagan worship which the orthodox church has countenanced, and which, from the isolation of these parts from the rest of Christendom, for centuries have been maintained from generation to generation. A Byzantine writer and statesman of the 11th century—Michael Psellos by name—the Voltaire of his age both as regards philosophy and love of writing, gives us the key-note for this investigation, by enunciating as his theory that "Jupiter and the gods of the Iliad are the same as the gods of the Christians, transformed into angels, cherubs, and saints."

Apparently, when the Christian religion was imposed by Constantine on the inhabitants of his empire, the instructors of the people made use of saints to whom they could transfer the attributes of the much-beloved gods. They tried, doubtless with infinite trouble to themselves, to blend the old cult into the new; and more especially in the islands of the Ægean Sea, where Paganism lingered longest, it is easy to recognise how the antient temples of Poseidon were turned into churches of St. Nicholas, the seaman's saint; how St. Mammas usurped the attributes of Pan, the herdsman's god; how Charon is still to the Greek peasant the much-dreaded lord of the lower earth, and so on through instances innumerable.

Western Christianity and western culture have always borrowed from the East, and I propose now, through comparison with existing customs in the East, to show how much still exists amongst ourselves of the religion of Greece and Rome. Let us begin with our patron saint himself, the brave St. George, and by carefully comparing the

myth of his contest with the dragon, as told more especially amongst the Greek peasants, with the myth of Perseus and Andromeda, we shall find that they are almost identical. St. George, the mythical knight-saint of Cappadocia, who saved the princess from the dragon, is none other than Perseus of our mythological tale; Andromeda is the princess; the horse on which he rode to the encounter is Pegasus; thus we have the *dramatis personæ* complete, and some little points which at first seem different, will agree when closely looked into.

In the first place, it will appear that Perseus' victory was over a dragon of the sea, whereas St. George's was over a monster that lived on land, or rather in a well at some distance from the sea. Now, on turning to Eusebius, who lived of course about the time of the mutation of the tale, we find him connecting the dragon which St. George is supposed to have destroyed, with the dragon of the sea, the great Leviathan mentioned in Isaiah, and which the Septuagint translates by the word δράκων. This will satisfactorily account for the anomaly that a knight in armour has always found favour with mariners and maritime races. He was the patron saint of the Genoese merchants, and they called their great bank, the parent in fact of all modern banks, by his name; his mythical contest with the dragon is carved in the dark slate marble of Lavagna over numerous Genoese lintels. There we see the king's daughter about to be sacrificed, the shepherds and their flocks all carefully delineated. In maritime Portugal also St. George was the cry always raised in battle, and it was at the decisive battle of Aljuberrotta, in 1385, that the Portuguese, under John II., effectually threw off the Castilian yoke to the cry of St. George for Portugal. And St. George was the saint that King Richard Cœur de Lion chose, when on his crusade as his patron, and in this capacity brought him home with him to England.

In popular song, the mouthpiece of religious myths all the world over, the Greek peasant has preserved for us faithfully the idea of the winged horse, Pegasus; they sing of St. George hastening to the rescue on his horse with "flying feet"; and furthermore, in the sacred conventional pictures which the Greeks worship, the horse is often represented with wings attached to his feet. Again, the Greeks in their songs have preserved for us another Pagan feature in connection with St. George, for just as their ancestors attributed to their gods mundane passions, so now do the Greeks to their saints. On Paros they have the festival of "the drunken St. George" in November, when the new wine vats are tapped, and much insobriety takes place, and in a popular song they tell a tale of a maiden who prayed to St.

George to deliver her from a Turkish lover, and offered him oil, candles, and other gifts if he would protect her, but the Turk offered the saint far more than the maiden, and the cruel St. George sold her for gain.

St. George is supposed to possess the power of driving away rats, mice, fleas, and all vermin; on his day they light fires, and dance around them singing incantations which are considered efficacious in effecting this purpose, for they say that a saint who had power to subdue so powerful an enemy as the dragon, must of necessity have power to drive away the lesser vermin which torment mankind.

From Cappadocia to Beyrout, where the dragon lived, St. George is represented both in song and on sacred pictures to have gone by sea on his far-famed horse. This distinctly connects him with Perseus; in fact, from the numerous parallels to be adduced from modern Greek folk-lore, there can be no reasonable doubt as to the continuity of the myth. Yet anyone who was to raise the cry of Perseus for merry England, would be considered either a heathen or a lunatic, and what would the aristocracy of this country say if they were told that they had been married in a temple of Perseus not far from Hanover Square.

Our neighbours the French are much more attached to St. Denis than we are; and it is a curious coincidence that the gay laughter-loving Frenchmen should have chosen as their patron saint one whom we shall, by carefully tracing his pedigree through eastern legends, show to be intimately connected with the wine-god Dionysos. A slight change of name was usually adopted by the eastern divines when placing a Christian saint on the same footing as a heathen god; examples of this are numerous, but it is sufficient for our purpose to state that St. Artemidos on the island of Keos is worshipped still as possessing the same attributes as Artemis, whose shrine on Keos in antient days was widely celebrated, and a saint called Eleutherios is the modern Mrs. Gamp, instead of Eileithyia, which according to modern pronunciation differs but little in sound, and in like fashion St. Dionysius, contracted by us and the French into St. Denis, took the place of Dionysos. The contraction and identity of St. Dionysius and St. Denis is amply proved; Dean Milman says "the monks of St. Denys always declared their founder had travelled in Greece, and brought home irrefragable proofs that their St. Denys was the convert of St. Paul"—that is to say, Dionysius the Areopagite, an undoubted Greek. Also in old MSS. St. Denis near Paris is always called Dionysiopolis.

We will now visit Naxos, the home of the old wine-god Dionysos, an island where place names still bear testimony to the

antient worship thereon, and when on the island of Naxos we heard the following legend told of St. Dionysius, who is worshipped more especially on this island than elsewhere. St. Dionysius was on a journey from the monastery on Mount Olympos to his home in Naxos; as he sat down to rest he saw a pretty plant which he desired to take, and to protect it from being withered by the rays of the sun he put it into the bone of a bird. He went on his journey, and later on halted again and was surprised on looking at his treasure to find that it had sprouted and got so firmly fixed in the bone that he could not remove it. Thereupon he put the plant, bone and all, into the bone of a lion; again he halted, and again the same phenomenon occurred, so he put them all into the leg-bone of an ass.

On reaching Naxos he found the plant so rooted in the three bones that he was unable to extricate it, and so planted them all in his garden. From this up came a vine, and with the fruit thereof St. Dionysius made the first wine. When he had drunk a little of it he sang like a bird, when he had drunk more he was as strong as a lion, and when he had drunk too much he became as foolish as an ass.

This legend is told in Naxos to-day of their saint. In other parts of Greece the same legend is also told, and the parallel to antiquity is even still more marked. How the plant grew whilst St. Dionysius was in the boat and spread its tendrils until they covered the masts, and how the sailors partook of its delicious and suddenly developed fruit is added to the above story.

With such forcible evidence as this of the identity of St. Dionysius with the wine god of antiquity, we can have no hesitation in saying that whoever the saint may have been, and whatever may be the story of his martyrdom, the instructors of the early Christians in the East chose to associate him with Dionysos the wine god, and the people have perpetuated the myth ever since.

St. Dionysius, or as we are more familiar with him in England as St. Denis, is the patron of several of our shrines, but the connection is most obvious in the old city church of St. Dionys Backchurch. Archæologists are at a loss to account for the affix Backchurch. Some say it has been given because the church stood back from the street; but it will be obvious to anyone who takes the trouble to consult an old City map that the old edifice styled in old deeds as far back as the reign of Edward III. as "Saint Dionys Bakchirche" by no means stood back but occupied a conspicuous position at the corner of Lyme Street and Fenchurch Street and had a three-storied tower before it was destroyed by the fire. Is it not just possible that

originally the church was called St. Dionys Bacchus, having seen, as above, the intimate connection in the Eastern Church between the wine-god and the saint? Whatever may be the origin of the name, St. Dionys Backchurch stands no longer, having been pulled down a few years ago for street improvements. The vestry, however, is still there and the strong box containing the old deeds, and furthermore two interesting little squirts which were in use as fire engines at the time of the great fire. St. Dionys, St. Denis, Dionysos, or whatever we may choose to call him, has removed, and with the ample resources of the old endowment, a church also dedicated to St. Dionys has been, within the last few years, erected in the flourishing suburb of Parson's Green.

Whilst travelling in the East and amidst the many islands of the Greek and Asiatic Seas, I have always been struck by the fact that the highest point in any district of the mainland and of every island has been crowned by a church dedicated to the Prophet Elias; the prophet who in time of drought prayed and brought rain for Israel is looked upon still by the Greek peasant as the great intercessor to whom he must apply when similar circumstances occur to-day; pilgrimages are of constant occurrence to these mountain shrines when rain is needed for the thirsty land; songs of prayer are sung by children decked with flowers; gifts are lavishly presented to the church; processions, headed by the priesthood, with the banners and relics of the neighbourhood, may be seen winding their way, caterpillar like, up the rugged ascents; and at the ensuing services the devout cover the picture of the prophet with kisses and implore his aid in obtaining for them the desired rain. On examining closely the localities of these shrines dedicated to the prophet, it will be found that in most cases these summits were crowned in antient times by temples to the great sun-god Apollo, or Zeus the thunderer, and formed the centre of the Eastern worship of the sun, but to realise this sun-worship exactly we must go back to times before the later worship of the Greeks, who contrived by some process unknown to us to split up the worship of the sun amongst several deities. Zeus, the thunderer, was the producer of rain; Apollo, the sun itself, drove through the heavens in his chariot, and other gods presided over minor details connected with the weather; but in antient times the unity of sun-worship and atmospheric disturbances was as marked as it is to-day in the person of the Prophet Elias.

Now when it thunders a Greek peasant will tell you that the prophet is driving in his chariot in pursuit of demons; when it lightens he will say that the prophet has struck one. A noted spot

for sun-worship in antient Greece was Mount Taygetus in Laconia, which mountain now bears the name, and is crowned by a church dedicated to the Prophet Elias. Mount Helicon is another instance, Ægina yet another—in fact the examples are endless of the transfer of the antient sun-worship to the Prophet Elias. In the islands it is even more marked, and if ever you see a lofty mountain with a tiny church upon it, you may be sure that it is called Mount Prophet Elias. Taking into consideration the skill the early Christian divines exhibited in adapting the names and attributes of antient days to the new religion it is easily seen how, by a scarcely perceptible change of sound, the great god Helios could be transmuted into Elias. Helios drove round the world in his fiery chariot, drawn by horses. Elias went up to heaven in a similar conveyance. Helios produced rain and storm, and so did Elias by the fervour of his prayer on Mount Carmel. Elias brought down fire from heaven, and so did the great sun-god. Hence the parallel between the two was too tempting to be passed over.

From the conditions of the weather on the prophet's day, the Greeks of to-day profess to tell the future state of the weather. If it rains it will be wet for a period which varies in various localities, though the time is generally close upon forty days. If it is fine, they prophesy hot weather, and a mild winter. What St. Swithin is to the English peasant the prophet Elias is to the Greeks. In rural districts of England they say that apples will be no good unless St. Swithin rains upon them. "They have been baptized by St. Swithin" is a conclusive proof of the excellence of apples in Huntingdonshire, and what the apple is to the Englishman the olive is to the Greek. "The prophet Elias," they say, "puts the oil into the olive"; that is to say, without the rain which the prophet so kindly sends the fruit will not swell properly.

The belief that a wet St. Swithin's day will produce a succession of wet weather is therefore an obvious trace of sun-worship, which has travelled through many countries, and has left its trace with us; there is nothing in the legend of St. Swithin to lead us to suppose that he ever had more influence over the weather than St. Bibiana in Italy, or St. Médard in France, about whom the same belief is held, but St. Swithin's day is on the 15th of July, conveniently near the summer solstice, which falls, as we all know, on St. John's day, a day which in Greece, in Italy, in Norway, and in many remote corners of Europe, is still signalised by another relic of sun-worship, namely, the lighting of fires on mountain-tops in honour of St. John. Saints who have had the misfortune to have their days near those connected with

well-known superstitions of the Pagan world have had attributes attached to them to which they have no real title. St. Swithin, if he hovers around us in spirit must be just as surprised at his supposed influence over the weather as St. Valentine must be at the somewhat questionable use which is now made of his name. And here again we have another instance of the survival of Paganism amongst us; but before entering on this subject we must again travel to the East and see what traces of an old Pagan custom connected with St. Valentine's day is still in existence there.

On Palm Sunday the women of the Greek islands indulge in a curious game of swing. In the narrow streets of their villages they tie a rope from one wall to the other; on the rope they put a rug, and on this the young women sit in turns, swinging and singing ditties about the Passion and death of our Lord. Apprised of this fact, the young men of the village assemble at the head of the street, and in single file pass down to where the girls are swinging. In different islands this game is played in different fashion. In Karpathos the girls demand a song from each young man as a toll before he passes on. In Seriphos they demand a copper, but everywhere it is expected of the man to give the girl who is swinging a slap on the back as he passes, for this is considered conducive to a desired end, namely, that she may be fruitful and multiply when her turn comes to marry. If we refer to our Juvenal (ii. 142) we shall find that this is a distinct survival of the old Lupercalia, which took place in spring-time on the 15th of February, when the hearts of mankind were considered most prone to love, and when the young men ran through the streets whipping the women with the same object in view.

This was a festival held in honour of Pan and Juno, and in later times we read how at this festival it was the custom for the names of young women to be placed in boxes and to be drawn by men at hap-hazard, which custom continued long after the introduction of Christianity, and in spite of the strictures of the clergy, who, unable to check the ribaldry which not unfrequently attended this festive game, tried to conform it to Christian principles, and substituted for the maidens' names the names of saints, and called the festival by the name of St. Valentine, whose day happened to fall about this time, and who, poor man, suffered the cruel martyrdom of being beaten to death by clubs in the year 270 A.D., and who was in no way suitable for connection with anything of a gay or festive nature.

This substitution of the drawing of saints' names does not appear to have found favour with those who were accustomed to their little amorous game at this time, for an old writer, Misson by name,

tells us how in England on St. Valentine's day an equal number of maids and men were in the habit of writing their names on slips of paper and of drawing them alternately from a ballot-box. Each man called the maid he had drawn his Valentine, and the company of both sexes were in the habit of giving gay entertainments to their friends, at which each gentleman wore in his coat the sign or token of his Valentine. Subsequently the drawer of the lady found it obligatory on him to present his Valentine with a valuable present, and the excess to which rich young men would go on this occasion is illustrated by the fact that Miss Stuart, afterwards Duchess of Richmond, got a jewel from her young man of the value of £800.

Fortunately for the purses of later generations of young men this excessive expenditure has given place to the more humble sheet of decorated paper, which at small cost conveys the missive of love, and even this bids fair to disappear altogether from the face of the earth in favour of Christmas cards. How little do the senders of these harmless tokens of good fellowship and greeting think that they are perpetuating the memory of a rather questionable Pagan festival in honour of Pan and Juno!

J. THEODORE BENT.

VAUCANSON.

AS in hell the fallen angel saw "in the lowest deep a lower deep," so the human race, when it has reached the goal of its utmost endeavours, only finds itself at the beginning of a new aspiration. Slavery has passed away, and serfdom, and in our Western civilisation the labourer of every race is free. The hopes, the struggles, the sufferings of the ages have brought us as far as this. And yet, the problem of labour, the true incorporation of the workman in society, is still unsolved, and "the tragedy of the proletariat" has not reached its final scene. Nay, in many ways the tragedy grows ever more tragic, as though hastening to some fell catastrophe, in which may perish all the slowly accumulated treasures of the past. In the ages of conquest and slavery, the slave was sure at least of his daily work and his daily bread, so that he could go to his rest, feeling that he had been of service for the day, knowing that he might be careless of the morrow. "If," said the workmen of Lyons, at the outbreak of the Revolution, "we only look upon the silk-weavers as mechanical instruments requisite for the manufacture of stuffs, if one only treated them as domestic animals kept for the sake of their labour, even then it would be necessary to furnish them with such means of living as we give the domestic animals."[1] In the West conquest has ceased to be the great aim of national life; the spoils of conquered nations, the servitude of subject races, have ceased to be the foundations of national prosperity. But the ways of war are still the standard of duty and the theme of song. Well has George Eliot said, "I feel that the devotion of the common soldier to his leader (the sign for him of hard duty) is the type of all higher devotedness, and full of promise to other and better generations." And, compared with this, how anarchical is industry. Yet, as industry slowly grew strong, and the better minds saw that it was destined to take the place of war as the chief field for the energies of man, there arose also some feeling of the reciprocal duties of leaders and workers, of the

[1] Chassin's "Génie de la Révolution," as given in John Morley's *Edmund Burke: a Historical Study.*

need of organisation and foresight, of the advantages to be drawn from the intellectual riches of the race. It was recognised that, just as war emerged by slow degrees from the undisciplined contests of cannibals, till it reached at length the all-subduing march of haughty Rome, so would industry have to take its place as the great combination of labour organised for the conquest of man's environment in the interest of the whole race.-

The reorganisation of labour to fit the new industrial age—such is the problem, now long recognised, of which the solution is destined to occupy the centuries to come. For the abiding successes of polity, the institutions that grow strong with the life of the people, are not the creations of a frenzied moment. The oak of the forest grows but slowly. To invent the great machines, harbingers of leisure, nursing-mothers of equality, ensuring to the workers unity and power; to bring them into use, and to adapt production to these new forces—that is all a great and necessary work, but it is not enough. Unless the workers be treated by the capitalists as comrades in the same great cause, yoke-fellows in the one work, discontent will corrode their hearts, and eye-service paralyse their hands. The right treatment of the workers, so that they, too, may share in the honours and spoils of victory—that is an essential part of any just and permanent solution.

In the England of the last century, where the great inventions had stirred the old industrial world to its depths, we see the various sides of the movement, the study of new machines and processes, the establishment of the factory system, even the care for the happiness of the workers, all forcing some recognition, though the last was often painfully neglected; and in the great inventors and industrial leaders, types admirably representing one or other of these sides may be found. As in Arkwright, surpassing in energy and power of organisation, and in Crompton with his splendid mechanical genius; while in the partnership of Boulton and Watt we have both qualities, combined with an honourable thoughtfulness for the welfare of the men whom they employed. "I contemplated him," said Boswell of Matthew Boulton, "as an iron chieftain, and he seemed to be a father to his tribe." But to find one man who united these various qualities to an eminent degree, we must go to the country of Vaucanson and Montgolfier, and of these the first is the better type, for the chief invention of the second had but little connection with his business as a paper-manufacturer, but little effect on the future of industry.

Jacques Vaucanson was born in the year 1709 at Grenoble in

Dauphiny, the son of a glover, a trade which, thanks to the chamois on the mountains, had long been the staple of that city. There, nurtured by his father's labours, his mother's piety, he grew up, and went to the Jesuit College, and looked out on the eighteenth century, as Diderot was doing under the paternal roof at Langres, and Rousseau at Geneva, while Johnson was devouring the books on his father's stall, and Hume was passing for a dunce at a farm on the Scottish border. In after years he would tell how, on tedious Sunday afternoons spent with his mother at a neighbouring convent, he watched through the chink of a door the movement of a clock—watched and pondered, until suddenly one day in school he seized the secret of the mechanism, and then made for himself a clock all of wood, a wonder and an omen to the little world around. He is said to have constructed, in all singleness of heart, a miniature chapel with an automaton priest and worshippers—sad, unthought of, travesty of the great Church sinking to decay; repeating automatically the forms of the past, while the present yearned for guidance in the new life it had to lead; crying in a language no longer understood of men. Six centuries before, St. Bruno and his monks had gone out from this same city of Grenoble to found in silence the Abbey of the Grande Chartreuse. Vaucanson, too, had to go forth and find the way of salvation, but for him it lay amid the unceasing roar of modern industry.

As his father's trade gave little scope for his skill, and his father's purse was well filled, young Vaucanson went as a stranger to Lyons, one day to be the scene of the most striking incidents of his life, and thence to Paris. As he passed through the former city, he heard of a prize offered for the best method of supplying it with water; but from the diffidence of youth he failed to send in his plan. At Paris, still full of the subject, he saw the famous machine of the Samaritaine; and there he found his own design. The rush of pleasure may be imagined, as he saw how high his genius had risen, and then the pain, as he thought of his best inspiration forestalled. But there was still work waiting to be done.

It is characteristic of the young, following even in their mother's womb the evolution of the race, and compressing its history into their own brief span, to aim at the development, rather than the control, of the forces of their nature. As in the youth of humanity Greece and Rome, spurning restraint, revelled in the unbridled exercise of intellect and passion till, taught by sad experience, men rallied to the religion of the cross, so the young often seek only to put forth the powers burning to be free, and turn from the thought of

use and duty. So the young Vaucanson, proud in the sense of his incomparable skill, worked only for the glory of a difficulty surmounted, and after long study of anatomy and music, contrived his mechanical flute-player, the wonder of the age. His parents, indeed, were ill-pleased when they heard how he was spending his time, and his uncle was sent with the offer of a good appointment, and the threat of a *lettre-de-cachet*, but without success. Vaucanson, it is true, agreed to leave Paris, but he resolutely refused to accept any place which would interfere with his career as an inventor. The true pilgrim knows that there is for him but one way to the heavenly city, and so presses on even through the Slough of Despond, let Mr. Worldly Wiseman counsel never so wisely. The young may fashion a fantastic heaven, but the way thereto is the way of life.

So at last, in spite of all difficulties, he completed his flute-player. But with this and his other automata, save as educating and developing his powers, we have nought to do. His servant, when he heard music played by this creature of his master's hands, fell down before him thinking him more than mortal; for to men divinity still lies in power rather than in love. As Condorcet said of him after his death, he has left "a name which will be celebrated among the vulgar for the ingenious productions that were the amusements of his youth, and among enlightened men for the useful works that have been the occupation of his life." For he was soon to put his genius to a better use. In 1740 the great Frederic, always on the watch for merit that might, with due guidance, be turned to good account, invited him to Berlin. He refused the offer; but it led, in the next year, to his being appointed by Cardinal Fleury Inspector of the silk-manufactures of France.

Of the men that went before him to prepare his way, of the events that led to France becoming the greatest centre of the silk-trade, we can say little. How in the days of Justinian two Persian monks penetrated into China, and brought back the eggs of the silk-worm concealed in a hollow cane; how the new industry took root in Greece; how under Roger the Norman the weavers were carried prisoners to Sicily, and thence in course of time spread through Italy, till civic tumult drove them forth beyond the Alps; and how Dangon and Philippe de Lassalle and many others, masters and men, known and unknown, slowly built up the stately industry of Lyons—all this, rich in labour, hope, and suffering, and all the incidents of human story, must be left untold. But we may glance awhile at the curious history of Vaucanson's immediate forerunner, though Lyons knew him not.

Once as Marshal Vivonne, the brother of Madame de Montespan and the friend of Molière, was passing through a village of Brittany, he saw by the wayside a bright-eyed lad, the son of the village carpenter, and fitted surely for higher things than that poor hamlet could afford. To adopt him, and train him up to be an officer of the navy—that was easy; but to play the part of gods is dangerous in men. For it might perhaps have turned the Marshal from his purpose had he foreseen the chequered life before the boy; to be the hero of many fights by sea and land, to visit countries scarcely visited before, to own rich manors in the distant tropics, and to live in honour; and yet to die, the prey of disgrace and calumny, a prisoner on the hulks at Plymouth. Perhaps it had been as well had he kept to his father's trade, and found his highest duties in his native village; and perhaps not. For in this boy were united various abilities, the practical skill of the workshop and the scientific knowledge of his naval training, sufficient with his native capacity to make him a notable inventor, ready to play a double part in life, eminent at once in the annals of war and industry. True precursor of Vaucanson alike in his follies and his serious work, he was the author of the mechanical peacock that eat and digested,[1] and of the first self-acting loom. This machine never came into use; it is even doubtful whether it could have been used; it remained for Vaucanson to perfect, when, thirty-seven years after the death of De Gennes, he became Inspector of the manufactures of silk.

Like all similar manufactures, that of silk consists of two parts: first, the preparation of the silk for the loom; and, secondly, the actual weaving. The former, indeed, is not so important as in the cotton trade, for the silk-worm does the spinning of itself; but it was in this preliminary part that the work of Vaucanson had most effect in his own time. He introduced improved methods from Piedmont; he invented new machines, some of which as to principle are still in use; he established silk-mills for the better combination of labour; and, above all, he set himself to carry out these changes with the least possible injury to the workers. The mills were to be warm and well-ventilated, and so lighted that the eyesight of those at work should not suffer; in fact, the health of the workers, their chief possession, was in everything to be taken into account. That the great and inevitable change should come about gradually, softened as much as might be in its rigour; and that those on whose labour the whole industrial fabric rested, should be recognised as members

[1] Or would have done so had digestion been a purely mechanical process, as some wise men affirmed.

of the industrial body—men whose happiness was to be considered and whose dues were not satisfied by the payment of a bare wage—these ideas were already foreshadowed in the middle of the last century by the practice of Vaucanson. But in regard to the second branch, to weaving, the great inventor, almost on entering upon his office, had to play a different and less pleasant part.

As civilisation advances, there is a tendency to intellectual inequality. The difference between Newton and the average Englishman of his time is far greater than that between the medicine-man of an African village and the other members of his tribe. But, on the other hand, when science is applied to active life, material differences diminish. Saul no longer slays his thousands nor David his tens of thousands; the soldier becomes a machine, the craftsman a regulator of machinery. And thus in industrial life there is a tendency to equality. This is the greatest service which inventors have conferred upon mankind. Thanks to them, the industrial world, instead of being separated into different ranks by differences of skill and remuneration, incapable of combining together, and pressing with ever greater weight on the unskilled labourers at the bottom of the scale—in fact, a vast middle-class supported on privilege and filled with prejudice—tends now to divide into two orders only: capitalists or organisers, and those who carry out their plans, constituting the workers proper, and forming one homogeneous mass, honourable in its sense of human brotherhood, powerful in its sense of human unity. Hence every advance in machinery, death though it were to the generation that witnessed it, was another step forward to the practical recognition of the brotherhood of men.

The division, however, between capitalists and workers is fundamental; and the more specialised the work of the latter becomes, the greater must that division be. Even under a social democracy some person or persons would have to be entrusted, for however short a time, with the administration of capital and the organisation of labour. The only question in dispute is whether or not the capitalist should be elected by universal suffrage; or, in other words, whether the work of a capitalist would be better done by one who had served an apprenticeship to it, or by one especially versed in the arts and eloquence of a popular candidate. It might even be argued that the less often men pass from one division to the other the better, so different is the morality due from each. The capitalist, holding his wealth as a trust, should consider himself the guardian of his workmen, to whose interest his own must be subordinate; while the worker is often bound to insist on the uttermost of his claims, lest by his weakness his fellows

be injured; for as Comte has expressed it, "The working class is not, properly speaking, a class at all, but constitutes the body of society. From it proceed the various special classes which we may regard as organs necessary to that body."

When towards the close of the middle ages, industrial life first became the care of rulers, it seemed good to them to promise special privileges to skilled artisans, in order to lead the more intelligent to separate themselves from that vast mass of ignorance which then constituted the proletariat, and undergo a painful apprenticeship. But as time went on, two opposite movements rendered these privileges merely a burden to the community; for first, learning became more diffused,[1] while no more was requisite in handicrafts than before; and secondly, owing to machinery, less skill was required from the craftsmen. So that in the eighteenth century, what with its abuse in the political world and its obsolescence in the industrial, and the growing love of equality favoured by the popular metaphysics of the age, the reign of privilege was doomed. Such was the situation when Vaucanson came to Lyons as Inspector of its staple. The masters and artisans at once claimed his support in defending their old privileges, and blind to the signs of the times, clamoured for new ones. But his answer was decisive. When they showed him the choicest products of their looms, the work of their most skilful weavers, and especially the figured stuffs for which their town was famous, he answered, "I will set an ass to make them;" and by his self-acting loom he kept his word. What though Lyons through fifty-thousand mouths cried out against the oppressor who used his subtle brain to steal the skill from the poor man's hand, and the bread from the poor man's home? What though Lyons rose in angry tumult, till "gallows forty feet high" and such other means as old France had, forced it back to its garrets to starve? What though Lyons, and all the other cities of industry, are still turbid in unrest? There had come a time in the history of the human intellect, when it was ripe for application to industry; and, certainly the poor men of Lyons could not stay it. The unity of the proletariat could be purchased only at this hard price. The day tarries; but the end is not yet.

And, indeed, this wonderful machine of Vaucanson did little harm to the silk-weavers of his generation. Whether he thought the industry insufficiently developed for so vast a change, or whatever his

[1] But this has done nothing to promote equality; for learning is not so much a tool as an infinite storehouse of tools, where the strong of intellect can find weapons to add to their strength, and into which the weak can scarcely penetrate.

reason was, he took no steps, after his first success had answered his immediate purpose, to perfect and simplify his invention in order to bring it into general use. For, as Adam Smith says,[1] "The machines that are first invented to perform any particular movement are always the most complex, and succeeding artists generally discover that with fewer wheels, with fewer principles of motion than had originally been employed, the same effects may be more easily produced." On the contrary, he devoted himself to those improvements in the preparation of the silk for the loom of which we have already spoken. But n the years succeeding his death, revolution and conscription, war and civic strife, decimated the weavers of Lyons, so that there arose a great demand for labour-saving machinery. His loom remained untouched for two generations after its construction, till, about the year 1804, a Lyons weaver found it in the *Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers* at Paris, with samples of the stuffs woven by it sixty years before. Jacquard, after making some slight alterations, introduced it into the trade of Lyons; and by a strange irony of fortune, the *mètier Vaucanson*, hated of the Lyons weavers, is known to the world by the name of a weaver of Lyons, while the fame of its great inventor is hidden in the Jacquard loom.[2]

The influence of Vaucanson for good was lessened by his not being a capitalist, but merely an overseer of capitalists. For, passing by the blind conservatism and routine so characteristic of government officials, especially the successors of a very distinguished man, and considering one objection only, when men find themselves forced into good behaviour by an inspector, they soon make the requirements of that inspector their standard of duty; and therefore a continual supply of Vaucansons being unlikely, however little the inspector may demand, that little amply satisfies their consciences. So true is it that men cannot be kept to their duty, of which the standard should be continually rising, by laws or officials. For that, the public opinion of the community, if itself progressive, acting on a heart and conscience already sympathetic, is the only guarantee. If the community and the capitalists be alike corrupt, there is nothing to be done but to painfully attempt the conversion of both

[1] In his posthumous work, *Philosophical Inquiry as Illustrated by the History of Astronomy.*

[2] Vaucanson, however, is now remembered with honour even, or perhaps especially, by some of the weavers of Lyons: see *Études sèritechniques sur Vaucanson*, by Isidore Hedde, and the other works of that eccentric *ouvrier*. In the Positivist Calendar, Vaucanson presides over a week in the month Gutenberg, representing modern industry—the week of the mechanicians, which contains the names of Arkwright, Jacquard, and Harrison the clockmaker.

to better things; even the officials of a democracy cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. Laws and officials are to drive on the laggards, who have fallen wofully and patently behind their age; if the whole army of industry be in mutiny, they are powerless to make it advance a step.

Of Vaucanson himself there is little more to tell. No friendly or unfriendly hand has recorded the minor incidents of his later years, save that he had the friendship of most of those who made the Paris of the eighteenth century the capital of European life and thought. With the negative philosophy of his time, so far as it was purely speculative, he strongly sympathised, but in politics he was always a conservative; in other words, he was an opponent of the Church, but not of the throne, a follower of Voltaire, but not of Rousseau. He was vexed because a priest was summoned to his death-bed; but he left his collection of machines and models to Queen Marie Antoinette. He died in 1782, taken away from the evil to come. One glimpse of his home has survived. Like Diderot, like Condorcet, like Littré, he had an only child, a daughter, to whose instruction, even when most pressed with affairs, he was wont to devote a part of every day, in order—as Condorcet has expressed it in words which every teacher of women should bind upon his brows as a frontlet and write upon the tablets of his heart—that she, in her turn, might be the teacher of her children. To be tended to the last by this beloved daughter, who grew up worthy of his love, and to be praised after his death by Condorcet—truly a happy ending to a useful life.

S. H. SWINNY.

"SUS. PER COLL."

IT is an old saying "that the worst use to which you can put a man, is to hang him," which is a proposition on which, as Sir Roger de Coverley remarked, much may be said on both sides. But the punishment of death for divers crimes has obtained all over the world from time immemorial; dating even early among the Jews[1] as a Divine command, as we find in Numbers xxv. 4. "And the Lord said unto Moses, Take all the heads of the people, and hang them up before the Lord, against the tree." And in other parts of the Bible we have recorded the hanging of people. Thus in Genesis, the chief baker was hanged; in Joshua, not only the King of Ai thus suffered death, but "the five kings hanged he on five trees." In 2 Samuel there are several instances, Rechab and Baanah were hanged by David, "over the pool," after having their hands and feet cut off. And hanged, too, were the two sons of Rizpah, and the five sons of Michal the daughter of Saul. Of these corpses the beautiful little story is told, so touching in its exhibition of maternal affection, how "Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, took sackcloth, and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest, until water dropped upon them out of heaven,[1] and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest on them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night." In Esther we hear of two chamberlains being hanged, and also Haman (who would have hanged Mordecai) and his sons.

Enough has been said to prove the antiquity of this kind of death, and in England, except in cases of high treason, it has been the judicial form of death for, certainly, two centuries. Why, it is scarcely possible to conceive, for, under the old *régime*, hanging was the most painful death known—whereas by decapitation, or strangulation by the garotte, death is almost instantaneous. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries our method of execution was

[1] According to Deut. xxi. 22, 23, a body should not remain hanging all night, but must be buried the same day. In this case, however, they were accursed, and were left hanging until the first rain fell upon them, which was taken as a token from God of reconciliation.

most brutal. There was the long ride of the criminal in an open cart, with his coffin by his side, either to Tyburn, or to the spot where he committed the murder; the cart was stopped under the gallows, the rope was fastened round the criminal's neck, the carman gave the horse a lash, and the poor wretch was left swaying to and fro, kicking. If he had friends, they would try to shorten his agony by hanging on to his legs, and beating his breast, a shocking sight.

But hanging then was looked upon as a holiday spectacle, in which we find the lower class took great interest, and evinced much sympathy with the deceased. For instance, Claude du Val, the celebrated highwayman, lay in state at the "Tangier" tavern in St. Giles's, in a room hung with black cloth, the bier covered with scutcheons, and with eight wax candles burning around. He was buried by torchlight, and was followed to Covent Garden Church by a numerous train of mourners, mostly women.

Misson, a French writer, who visited England in the reign of William III., says, "He that is hang'd or otherwise executed, first takes care to get himself shav'd and handsomely drest, either in mourning, or in the dress of a bridegroom. This done, he sets his friends at work to get him leave to be bury'd, and to carry his coffin with him, which is easily obtain'd. When his suit of cloaths, or night-gown, his gloves, hat, perriwig, nosegay, coffin, flannel dress for his corps, and all those things are bought and prepar'd, the main point is taken care of—his mind is at peace, and then he thinks of his conscience. Generally, he studies a speech, which he pronounces under the gallows, and gives in writing to the Sheriff, or the Minister that attends him in his last moments, desiring that it may be printed. Sometimes the girls dress in white, with great silk scarves, and carry baskets full of flowers and oranges, scattering these favours all the way they go. But to represent things as they really are, I must needs own that, if a pretty many of these people dress thus gayly and go to it with such an air of indifference, there are many others that go slovenly enough, and with very dismal phizzes.

"I remember, one day, I saw in the park a handsome girl, very well dressed, that was then in mourning for her father, who had been hang'd but a month before at Tyburn for false coinage. So many countries, so many fashions."

There were some shocking scenes then at the gallows. Captain Kidd, the pirate, for instance, went drunk to his death, and behaved in a most unseemly manner; when he was cast off the rope broke, and he had to be re-hanged. Sometimes the brutal rage of these

ruffians was strongly manifested just before their exit from this world, as is shown in the case of one Tom Cox, in 1691, who kicked both clergyman and hangman out of the cart. And another criminal, just before he was executed, kicked off his shoes among the people, saying he had always been told he would die in his shoes, and he was determined to prove the prophets to have been false ones.

Many other anecdotes of the gallows might be given, but that is not the object of this paper—which is to deal more with the subject of resuscitation after hanging—and one can hardly imagine that, when the judge's awful words, "I have now only to pronounce the painful sentence of the law, which I am bound to do, and I accordingly adjudge and order that you be hanged by the neck until you be dead, and the Lord have mercy on your soul," shall have been executed, any poor wretches should have ever returned to life. The law in the last century was somewhat lax: half-an-hour was considered long enough for a malefactor to hang. Now the time is one hour. The former, of course, was more favourable to resuscitation.

We know of many cases where would-be suicides, after hanging some time, have been revived, and there is at least one criminal case in which the person hanged has been restored to life, notably one John Smith, who was condemned in the latter part of 1705 to be hanged for house-breaking, but he seems to have borne a charmed life. Some minutes after he had been turned off, a reprieve came for him, and, being immediately cut down, he revived, and was taken back to Newgate. According to the *Newgate Calendar*, he was asked as to his sensations after being hanged, and his reply was that at first he felt great pain, but that it gradually subsided, and that the last thing he could remember was the appearance of a light in his eyes, after which he became quite insensible. But the greatest pain was when he felt the blood returning to its proper channels. The career of this vagabond was extraordinary. In a few weeks he received his Majesty's pardon, and one would have thought that such an experience as he had had would have made him reform his ways; but he was afterwards apprehended on a similar charge, tried at the Old Bailey, and acquitted on technical grounds. Surely, two escapes ought to have been enough for anyone, but he must needs tempt Providence yet a third time. He was caught, and escaped his richly deserved punishment owing to the death of the prosecutor.

Dr. Plott, in his "History of Staffordshire," quotes a patent roll of the 48th year of Henry the Third, in which it is stated that Inetta

Balsham, having been convicted of harbouring thieves, was sentenced to be hung, and accordingly was hung, but remained alive from nine until the next morning. A free pardon was, therefore granted her. Dr. Plott suggests that her life was probably preserved on account of the larynx being turned to bone, "as it happened in the case of a Swiss, as I was told by the Rev. Obadiah Walker, Master of University College, who was attempted to be hanged thirteen times, yet lived notwithstanding by the benefit of his windpipe, that after his death was found to have turned a bone."

"Governor" Wall, who was hanged in 1802 for flogging a soldier to death, was a very spare thin man, and was very long in dying, so after his execution his throat was examined, and it was found to have been owing to an ossified portion of the trachea resisting a portion of the rope.

Beck, in his "Elements of Medical Jurisprudence," says, speaking of resuscitation, "It would not seem however, in cases of recovery, to be attended with an ordinary consequence, viz., paralysis. Fodéré has collected some curious cases in illustration of this. Thus Wepfer saw both a man and woman who survived hanging. The latter recollected nothing, and the former stated that on the application of the cord he felt no pain, but sunk as it were into a profound sleep. Morgagni also mentions that an individual who had recovered under similar circumstances informed him that the first sensation was flashes of light before his eyes, and that he then sunk into the same sleep. Fodéré also quotes a case on the authority of Lord Chancellor Bacon."

But these cases do not state the time the people had been hanging, and, therefore, may be worth little or much as the case may be.

Yet there is a thoroughly authentic and most singular case on record of resuscitation to life, after prolonged hanging, in that of Anne Greene, who was hanged at Oxford, on 14th December, 1650, for the murder of her illegitimate child.

It seems that she was about 22 years of age, and in service in the house of Sir Thomas Read, at Dunstew in Oxfordshire, and was there seduced by her master's grandson, a youth of about 17 years of age. She concealed the birth, the body of a child was found; she was tried, sentenced to be hanged, and duly executed, her death being graphically described by a contemporary chronicler. She was "brought forth to the place of execution, where, after singing of a Psalme, and something said in justification of herself, as to the fact for which she was to suffer, and touching the lewdnesse of the family wherein she lately lived, she was turn'd off the ladder, hanging by

the neck for the space of almost half an hour, some of her friends in the meantime thumping her on the breast, others hanging with all their weight upon her legges; sometimes lifting her up and then pulling her downe againe with a suddeaine jerke, thereby the sooner to dispatch her out of her paine, insomuch that the Under-Sheriffe, fearing lest thereby they should breake the rope, forbad them to do so any longer.

"At length, when everyone thought she was dead, the body being taken down and put into a coffin, was carried thence into a private house, where some Physitians had appointed to make a Dissection. The coffin being opened, she was observed to breathe, and in breathing (the passage of her throat being streightened[1]), obscurely to ruttle, which, being perceived by a lusty fellow that stood by, he (thinking to do an act of charity in ridding her out of the small reliques of a painfull life) stamped several times on her breast and stomack with all the force he could.

"Immediately after, there came in Dr. Petty, our Anatomy Professor, and Mr. Thomas Willis of Christ Church, at whose coming, which was about nine o'clock in the morning, she yet persisted to ruttle as before, lying all this while stretched out in the coffin in a cold roome and season of the yeare. They perceiving some life in her, as well for humanity as their profession sake, fell presently to act in order to her recovery. First, having caused her to be held up in the coffin, they wrenched open her teeth, which were fast set, and powred into her mouth some hot and cordiale spirits; whereupon she ruttled more than before, and seemed obscurely to cough; then they opened her hands (her fingers being also stiffly bent), and ordered some to rub and chafe the extreame parts of her body, which they continued for about a quarter of an hour, oft, in the meane time, powring in a spoonfull or two of the cordiale water; and besides, tickling her throat with a feather, at which she opened her eyes, but shut them againe presently. As soone as they perceived any heat in her extreme parts, they thought of letting her bloud, and no sooner was her arme bound for that purpose, but she suddenly bent it, as if it had been contracted by a fit of the convulsion. The veine being opened, she bled about five ounces, and that so freely that it could not easily be stopped. All this while her pulse was very low, but otherwise not much amisse. Her arme being bound up againe, and now and then a little cordiall water powred downe her throat, they continued rubbing her in severall places, caused ligatures to be made in her armes and leggs,

[1] Contracted or narrowed.

and then ordered her to be laid in a bed well warmed ; then they caused her neck and also her temples to be anointed with confortative (*sic*) oyles and spirits, and so likewise the bottoms of her feet, and upon this she began to open her eyes, and to move the lower parts of her body . . . . After that they perswaded a woman to goe into bed to her, and to lye very close to her, and gently to keep rubbing of her. After all which, she seemed about noone to be in a sweat. Her face also began somewhat to swell, and to looke very red on that side on which the knot of the halter had been fastened."

Such, then, was the mode by which this marvellous revival was accomplished, and next day she was able to talk a little, complaining of her throat, but was somewhat feverish. On the Monday she was much better, and, after the fashion of the times, was bled. She was then questioned as to her feelings during the time of her suffering, and she replied that she remembered taking off some of her clothes, and bequeathing them to her mother, and also she heard someone say that one of the prisoners was to be let out in order to execute her. After that, all was a blank ; she remembered nothing that had been done to her. She knew not that she had had her fetters knocked off, nor that she had been led out of prison, and on to the gallows ; she could not recollect any Psalm having been sung, or that she had spoken anything before she was executed, although those present declared that she had spoken, and that very sensibly. About a fortnight afterwards, she had a hazy remembrance of some man wrapped in a blanket, which, in fact, the executioner wore.

Within a month she was quite recovered, and was visited by great numbers of persons, so many, indeed, as to become a nuisance, to mitigate which a payment was exacted from every visitor—not a fixed sum, but whatever they chose to give—her father being there to receive the subscriptions, which were to be devoted to his daughter's benefit. This fund amounted to a respectable sum ; for everyone, even the governor of Oxford gaol, when he went to visit her, gave liberally ; and luckily it was so, for being resuscitated is expensive. The doctors' bills (one would have thought in such a case they would have made no charge for attendance) came to no small amount ; but there was her board and lodging to pay for, and money was wanting also for the sueing out of her pardon, for the wheels of the law will not work unless well greased.

The basis on which her plea for pardon was founded was that the child was stillborn, which was proved to be a fact. Sir Thomas Read, the prosecutor, died within three days after her quasi-execution, so that there was no one to proceed against her ; and in a short time

she received the royal pardon, and went home with her father, taking her coffin with her. According to Dr. Plott, in his "Nat. Hist." Oxon. p. 197, she "being at length perfectly recovered, after thanks given to God and the persons instrumental in it, retired into the country to her friends at Steeple Barton, where she was afterwards married, and lived in good repute amongst her neighbours, having three children afterwards, and not dying, as I am informed, till the year 1659."

Her restoration to life created quite a furore among the undergraduates of that day, and many were the verses they perpetrated on the event, both in English and Latin. One only I will inflict on the reader, and my excuse must be the name of the writer, Sir Christopher Wren. He certainly was a better architect than poet.

Wonder of highest Art! He that will reach
A streine for thee, had need his Muse should *stretch*,
Till, flying to the Shades, she learne what veine
Of *Orpheus* call'd *Eurydice* againe;
Or learne of her *Apollo*, 'till she can
As well as Singer, prove Physitian:
And then she may, without *suspension*, sing,
And, authoriz'd, harp upon thy *String*.
Discordant string! for sure thy soule (unkind
To its own Bowell's Issue) could not find
One Breast in Consort to its jarring stroake,
'Mongst piteous Femall Organs therefore broke
Translations due Law, from fate repriev'd,
And struck a Unison to her selfe, and liv'd.
Was't this? or was it, that the Goatish Flow
Of thy adulterous veines (from thence let goe
By second *Æsculapius* his hand)
Dissolv'd the Parcæ's *Adamantine* Band,
And made Thee Artist's Glory, Shame of Fate,
Triumph of Nature, *Virbius*[1] his Mate.

CHRIS. WREN, *Gent. Com. of Wad. Coll.*

Anne Greene's case, as I have said, seems to me to be the best authenticated one, but there are others well worthy of credence, and we must not forget that death was attempted to be arrived at by strangulation, and not by dislocation of the vertebræ, as at present, and also that the time of hanging was shorter by half to what it is now.

To go to the earliest noticed case that I can find—a contemporary record preserved in the archives of Leicester, and quoted in Thompson's History of Leicester (p. 110), states that in June 1313,

[1] A name given to Hippolytus, who was restored to life by Æsculapius at the request of Diana.

Matthew of Enderby, a thief, was apprehended, and imprisoned in the king's gaol at Leicester; and that being afterwards convicted, he was sentenced by Sir John Digby and Sir John Daungervill, the king's justices, to be hanged; that he was led to the gallows by the frank pledges of Birstall and Belgrave, and by them suspended; but on his body being taken down, and carried to the cemetery of St. John's Hospital for interment, he revived, and was subsequently exiled.

Again, Henry of Knighton, who was a Canon of Leicester Abbey, relates in his *Chronicle* (col. 2627) under the year 1363, that "One Walter Wynkeburn, having been hanged at Leicester on the prosecution of Brother John Dingley, Master of Dalby, of the order of Knights Hospitallers, after having been taken down from the gallows as a dead man, was being carried to the cemetery of the Holy Sepulchre of Leicester to be buried, began to revive in the cart, and was taken into the church of the Holy Sepulchre by an ecclesiastic, and there diligently guarded by this Leicester ecclesiastic to prevent his being seized for the purpose of being hanged a second time. To this man King Edward granted pardon in Leicester Abbey, and gave him a charter of pardon, thus saying in my hearing, 'Deus tibi dedit vitam, et nos dabimus tibi cartam!'"

There is a very well authenticated case of Margaret Dickson, known subsequently as half-hanged Meg, who was tried, and convicted of child-murder, and was hanged at Edinburgh on June 19, 1728. Her body was cut down, and delivered to her friends, who placed it in a coffin, and were conveying her in a cart to her native place, there to be buried, when she recovered consciousness, and sat up, much to the alarm of her attendants. She was promptly bled, and next morning was very fairly recovered. She lived for twenty-five years afterwards, and had several children. In the *Newgate Calendar*, Vol. II., p. 233, is an account of her execution, and an engraving of her "rising in her coffin near Edinburgh as she was carrying from the place of execution in order for interment."

And in the account of her execution a curious fact is mentioned. "By the Scottish law every person on whom the judgment of the court has been executed has no more to suffer, but must be for ever discharged, and the executed person is dead at law, so that the marriage is dissolved. This was exactly the case with Margaret Dickson, for the king's advocate could not pursue her any farther, but filed a bill in the High Court of Justiciary against the sheriff for not seeing the judgment executed. And her husband, being a good-natured man, was publicly married to her within a few days after the affair happened."

Another very well authenticated case is quoted in several contemporary magazines. The following is from the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. X., p. 570, A.D. 1740: "Monday, Nov. 24.—Five malefactors were executed at Tyburn, viz. . . . . and William Duell for robbing and murdering *Sarah Griffin* at *Acton*. The body of this last was brought to *Surgeon's Hall* to be anatomiz'd; but, after it was stripp'd and laid on the Board, and one of the Servants was washing him, in order to be cut, he perceived Life in him, and found his Breath to come quicker and quicker; on which a Surgeon took some Ounces of Blood from him; in two Hours he was able to sit up in his Chair, and in the Evening, was again committed to *Newgate*."

The *London Magazine* for 1740 gives some further particulars (p. 560): "In about two hours he came so much to himself as to sit up in a chair, groaned very much, and seemed in great agitation, but could not speak. He was kept at Surgeon's Hall till 12 o'clock at night; the Sheriff's officers (who were sent for on this extraordinary occasion) attending. He was then conveyed to Newgate to remain till he be proved to be the very identical person ordered for execution on the 24th inst. The next day he was in good health in Newgate, eat his victuals heartily, and asked for his mother. Great numbers of people resort continually to see him." And we find in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. X., p. 621, Dec. 9, 1740, "Wm. Duell ordered to be transported for life."

Then we have the case of Margaret Cunningham, who was executed in Edinburgh for child-murder in 1724, but it so closely resembles that of Margaret Dickson as to be somewhat apocryphal.

In the *Local Historian's Table Book*, Vol. II. pp. 43, 44, is an account of how Ewan MacDonald, a Highlander in the Army, was hanged for a murder committed by him at Newcastle-on-Tyne. At the gallows he attempted to throw the hangman off the ladder, but he was duly hanged. "It was said that, after the body had been taken to the Surgeon's Hall, and placed ready for dissection, the surgeons were called to attend a case at the infirmary, who, on their return, found MacDonald so far recovered as to be sitting up. He immediately begged for mercy, but a young surgeon, not wishing to be disappointed of the dissection, seized a wooden mall, with which he deprived him of life. It was further reported, as the just vengeance of God, that this young man was soon afterwards killed in the stable by his own horse. They used to show a mall in the Surgeon's Hall as the identical one used by the surgeon.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1765, p. 90, we read, "Jan. 24.—One *Patrick Redmond*, having been condemned at *Corke* in *Ireland*,

to be hanged for a street robbery, he was accordingly executed, and hung upwards of 28 minutes, when the mob carried off the body to a place appointed, where he was, after five or six hours, actually recovered by a surgeon, who made an incision in his windpipe called *bronchotomy*, which produced the desired effect. The poor fellow has since received his pardon, and a genteel collection has been made for him."

I have not said anything of Ambrose Gwinett, "well known to the Public as the lame Beggar man who for many years swept the way between the *Meuse Gate* and *Spring Gardens*, Charing Cross," because his adventures border on the marvellous, and besides, I believe his story to have originated in the brain of Isaac Bickerstaffe, the dramatist. Still, Gwinett's life was a most popular pamphlet, and, at the time, it was thought to be perfectly true.

JOHN ASHTON.

THE EISENBERG APPARITION.

HARDLY any genealogy of a reigning family is more involved and confusing than that of Saxony. The princes had long families, and were late in introducing primogeniture, so that their power and importance became dissipated.

The Elector Frederick II. (d. 1428) had two sons, Ernest and Albert, and he divided his territories between them. Each became the founder of a great family, the Ernestine and the Albertine. Ernest had five sons, but fortunately the eldest died without issue; one died young, and two were given bishoprics. His son John, who continued the family, had two sons, John Frederick, Elector of Saxony, and John Ernest, Duke of Weimar, which latter, however, died without issue. John Frederick had two sons, John Frederick II., who became Duke of Saxe-Gotha, and John William II., who founded the families of Saxe-Altenburg and Saxe-Weimar. His son, John of Weimar, had his territories divided again into two branches, those of Weimar and Saxe-Gotha, and his son William, Duke of Weimar, founded three branches—Weimar, Eisenach, and Jena. Ernest, Duke of Saxe-Gotha, had the ill-fate to be father of seven sons, who divided his territories between them, into the duchies of Gotha, Coburg, Meiningen, Römhild, Eisenberg, Hildburghausen, and Saalfeld, and very small dukes they became accordingly. Christian, the Duke of Saxe-Eisenberg, is the one with whom we have now to do. He was the fifth son of Duke Ernest, and was born in 1653. He married twice; first, Christiana, daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Merseburg, by whom he had a daughter; and, secondly, Sophia Mary, daughter of the Landgrave of Hesse-Darmstadt, by whom he left no issue. In the year 1705, one night, he retired to his bed in his private cabinet, in the palace at Eisenberg, but could not sleep. He was a pious man, and as sleep would not visit his temples he took a book of religious meditations, and endeavoured with it to—kill two birds with one stone—get into a devotional frame of mind, and simultaneously send himself to sleep. As his eyes began to feel weary he was roused to full wakefulness by a loud rap at his door. He was surprised, and sat up in bed, and called "Come in!"

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and next morning sent his manuscript to the superintendent of the Lutheran Church at Torgau, the pastor Hofkunz, a man on whose opinion he placed great reliance, and whose advice he sought not only in religious matters, but in political and social difficulties as well. He sent the account by a private messenger, with an urgent entreaty to Hofkunz to come to him without delay.

A superintendent in the Lutheran Church occupies approximately the position of a bishop ; he is usually a man of tried character and judgment. Hofkunz showed himself equal to the emergency. He at once obeyed the call of the duke, listened to what he had to say, and then gave a characteristic answer. There was no knowing what queer religious ideas ghosts might get into their heads after their departure out of their earthly tabernacles. It was even possible that those which had emerged from Catholicism, might relapse into its errors and superstitions after death, therefore Hofkunz advised the duke to make a stipulation with the ghost on its next appearance, that he should not be lured into any papistical and superstitious ceremonial. Moreover, he exhorted the duke to be on his guard against the fraud of the devil, wherefore he advised him to spend the week in prayer and in Bible reading.

The duke then overhauled the family papers, accounts, and chronicles, and found that the Duchess Anna had actually worn a dress very similar to that in which she had appeared to him.

When the appointed night and hour arrived, the duke lay in bed in expectation. He had previously given strict orders to the sentry and his servant on no account to allow anyone into his room that night. He had spent the whole day in psalm singing, Bible reading, and prayer. At the precise hour when he had been visited a week before, he heard the tap at his door. He called out, "Come in !" and the same apparition entered, in the same quaint old costume. The ghost asked the duke if he were prepared to do what she had desired. He replied that he would consent, so long as no superstitious ceremonial was to be gone through. Then the spirit replied that what she desired was not contrary to Scripture. "During my life my husband unjustly suspected me of an intrigue with a very pious cavalier, with whom I was in the habit of holding conversations on religious topics. He was so convinced of my fault, though my innocence was made abundantly clear, that he entertained against me an implacable resentment, so that even when I lay on my death-bed, and sent to him, entreating forgiveness and reconciliation, he would not come and see me. As I did all that lay in my power, I died in peace and entered into my rest, but not into absolute felicity.

Now the appointed time is come for us to make peace together, and you are the chosen person set apart to reconcile us, so that we may both attain to unclouded happiness."

"But," said the duke, "what am I to do?"

"Be prepared," answered the spirit, "to-morrow night to receive my husband and me. It is in my power to appear by daylight, because I am innocent, but not so my husband, he can only manifest himself by night. Each of us will state our case to you, and you shall act as umpire between us. Then shall you unite our hands and speak a blessing over us."

When she had said this, the Duchess Anna vanished. The duke remained all next day in prayer and the reading of pious books. When night fell he gave strict command to the guard to allow no one to enter or leave his room unchallenged, and to pay attention if he heard voices. Then he had two wax candles lighted, and he laid on the table between them a Bible and a hymn-book.

Between 11 and 12 at night the duchess reappeared in her former costume, and related to the duke all the circumstances of the controversy between herself and her husband. Then, suddenly, he saw before him the form of old Duke John Casimir, in princely clothing, his face very pale. He now told his version of the affair, which wore a very different complexion from that given it by the duchess. According to him, the meetings with the cavalier were for very different objects than pious converse.

After that Duke Christian was required to pronounce his verdict. It does not seem that any of the spirits of the dead who were mixed up in the affair had been sub-pœna'd to appear; and, uncompelled, they would not or did not show. The Duke of Eisenberg was obliged to pronounce judgment without having taken evidence *pro* or *contra*. Under the circumstances he could do no other, as a gallant man, than declare for the lady. Duke John Casimir bowed to his decision and extended his hand. Christian took hold of it, and found it cold as ice; he laid it in that of the Duchess, which had its natural warmth. Then he recited a benediction over them, and they responded with an Amen. After that he raised his voice and sang a couple of Lutheran hymns to their appropriate tunes, unaccompanied. When he had ended the ghosts said, "God will reward thee for what thou hast done. Shortly shalt thou be with us." Instantly they disappeared.

The duke paused for a moment to recover himself, and then went to the door to demand of the sentry if he had seen anything or anyone. He replied that he had seen nothing, but he had heard the voice of his Highness raised within the room, just as though addressing someone, and then a psalm.

Two years after this, on April 28, 1707, the duke died.

Such is the very curious story of the apparition to the Duke of Eisenberg, a story which was much discussed at the time, and which gave occasion to hot polemical controversy. There can be no question that the duke was firmly convinced of the reality of the visitations; the only question to be mooted about them is, were they a deception planned and practised upon him, or was he subject to hallucination?

Dr. Veyse, in his "History of the German Courts," inclines to the belief that the duke was the object of a fraud. He says: "Anna is said to have appeared to Duke Christian of Saxe-Eisenberg in 1705, two years before his death, and to have entreated him to reconcile her with her husband. The matter caused at the time great commotion, but apparently there lurked behind it, as so often is the case in ghost stories, secret intrigue. It is not impossible that it was part of a plan of conversion managed by persons who desired to impress on a weak spirit the conviction of a purgatorial middle existence." It is worthy of remark that the duke found Anna's hand of the natural warmth. Apparently, moreover, the Lutheran superintendent had his suspicions, as he was very particular in warning the duke not to be led away into superstition by the spectre.

But, if this affair were part of an intrigue, it is remarkable that after its partial success—for the duke was completely taken in by it—it was carried no farther, and, as far as we know, no further efforts were made to bring Duke Christian over to the Catholic Church. Moreover, he was hardly worth the capture. He was then in failing health, and as he left no son, the dukedom would pass away to another branch. And, lastly, if it had been contrived by people of education, one may conclude some better attempt would have been made to square the words of the apparition with the facts of history. These we will now compare, and we shall find that the ghost's memory was not reliable, nor was her account of the scandal at all correct.

In the first place, she spoke of herself as an ancestress of Duke Christian. This she was not. Anna was the daughter, the third daughter, of the Elector Augustus of Saxony, by his first wife, Anna of Denmark. Three months after the death of Anna, Augustus (Jan. 3, 1586) at the age of nearly sixty, married Agnes Hedwig of Anhalt, hardly then thirteen years old, and died six weeks after his marriage. Anna was married a fortnight after her father, Jan. 16, 1586, at the age of eighteen, to Duke John Casimir of Coburg, aged twenty-four. Translated from the gay Court of Dresden to the quiet of Coburg, and somewhat neglected by her husband, who was passionately

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she sent "to her Lord a hundred good-nights, and thanked him for all the kindnesses he had showed her during her imprisonment," through the pastor Altenburger, who attended her, and who had the lack of delicacy to publish an account of her last days and speeches after her decease.

One does not quite see how Duke Christian could have discovered from family documents that the dress worn by the spectre was identical with one that had been worn by the duchess. As Duke Christian did not belong to the representatives of Duke John Casimir, he was not likely to have the family papers ; nor was he likely to be possessed of a portrait of the divorced Duchess. We know that for some time before her death, Anna had her burial garments made, and kept them in the room with her laid out before her eyes. Now, just as it is improbable that the duke had any private accounts and family papers relating to the Duchess Anna, so is it likely that he may have had the printed account of her last days, and may have found out this fact, and it is possible that the garment in which she appeared to him was her grave-clothes ; but the story of the apparition as it comes to us does not say so, but leads us to suppose she appeared in a court-dress.

Duke Christian was a feeble and foolish man, addicted to alchemy. His great desire was to see and converse with spirits, and he was fully persuaded that he had attained his end. In 1696 he had apparitions who visited him and assured him that he would find, if he dug in a certain place, a sarcophagus of massive gold, and a diamond weighing a pound, together with millions of silver dollars. To his great disappointment he was unable to hit on the spot indicated by the spirits, and so relieve his pecuniary difficulties. In 1704 he was again under the conviction that he was in communication with spirits. It is therefore not to be wondered at that he was a prey to a similar delusion in 1705. We have not sufficient data to go upon to decide whether the duke was subject to hallucinations, or whether his credulity was practised upon by designing persons. The latter seems the most probable, but there is no evidence to fix the intrigue on those who sought his conversion. He had quite enough of alchemists and other impostors about him living on his weaknesses, whose interest it was to keep his superstitious belief in spiritual visitors alive, and we may suspect that the ghost whose hand was as warm as that of a living person was not the ghost of a person deceased, and that the cold hand was a glove filled with wet sand. He who is willing to be deceived is already half-deceived. Besides, the adventurers who would organise such a masquerade were not persons likely to be very exact in their historical and genealogical researches.

Duke Christian died in 1707, leaving an only child, Christiana, who married Philip, Duke of Holstein-Glücksburg. His second wife survived him several years. On the death of the duke, Eisenberg fell to the Dukes of Gotha, and in 1826 passed to those of Saxe-Altenburg. The palace of the dukes was built by Christian after the death of his first wife, in preparation for his second marriage. The cabinet is still shown in it where the duke patched up the quarrel between the old Duke and Duchess of Coburg.

S. BARING-GOULD.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

DURING the early years of the present century there stood upon the north side of Oxford Street, not far from the Circus, a building called the Queen's Bazaar, used for the sale of fancy and miscellaneous goods. Somehow, such places have never been a paying speculation in London, and this was no exception to the rule. Burned down in 1829, it was rebuilt for exhibition purposes, and it was here in 1833 that Roberts's great picture, "The Departure of the Israelites out of Egypt," was shown, as well as some views called the Physiorama. But people would come neither to buy nor to be amused at the Queen's Bazaar, and soon afterwards Hamlet, the well-known silversmith of Leicester Square, conceived the idea of transforming the unlucky edifice into a theatre, which was opened on October 5, 1840. That its construction occupied some time is evident from a line in the announce-bill stating that permission to give it the name of the Princess's was obtained from the Queen before her accession to the throne; the public was also informed that "this new and elegant theatre was fitted up with a style and splendour never before equalled in this country." The first entertainments given within its walls were Promenade Concerts, the prices being one and two shillings. These were continued for some months with indifferent success; and it was not until December 26, 1842, after undergoing considerable alterations, that it was opened for opera, varied by light dramatic pieces. The bill was "La Sonnambula," sung by Madame Garcia, Weiss, Templeton, and Madame Sala, the mother of the famous journalist; the extravaganza of "The Yellow Dwarf" being the afterpiece. English versions of all the most popular Italian operas continued to be performed with such singers as Garcia, Anna Thillon, Madame Filory, Mr. and Mrs. Wood—the latter the celebrated Miss Paton—while the dramatic company included such names as Henry Wallack, Walter Lacy, Oxberry, and the Keeleys.

But the cost of building the theatre, and the losses thereafter, nearly ruined poor Hamlet, who, in 1843, resigned the management to Maddox, a Jew, who made no change, however, in the style of

entertainment. Several of Balfe's forgotten operas were first given here. Various extraneous attractions were added to eke out the staple fare: General Tom Thumb was engaged to appear after the opera of "Don Pasquale," and Henry Russell sang "I'm Afloat," and other of his popular songs, as a light refreshment after "Much Ado About Nothing;" while an entertainment entitled "Freaks of Fancy," supported by a Mr. Lands and his "Infant Brothers," mitigated the terrors of "Timour the Tartar;" domestic drama came to the fore in "Gwynneth Vaughan" (1844), with Mrs. Stirling, then the most charming of stage heroines, in the title rôle, and burlesque was represented by Wright, Paul Bedford, and Oxberry, in the extravaganza entitled "The Three Graces." The great hit of 1844, however, was "Don Cæsar de Bazan," with James Wallack as the hero. Scribe's piece, suggested by the episode in Victor Hugo's "Ruy Blas," took the town immensely, and rival versions cropped up east and west; the Haymarket produced one called "A Match for a King," in which Charles Mathews played the impecunious Don; but, according to those who witnessed the performance, no one ever approached in this country the dash, the romance, and chivalrous bearing of the original. In the next year Wallack further increased his fame by his performance of Massaloni in "The Brigand," a musical piece which was founded upon Eastlake's celebrated series of pictures; his spirited and picturesque acting—in a style that died with poor Charles Dillon—together with his charming singing of the song "Gentle Zitella," which was presently thrummed and sung by everybody, drew all London to the Princess's. James Wallack afterwards went to America and established in New York the famous theatre that still bears his name.

We must go back a few months, however, to the early part of 1845, to note two very important first appearances at the Princess's, those of Edwin Forrest and Charlotte Cushman. The power of will and energy to overcome the difficulties that beset the path of the struggling artist is well exemplified in the story of that fine actress. Miss Cushman commenced her public career as a singer, with a fine contralto voice that promised to secure for her a high position upon the operatic stage. After making a successful *début* at Boston, her native city, as the Countess in "The Marriage of Figaro," she took an engagement at the St. Charles's Theatre, New Orleans, as prima donna. Whether it was the change of climate or injudicious attempts to extend the compass of her voice, we do not know, but soon after her arrival her vocal powers entirely failed. This blow was all the more terrible since she had a widowed mother and sisters

entirely dependent upon her. Her father had been a merchant of Boston, one of a fine old Puritan stock, but had died leaving little provision behind, and all the hopes of the family had centred in Charlotte's prospects. An immense distance from home and among strangers, her position became a terrible one. When reduced almost to destitution, a friend suggested that she should try the dramatic stage, and persuaded her to see the leading actor and director of the theatre, Mr. Barton, the father of the writer of the present article, upon the subject. He very soon perceived she had fine capabilities. "But," he used to say, "I could never draw them out, try as I would, until one day I put her into a towering rage by certain rude remarks I purposely made, and then at last blazed forth the fire and passion I knew was smouldering within." She made her first appearance for his benefit, as Lady Macbeth, in the summer of 1835, and achieved a decided success. So poor was she at the time, that she had not the means of purchasing a dress for the part; pride forbade her making this known until the last moment, and then a costume had to be borrowed from an actress of about double her dimensions, and made to fit as it would. She now returned to the North, but misfortune still pursued her, for she had no sooner obtained an engagement at the Bowery, New York, than she was prostrated by illness, from which she had scarcely recovered when the theatre was burned to the ground, and all the theatrical wardrobe she had pinched herself to scrape together went with it. Even without such reverses, it was a terrible uphill fight, since she had to contend against such physical disadvantages as a face plain to ugliness, and a raw-boned masculine figure that would have been scarcely acceptable in a male. I can remember her at a much later period, clad in a hideous beaver bonnet, a short rough jacket, and very narrow skirts, striding up and down the stage during the rehearsal of a play, and discussing the business with a gruff voice suggestive of anything rather than the soft sex. In Romeo she made an immense hit, and a yet greater sensation as Nancy Sikes, considered in America one of her greatest parts, though I do not think she ever performed it in England. In 1844 she was brought from New York to Philadelphia to play the leading parts with Macready, with whose style she from that time became strongly infected.

Having reached the highest pinnacle of fame upon the American stage, it was now her ambition to test her powers upon a London audience, and at the end of the year just named she set sail for England. There was less gush and charlatanism in the theatrical profession in those days; the photographic art—happy days!—was

unborn, and the *quid pro quo* system, "You beat the big drum for me in England, and I'll do the same for you in the States," was unthought of; the actor or actress from America was nobody until he or she had proved to be somebody, and when Charlotte Cushman arrived in the old country there was no deputation to receive her, and no suppers organised in her favour. She took humble lodgings in Covent Garden, made a pound of mutton chops last her three days for dinner, hastened to offer her services to the London managers, and was rebuffed by one and all.

How she ultimately obtained her first engagement in London is related by George Vandenhoff in his Reminiscences—as told to him by the manager himself. "On her first introduction, Miss Cushman's personal gifts did not strike Maddox as exactly those which go to make up a stage heroine, and he declined engaging her. Charlotte certainly had no pretensions to beauty, but she had perseverance and energy, and knew there was the right metal in her; so she went to Paris with a view of finding an engagement there with an English company. She failed, too, in that, and returned to England more resolutely bent than ever on finding employment there, because it was now more than ever necessary to her. It was a matter of life and death almost. She armed herself, therefore, with letters—so Maddox told me—from persons who were likely to have weight with him, and again presented herself at the Princess's, but the little Hebrew was obdurate as Shylock, and still declined her proffered services. Repulsed, but not conquered, she rose to depart; but as she reached the door, she turned and exclaimed: 'I know I have enemies in this country, but'—and here she cast herself upon her knees and raised her clasped hands aloft—'so help me —— I'll defeat them.' She uttered this with the energy of Lady Macbeth and the prophetic spirit of Meg Merrilies. 'Hullo!' said Maddox to himself, 's'help me! she's got de shtuff in her,' and he gave her an appearance, and afterwards an engagement in his theatre." Not a day too soon, for her resources were nearly exhausted. Edwin Forrest was engaged at the same time to appear at the Oxford Street house, and Maddox wished the two *débuts* to be made together, but Miss Cushman would not consent to this arrangement, she must rise or fall by herself alone. How wise was her determination was soon made evident by the crushing failure of that ranting, roaring tragedian.

Miss Cushman's first appearance upon the English stage was on February 14, 1845; the part she selected was Bianca, in the now almost forgotten tragedy of "Fazio." As soon as she was fairly in the great scenes of the play her power and intensity, her pathos and

abandon, carried away the house. She used to relate in after years how, being so completely overcome by excitement and the nervousness of a first appearance before the most critical audience in the world. she lost for a moment all self-command, and only recovered her presence of mind through the long-continued applause. But when she faced the house the sight that met her eyes thrilled her in a manner she could never forget. The audience had risen *en masse*, some had mounted on their seats, and were frantically waving hats and handkerchiefs and wildly cheering. "All my successes put together since I have been upon the stage would not come near my success in London," she wrote to her mother.

Her own success being assured, she made no objection to perform occasionally with Forrest, who, however, soon retired from the scene of his discomfiture. Burning with rage, he accused Macready of having organised a clique and of joining in the hisses against him. There was not a shadow of evidence to support the charge, but it nearly proved a fatal one to the English tragedian, for when he visited America, Forrest so incited the New Yorkers against him that it led to what are called the Forrest riots, during which some twenty persons were killed, and Macready narrowly escaped with his life. But to return to Miss Cushman : she played a round of legitimate parts, Lady Macbeth, Julia in "The Hunchback," Rosalind, and others, with ever-increasing success, but probably produced the most profound impression of all in the character of Meg Merrilies. There is a story connected with her first appearance in the part in America that is worth repeating. During the earlier part of her stage career she was playing utility, that is to say going on for anything, at the Park Theatre, New York, while Braham, the great English tenor, was fulfilling a starring engagement there ; Henry Bertram was one of his favourite parts; on the morning of the night on which "Guy Mannering" was to be played, Mrs. Chippendale, the first wife of the old Haymarket actor, the stock Meg Merrilies, was taken ill, and Charlotte Cushman was asked to undertake the part at a moment's notice. When the performance was over there came a tap at her dressing-room door; it was Braham. "Miss Cushman," he said, "I have come to thank you for the most veritable sensation I have experienced for a long time. I give you my word that when I saw you in the first scene I felt a cold chill run through me. Where have you learned to do anything like that?" The Meg Merrilies of Miss Cushman, however, bore no more resemblance to Scott's old crone than did the witches of Shakespeare to the wretched old hags that Scotch James persecuted. The Meg of Charlotte Cushman was a sibyl, a pythoness,

before whose oracular utterances the boldest might have trembled. What a thrill went through the audience as she suddenly darted from the side scene and then stood motionless, with one claw-like finger of a skeleton hand pointed at Henry Bertram; what a face! blanched and tanned and wrinkled and scarred, as it were, by the storms of centuries, blear-eyed, with Medusa-like grey locks straggling from beneath a kind of turban, while the tall bony figure was clad in a mass of indescribable rags, shreds, patches of all colours, marvellously real. Who that ever heard it can forget her delivery of the prophecy, more especially the two last lines:

> Till Bertram's might and Bertram's right
> Shall meet on Ellangowan's height.

The tall weird figure on tiptoe, the withered arms thrown up, one holding her staff far above her head, the flashing eyes, the deep rough voice rising to the shriek of a bird of prey upon the final word—it was not mere acting, it was an inspiration as great as anything Rachel ever achieved. I once heard an old actor, who was playing Dandie Dinmont, say that he had to turn away his head while supporting her in her death scene; and I have seen ladies in the house cover their faces with their hands, unable to endure the sight of the dying agonies of that awful face in the last fierce struggle against the coming doom. When all was over, she was borne off the stage, and some little time elapsed between her death and the fall of the curtain, sufficient for her to wash off her hideous mask, and paint and powder her face, though the dress was unchanged, for the call. It was a curious bit of coquetry for so great an artiste, but she invariably did it. Miss Cushman's engagement at the Princess's extended over eighty-four nights, though not consecutive, opera and other lighter entertainments alternating with her performances; an arrangement far more favourable to artistic acting than the present grinding and monotonous drudgery of unbroken long runs. Miss Cushman remained in England until 1850, but did not again appear at the Princess's. Of her triumph at the Haymarket in the part of Romeo I have given some account elsewhere. She paid a second visit to England in 1852, performing with undiminished success in London, and starring throughout the provinces. She finally retired from the stage in New York in 1861.

During the entire period of Maddox's management, opera occupied a prominent position in the Princess's programmes; native composers—Balfe, Linley, Loder—alternating with the works of the foreign masters. Here was produced, in 1849, Loder's charming "Night Dancers"; in the same year Alfred Wigan delighted London

with his exquisite performance of Achille Dufaid, in "The First Night." In the next year we find Louisa Pyne and Harrison singing in "Gustavus."

At the close of the season we have arrived at, Maddox grew tired of a speculation which was, to say the least, not remunerative, and on September 28, 1856, the theatre was reopened under the joint management of Charles Kean and Robert Keeley. The initial performance was "Twelfth Night," with Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, Harley, Meadows, Addison, Ryder, Vining, &c., in the principal parts. Lovel's "Wife's Secret" was the first original production; then came a revival of "Henry IV.," with that fine old actor, Bartley, the last of the Falstaffs, as the fat knight. The advent of Charles Kean to the management of the Princess's Theatre commenced a most important era in stage history. In Shakespearian revivals he had been anticipated by Charles Kemble and Macready at Covent Garden and Drury Lane, and the latter had left little or nothing to be improved upon; and I have always considered that it was for the acclimatisation of the higher school of French melodrama that his management was chiefly remarkable. "Pauline" (1850), a powerful drama founded upon one of Dumas' shorter stories, was a new sensation, combining as it did the exciting incidents of a transpontine play with the refinement of the legitimate. There is a story told of the Queen becoming so excited over one of the scenes that she held the curtains of her box convulsively grasped until the situation was past. This play created a host of imitations, in which a fascinating hero, beneath a polished and gentle exterior, hid the heart of a tiger; while the duel scene, where a loaded and an unloaded pistol are placed beneath the table-cloth, and each combatant draws his weapon by chance, has been copied again and again. This play, and the marvellous success of a much more notable production, "The Corsican Brothers," Gallicised our stage for a generation. The thrilling mysticism of the story of the twin brothers —in those ante-spiritualism and Pepper's ghost days—that awfully real ghost, without blue fire, that glided upon the scene in so incomprehensible a manner; that weird ghost melody that haunted us night and day after first hearing it; that terrible duel, the like of which had never been seen by an English audience accustomed to associate "a terrific combat ! ! !" with short basket-hilted swords chopped in time to music—this most absorbing of melodramas, with an absence of all the old vulgar, noisy elements of the English school, took the town by storm; it was veritably a new dish for the jaded palates of the playgoers, and from that time they were continually craving for

more. When the play was revived by Mr. Irving, with an elaboration of detail never dreamed of in the days of its first production, the old playgoers flocked to the Lyceum, eager to renew the old impressions; but, alas! the novelty was gone, the ghost music no longer thrilled them; the famous leap was criticised and pronounced clumsy and absurd; and even the duel scene, marvellously as it was set, fell flat. The younger generation shrugged its shoulders, and thought how much it had advanced in its ideas of stage art upon its predecessor, while the elder felt disappointed. But the exultation of the one and the humiliation of the other were equally unfounded; during the last thirty or forty years the theme of the famous French drama has been taken up so frequently, with endless variations, that it is but an oft-told story of which we are weary. Charles Kean's performance of the Brothers was a fine and impressive piece of acting, with a peculiar charm in the first act, though Fechter's was the more powerful, picturesque, and *Corsican*; the tiger-like ferocity of the latter in the last scene was far more natural, more in consonance with the character, than the fatalistic calmness of Kean, followed by Mr. Irving; but no Château Renaud ever approached the first representatives, Alfred Wigan and Walter Lacey, in ease and polish and quiet intensity; we have had the part played in late years in a manner that rather suggested Château Renaud's valet aping his master than the man himself. Charles Kean's management, however, is most strongly associated with those archæological revivals of Shakespeare's plays, for which more credit is assigned to him than is due, for the idea had been worked out not only by Macready at Drury Lane, but by Phelps at Sadler's Wells, with fine practical judgment, though not perhaps with such strict antiquarian accuracy.

It was just the period at which the theatre had reached its lowest ebb in popular estimation, and, most fatal of all failings, was most unfashionable. With one or two exceptions, the West-end houses staged their productions in the shabbiest and most slovenly manner; the dresses were barbarously inappropriate and tawdry, the scenery dingy and primitive. Charles Kean reformed this altogether, and started that first wave of reaction in things theatrical that was followed up by Fechter and the Bancrofts, and has reached high-water mark at the Lyceum, under Henry Irving, and at the Princess's, under Wilson Barrett.

The performances at Windsor Castle seem to have suggested these revivals, which commenced, in the early part of 1852, with "King John;" "Macbeth" followed the next year, "Richard III." in 1854, "Henry VIII.," "The Winter's Tale," and "A Mid-

summer Night's Dream" in 1856, "Richard II." and "The Tempest" in 1857, and "King Lear" and "The Merchant of Venice" in 1858. Shakespeare was alternated with "Sardanapalus," one of the most splendid and notable of the Princess's productions (1853), "Faust," "The Courier of Lyons," and "Louis XI." in 1855. The revivals, however, were played only three times a week, a variety of pieces being performed on the alternate nights. It is remarkable how closely Mr. Irving's management at the Lyceum has followed upon Kean's lines, in several instances even to the same pieces. Louis XI. was one of Kean's finest impersonations, but his latest successor has surpassed him both in power of execution and subtlety of conception.

Certain salient points of these revivals seem to have been lost sight of and forgotten. We are always too ready to give the foreigner credit for all we know, and to hail every new importation from across the Channel as a revelation; that we have learned much both from the French and Germans is beyond dispute—and they may have caught a few ideas from us, though I suppose it will be considered presumptuous to hint at such a thing. When the Saxe-Meiningen company came over we all cried with one voice that such grouping and such management of crowds had never before been seen upon the London stage; and thereby old playgoers displayed a wonderful shortness of memory, for the public entry of Bolingbroke and the captive king, which Charles Kean introduced as an episode between the fourth and fifth acts of "Richard II.," was as full of animation, individuality, and colour as the famous Marc Antony scene in Julius Cæsar as represented by the German company. I have a most vivid recollection of this scene—a winding street, filled with a restless crowd, every personage of which was an independent unit, acting apparently upon the impulse of the moment, laughing, jostling, fighting, neck-craning, indulging in horse-play, but never for an instant inert; the doors, windows, and balconies of the antique houses built on each side the stage were crowded with eager spectators, some watching the vagaries of the crowd, others straining to catch the first sight of the coming pageant. At the distant sound of the trumpets, the street became a chaos, a shouting, scrambling, fighting mob, struggling for each coign of vantage, until the advanced guard, pushing back the people right and left, cleared a path. Then came the realisation of Shakespeare's fine description:—

> The rude, misgovern'd hands from window tops
> Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head;

while as Bolingbroke entered upon his hot and fiery steed,

> You would have thought the very windows spake,
> So many greedy looks of young and old
> Through casements darted their desiring eyes.

Nothing more perfect, more realistic than was this episode has ever been seen upon any stage. There were some fine things in "The Winter's Tale"; the Saturnalia might have passed unchallenged until the Walpurgis Night was seen at the Lyceum; and a picture more replete with classic beauty, poetic conception, and fine grouping than the Statue Scene it would be difficult to imagine. Notable among the stage effects in Kean's revivals, were the vision of Katharine of Arragon in "Henry VIII.," in which the lime light was used for the first time, and the burning of the palace of Sardanapalus, a scene unsurpassed in terror until we saw the earthquake in "Claudian"; and it is only by such comparisons we can estimate our progress in scenic illusion, and do justice to the work of the past.

In mechanical appliances the Princess's productions were at a disadvantage in comparison with ours; the lime light was only just introduced, the electric was unknown, for stage effects; and the art of building up such scenes as the Temple of Artemis or the Palace of Claudian was reserved for the present generation. Not less remarkable has been our advance in the cost of stage productions. Kean never spent more than four or five thousand upon a revival, and this was considered marvellous in those days. Messrs. Irving and Wilson Barrett have more than doubled such sums. Again, salaries were incomparably smaller. For some time John Ryder, who played seconds to Kean, received only three pounds ten a week, until discovering that another actor of about equal position was in the receipt of eight, he threatened to break his engagement unless his salary was at once doubled; a request which was complied with. Now such an actor would command from thirty to fifty pounds a week. On the other hand, Kean raised the ballet girls from a shilling a night, their old pay, out of which they had to find shoes and stockings, to a guinea a week, and found them everything. The Shakespearian companies at the Princess's, though decidedly inferior to those of Sadler's Wells under Phelps, included John Ryder, who, in such character parts as Friar Lawrence and Hubert, and all parts of level elocution, has left no successor; Walter Lacey, an actor of a higher calibre than poor "Jack," Alfred Wigan, whose name it is sufficient to mention; Harley, who was for some time the Shakespearian clown *par excellence*; Meadows, a capital actor in old men and character parts; Graham, Mrs. Ternan, Carlotta Leclerq, and many others that now live only in the memory of old playgoers.

Charles Kean, with all his peculiarities, his bad voice, his insignificant figure, and lack of impulse, was a discerning and intellectual actor; his Richard the Second was a most scholarly performance; his delivery of the beautiful speeches which Shakespeare has put into the mouth of the unhappy King; his noble and pathetic bearing in the trial and last scene, and the kingly dignity with which he invested his fall, were full of beauty; the same qualities marked his Cardinal Wolsey, while I have never seen his Leontes, more especially in the last scene, approached. Whatever he did—Hamlet, Macbeth, or even Lear and Othello—was distinguished by fine taste, scholarly judgment, deep study of, and veneration for, his author, and essentially appealed to the cultured playgoer by its perfect refinement. I have read and heard the highest eulogies passed upon Mrs. Charles Kean, but when I saw her, in 1856, she was very stout and *passée*, with a thin, high-pitched voice that grated upon the ear, and her acting was a disappointment. The runs thirty years ago were not long enough, the Princess's was too small and the prices were too low, six shillings being the highest, for such costly productions to be remunerative. The partnership with Keeley was of short duration, that gentleman having retired in 1851, and in the autumn of 1858 Charles Kean announced the farewell season of his management. The last of his Shakespearian revivals was "Henry the Fifth," produced in the following year, Mrs. Kean performing the part of Chorus; he made his final bow as a manager on August 29th, in the part of Cardinal Wolsey, though he afterwards appeared here, in several short starring engagements.

In the September of the same year Mr. Augustus Harris, the father of the present lessee of Drury Lane, succeeded to the vacant throne; the most notable event of his reign was the introduction of Fechter to the English public. The famous French actor's first appearance upon the London stage was on November 4, 1860, in "Ruy Blas." We were far more insular in our prejudices in those days than we are now, and the new actor had to reckon with such feelings; but his charm of manner, his pathos, his passion, and above all his marvellous love-making, carried the audience by storm. So far, however, he was upon his own ground, a French actor in a French play, the ideal hero of romantic drama; but when it was announced that he was about to challenge comparison with the great English actors of the past and present, and play Hamlet—with a French accent, British jealousy of the foreigner began to bristle again; nevertheless the experiment was the sensation of the season. On the night on which Fechter first played the part of the melancholy

Dane on the stage of the Princess's Theatre, was rung the death-knell of the old school of acting; it was the beginning of a revolution in English histrionic art, to be followed shortly afterwards at the Lyceum by a revolution in stage art; Fechter was the Luther of our theatre, and the actors of the present day—Mr. Irving, more especially, though in no way an imitator—are his disciples. We have had so many "original" Hamlets during the last five-and-twenty years, that we can scarcely conceive the effect produced by this daring innovator upon those accustomed to the orthodox rendering; he discarded black velvet and bugles for a flowing costume of plain cloth, and short black hair for flaxen locks; he threw all traditions, all conventionalisms to the winds; he treated Hamlet as a new part and played it according to his own conceptions, unbiassed by any that had gone before; he sat where others had stood in the centre of the stage; he was free, colloquial, easy; all this was rank heresy to the orthodox, but hailed as a revelation by those of finer intelligence. The rendering of the first soliloquy, by its fine passionate sensitiveness, at once seized upon the imagination of the audience, and the beauty of the scene with Ophelia took the house by storm. He was finest in the earlier portions of the play; "To be or not to be" was execrable, and the fifth act was indifferent, yet the impression produced by the whole was a deep and lasting one. That his success in Hamlet was not due to a mere craving for novelty was proved when he attempted to apply the same canons of art to "Othello"; then the condemnation was all but universal.

In the October of 1862, Mr. Harris was succeeded by a Mr. Lindus, who gave way in the following year to Mr. George Vining. The latter almost inaugurated his management by a first appearance that promised great things. I allude to that of Mademoiselle Stella Colas, whose fine rendering of Juliet evoked the most extraordinary enthusiasm among a large section of the playgoing public; although a French rather than an Italian Juliet, it was undoubtedly a striking and powerful performance; but she was but a shooting star that quickly disappeared from the theatrical horizon. Mr. Vining's *régime* was chiefly remarkable for the number of sensational dramas it gave to the stage. The first of these, at the Princess's, was "The Streets of London," with its then wonderful fire scene, alas! long since extinguished by succeeding marvels of stage mechanism; "Arrah na Pogue," and "Never Too Late to Mend" followed in 1865. Most of us remember George Vining's impolitic fight with the press and a portion of the public over this play; it was splendidly mounted for those days; the model prison was one of the first of those elaborately

built scenes which have been the wonders of modern stagecraft. BenjaminWebster succeeded to the management in 1869, then came Chatterton; but neither did much to enhance the reputation of the house, though attempts were made to revive the legitimate drama, with Phelps in the leading parts; and it may be mentioned, *en passant*, that it was now that the younger playgoer had the last opportunity of witnessing that fine actor to any advantage in the heroes of Shakespeare's tragedies. And now the days of the old Princess's Theatre began to be numbered; the last remarkable production seen upon its boards was Charles Reade's version of "L'Assommoir," "Drink," (1879); a gloomy and revolting play that was only redeemed by the extraordinary performance of Mr. Charles Warner in the part of Coupeau, and it is not too much to say that no greater acting, of its kind, or more perfect grasp of character, has been seen by the present generation. In the November of 1880 the "New Princess's Theatre," which from the stalls is the most gloomy and depressing house in London, opened with Mr. Edwin Booth, a most unfortunate engagement, which inauspiciously inaugurated the new building. Gloomy indeed were its prospects until it came into the hands of its present lessee. The old glories of the Princess's Theatre, after a long eclipse, have been brilliantly revived by Mr. Wilson Barrett, whose magnificent productions have never been surpassed in splendour; such scenes as the Palace of Tarquin, the earthquake in "Claudian," the Palace of Helle, have made an era in stage history, and in addition to such renown, Mr. Barrett has honestly earned a meed of praise that cannot be bestowed upon any other contemporary management, for his gallant support of English authors.

H. BARTON BAKER.

THE VAL D'ANNIVIERS.

I.

IT is a thousand pities that Tom Hood never travelled by train in the Rhône Valley in the dog-days, or we might have had an epigram on the subject equal to that on the Opera House.

For my part, language fails to express my feelings, and I must put down the sufferings entailed on me by the journey from Montreux to Sierre in July in the same category as Mr. Gladstone's Turk : they are simply "inexpressible."

Four hours' journey in a horse-box through the burning heat of Arabia, brought the survivors of our rash expedition to the oasis of Sierre, where we landed more dead than alive, and, staggering up the white and dusty road, reached at length the welcome, though fly-stricken, shelter of the Hôtel de la Poste.

Here the hearty greeting vouchsafed to the whole party by my old friends, the host and hostess, and the rapid preparation of an inviting meal, soon drew our thoughts from the horrors of the voyage, to dwell upon the higher (and cooler) flights which were to commence with the morrow's dawn.

It is a quaint and interesting place this half-Italian-looking, wholly patois-speaking town, with its queer old strongholds, picturesque corners, and decaying monastic retreats.

One of our finest water-colour artists, Mr. Croft, has for some years made the place his painting headquarters during the late autumn months, and, indeed, the neighbourhood is full of beautiful and interesting subjects.

As I sat at my window and watched the moonlight casting its broad mysterious shadows across the grass-grown court, while the plashing fountain below me murmured sleepily and steadily, a delicious old-world drowsiness crept over me, and I turned into bed in my wainscotted chamber, with a feeling which is well described in the chapter on life at a feudal castle in those admirably "Happy Thoughts" of the present editor of *Punch*.

. . . . . .

Half-past four, and a splendid morning! Such were my waking

thoughts. No more old-world dreams! "Excelsior" must be our practical motto to-day, with no hanging back or faltering in our upward course. A light breakfast, and then *en route* for unknown heights.

We left our baggage to follow us in the mail-cart, and started across the dew-bespangled meadows for the handsome suspension bridge over the muddy Rhône. On our left rises the rocky eminence of La Géronde, with a picturesque building crowning the highest point. This was in former days a Carthusian monastery, but is now a farm-house. The Rhône has cut its way through the mountain at this point, and left this natural stronghold isolated in the plain.

Half-a-mile beyond the bridge we reached the little village of Chippis, at the mouth of the deep gorge, whence issues the torrent of the Navigenze, and turning to the right we passed the church, with a fine old mulberry tree outside the gate—refreshing sight—and wound our way painfully up the steep and stony path, through a wood of dwarf oaks, guiding ourselves by the telegraph-posts till we emerged on the short grass below the post-road.

Anything like the grasshoppers, crickets, butterflies, and other sun-loving insects at this spot I have never seen! The plagues of Egypt became at once appreciable to us.

Joining the road here we soon reached Niouc, a collection of châlets clustering on the steep slope of the hill at the commencement of the Val d' Anniviers. Here we halted a while, to count and arrange the spoil which had fallen to our nets on the ascent.

The view of the mountains on the other side of the Rhône Valley is very fine, and we recognised an old friend in the Diablerets, an enemy to be overcome in the snowy Wildstrübel, and a vapour bath in the long ribbon of railway spread out down the valley.

Then up and onwards towards the goal of Vissoye, whose tall spire and white chapel rise prominently enough far ahead, and behind it the snowy pyramids of the Trifthorn and the Gabelhorn, with the giant Rothhorn, and the fork-topped Besso.

The road, after leaving Niouc, skirts several huge precipices, and is taken through three tunnels or galleries in the live rock, the darkened coolness of which is a welcome contrast to the heat and glare of the white highway.

Between the second and third tunnels we were refreshed by the sight and sound of a trickling stream of clear water, and one and all made a forward rush to absorb some of the inviting fluid, for there is no water to be had up to this point on the way up.

But, alas! suddenly there recurred to me the warning uttered

only a few hours ago by our host of the Poste: "Drink not of the water which you will find on the road beyond Niouc, for it is fair to the eye and to the taste, but deadly to the stomach; wherefore (for our stomachs' sake—or his pocket's?) take with you a little wine."

Between us and the babbling brook there rose spectres of hideous shape, and on their foreheads were their names written "Goître," "Typhus," and such-like words of dread.

Slowly and sadly we turned and left the spot; the stream's ripple turned to mocking laughter in our ears.

For had we not finished the wine on those sun-dried slopes an hour ago, and spent many minutes and much moisture in pelting stones at the empty bottle?

We thought of the irony of the Psalmist, whose "moisture was like the drought in summer," and we sighed.

We thought of that ancient and persistent marine bore, with his

> Water, water, everywhere,
> Ne any drop to drink.

But all things have an end, and so, after another hour's walk along the road we reached a little hamlet, and near it a saw-mill, and much water!

I pass over in silence those few moments of exquisite enjoyment: there are things too sacred for print.

. . . . . .

There is one thing about this lower end of the Val d'Anniviers which can hardly fail to strike the most casual observer. It is the extreme steepness of the slopes, and the singular way the villages are *hung* on them.

Mark Twain, in his "Tramp Abroad," dwells on this peculiarity in other parts of Switzerland, and I recollect a woodcut of a Swiss farmer falling out of his farm over a cliff. This very thing actually occurred at one of the villages in this valley.

The priest, who I suppose "farmed" the glebe himself, went out one day to cut hay for his cow or his ass, and, happening to slip in his meadow, rolled out of it and the world together. His body was found in the torrent, but his soul was missing—though I trust it has long been at rest in a far-off home.

One village on the west side of the valley looks, from the road, as if nailed to a wall of cliff. This village rejoices in the suggestive name of "Pain-sec," and local rumour says that the name is well-earned. There is but one bakery, at the lower end of the village, and so great is the inhabitants' dread of fire (it is a Roman Catholic village) that

they will only allow it to be used once a year! Hence it arises that the bread which is left after the grand baking, becomes, towards the end of the twelve months, rather dry, and the ingenious would-be eaters have devised the expedient of cutting it on blocks with a hatchet.

The idea of shifting the bakery to the top of the village has not yet occurred to these rustic philosophers, or has been scouted as revolutionary, for they are very conservative hereabouts.

In this sceptical age I am aware that these facts will not be in any danger of being accepted as such, but I have eaten the bread myself, soaked in soup, and I can testify that it is harder than a ship's biscuit, though not so hard as a lump of granite.

However, this is a very wide digression. An hour of pleasant walking through pine woods, huge boulders, and beneath lofty crags, brought us to the outskirts of the ancient village of Vissoye, the chief place in the valley; and the first building which met our sight was the new and whitewashed hotel, square and ugly without, but clean and comfortable within, where the wants of weary folk are relieved by the members of a family which for real kindness, hospitality, and unvarying politeness is *facile princeps* among the hotel-keepers of my acquaintance.

The head of the family is butler to the Bishop of Sion, and some of his Grace's best vintages stock the cellar of his faithful servitor, and go to refresh his friends and customers, at very little profit, I fear, to the servitor.

Once landed in this haven of rest and good cheer, we have time to look around us, and I feel sure that if one-half only of the charms and peculiarities of this little-visited valley were once known to the world of tourists and lovers of mountain scenery, it would soon become one of the best-liked summer resorts of those who care to combine amusement, admiration of nature, and self-improvement.

I have passed lightly over the grandeur of the road by which we ascend from the steaming valley to the pure air of this lofty village, 4,000 feet above the sea, because it is impossible for me to do justice to it in words, and I prefer to leave its appreciation to the individual taste of each visitor to the place. I will only say that it is, to my mind, unsurpassed by any single road in Switzerland, both as a marvel of engineering skill and in variety of scenery.

The village of Vissoye (and indeed the whole valley) is full of legends respecting the incessant wars waged by the hardy mountaineers, first against the ever-encroaching power of mighty Rome, and later against the feudal robbers who held the lower parts of the valley, and

built their towers on many a commanding point, but who never retained more than a nominal sway over these fertile slopes.

At Vissoye, however, the local chief seems to have possessed a more real, because more popular, authority.

Much interesting information is to be had from the *curé* of the church, a very pleasant hospitable man, not at all inclined to burn heretics, except, as he says, in the form of English wax matches.

The church is a plain and by no means beautiful edifice, but possesses a fine tower and spire, and is most picturesquely placed at the very edge of the ravine, with the handsome châlets of the *curé* and his *vicaire* beside it, at the foot of the ruined steps leading up to what was originally, I believe, the feudal fortress, of which no traces remain except these steps and some almost unrecognisable fragments of walls.

Its place is now occupied by an ugly whitewashed chapel, quite unworthy its magnificent site, perched as it is on the highest point of a sort of rocky back-bone, and visible from the first entrance into the valley. The sunset on the snowy peaks which close the valley as viewed from this spot is one of the finest sights I have ever seen. Night after night have I left the dinner-table to get a sight of the mysterious and beautiful "Alpen-Glühen" from the south door of the chapel, which, following the "lie" of the narrow ridge, is placed north and south instead of east and west.

I have frequently been struck with the eminently pastoral relations existing between the clergy and the peasantry in the secluded valleys of the Roman Catholic cantons, and this is nowhere more noticeable than in the Val d'Anniviers. Drawn chiefly from the peasant class, these rural priests return from their theological studies at Sion, or further afield, to their native villages, with sympathies and tastes broadened indeed by contact with the outer world, but unestranged from, nay, rendered even more sensitive to, the hopes and fears, the petty but absorbing joys and sorrows of their kith and kin.

The result of this admirable localising system is visible in the intimate social intercourse between the *curé* and the members of his congregation, and in the rarity of any disputes about tithes and such things.

Is the harvest bad?—the *curé* suffers: but then so do his brother, his uncle in the next village, his cousin at the mill, his nephew at the inn, and so on; so that the same causes produce the same effects all through the parish, and the general result is harmony and sympathy of the happiest kind, and pastor and flock are knitted closer together in the bonds of friendship and good-will.

On the people themselves this state of things has a directly beneficial effect, and results in a distinctly religious tendency being visible among the whole community.

In the canton of Vaud, the male population rarely enter a church except as a matter of custom—for a baptism, a marriage, or a funeral. They live to a great extent outside religion; whereas in the Roman Catholic cantons, the peasant rarely commences his day's work without attending an early mass in one of the many chapels placed conveniently at hand. He need not even throw away his cigar at the church-door—witness the marks of burning on the pew-backs, seats, and ledges even of the parish church of Vissoye.

"Come," says the priest, "come as you are, do not make religion a separate part of your existence, but fit it into your daily occupations."

Such were the actual words of the good *curé* of Grimenz to me in a conversation in 1882.

From Vissoye, as a centre, there are many most interesting excursions to be made, varying from an hour to nine or ten hours in length, and during our stay there in 1883 we made several, some idea of which I will attempt to give in the pages which follow.

There are two "stock" excursions which are generally made from Vissoye; the ascent of the Bella Tola and that of the Becs de Bosson, the former on the east, the latter on the west side of the valley.

Both present magnificent panoramic views of almost equal extent, and require about the same time (five hours) for the ascent. The Bella Tola, however, presents less variety of ground to be crossed, and is somewhat tedious; while the Becs de Bosson offer just sufficient scrambling to be interesting without any real danger. A guide is necessary in both cases.

We started, a party of five, with a guide, and a porter for the provisions, about 3.30 A.M. on a glorious July morning, for the Becs. Crossing the torrent below Vissoye, we ascended the steep, rough path towards Grimenz, a large village at the mouth of the branch valley of Moiry, and, shortly after passing this place, struck off to the right, upwards through thick pine woods, with rare open glades, till we reached the high upland pastures, where, as yet, the cattle had not arrived, and the sulphur anemones, bell gentians, and other mountain gems were in all their glory.

Half an hour more brought us to the foot of one of the flying buttresses, so to speak, of the mountain, from whence a rough clamber landed us on the top of the ridge, and we paused to look

around us. The sun had not long risen above the lofty mass of the Bella Tola, and the valley below was still wrapped in shadow, with a delicate grey mist adding distance to the view of Vissoye and the neighbouring hamlets. Faintly and sweetly came the sound of the church bells, ringing the early worshippers to mass; while the lowing of the cattle on the nearer Alps, and even the unmusical horn of the goatherd, borrowed a strange sweetness from the distance and the surroundings. At our feet the ground sparkled with all the colours of the rainbow on a thousand blades of young grass; and what is that not fifty feet below us, scarcely distinguishable from the gray rock on which it grows? Can it be the renowned edelweiss? In twenty seconds five crazy "Engländer," as the guide calls us, were on the spot, plucking wildly at the quaint gray flowers so highly prized by every mountaineer of whatever nationality. Little recked we of slips and scratches and falling stones, so long as we could fill pockets and haversacks with the spoil!

But the guide reminded us that our object was to reach the top of the peak before the clouds should rise and impair the view; so we reluctantly scrambled up once more to the ridge, along which we mounted for some distance, till we reached the proper flank of the mountain. Here we had to cross a steep snow slope, and discussed the advisability of roping, but the snow being rather soft, this was thought unnecessary, and we accordingly crossed the slope diagonally upwards and arrived at the other side very much out of breath. The porter, who was a heavy man, and carried extra weight, had a very "rough crossing," once or twice almost disappearing, and, as we had to haul him out several times, we finally tied him to the rope and, when we reached the rocks, hoisted him up to us on his stomach!

These same rocks were very awkward customers to tackle, for they were sharp and many of them loose, besides being very rotten; so that when at last we reached the base of the final peak one of the party was minus a large piece of skin, another was obliged to tie on the pieces of his boot with string and a spare lace, while a third regarded sadly the crushed remains of his bouquet of edelweiss, upon which he had incautiously executed an impromptu slide.

And now for half an hour of genuine, though not dangerous, rock-climbing, in which long legs and arms had the best of it, our "butter-tub" companion having to submit to be ignominiously handed up by the porter below to the guide above, like a bale of goods. Poor fellow! he was quite overcome with shame, and nearly melted into unctuous tears.

At length our exertions were rewarded with success, and we

on the summit of the final "beak," 10,400 feet above the sea. The world was literally at our feet.

One at a time (for the actual top is only a few feet square) we mounted, and stood to enjoy the view.

From the Jungfrau to Mont Blanc, from the Dent du Midi to Monte Rosa, all the vast assemblage of rocky points and snow-crowned domes rose on every side. Near at hand the huge Weisshorn's knife edge cuts the air; nearer still the great mass of the Diablons looms white and imposing; farther off rise the pyramidal Rothhorn and Gabelhorn; next to the last the mighty Dent Blanche, and behind it, to the left, the terrible Matterhorn, with its memories of that awful vengeance wreaked by the genius of the mountain on its first conquerors, so graphically described by the survivor.

To the right of all these come the Dent d'Hérens, the Mont Vélan, Grand Combin, and hosts of smaller but still imposing heights; and far away, enthroned amid his body-guard, the king of all, the all-surpassing monarch of the Alps, the great Mont Blanc.

To the north, from west to east, rise the Diablerets, Wildstrübel, Bietschhorn, and then the giants of the Oberland, while almost due east tower the many-topped Mischabel Hörner, and south of them the redoubtable Monte Rosa completes the circle of one of the finest panoramic views in Switzerland.

Perched about the steep sides of the rock, like pigeons on a roof, we ate our lunch and drank each other's healths, not forgetting Butter-tub, who returned thanks in a lachrymose strain, which induced H. to advise him to pin himself on to the guide's sleeve, or he would be running down the mountain side. Now the name of the guide was Hans.

Lunch and a smoke having come to an end, we commenced the descent, stopping now and then at gaps in the ridge to look over the precipice on the east side, and to roll over great fragments of rock which went crashing down from ledge to ledge, raising wondrous echoes as they fell, and burying themselves at last amid a white cloud in the snow at the bottom. One of these fragments startled from its nest a fine eagle, who, evidently regarding the stone as an intentional intruder, fiercely pursued it in its fall for some hundred feet or so, and then, as she mounted once more to her eyrie, we heard the greeting she received from her nestlings. Downwards we plunged again, this time avoiding the treacherous rocks, and bearing to the right, in view of the Col du Torrent pass to Evolena, enjoyed some glissading on the steepish snow.

Butter-tub, whose form is better adapted for rolling than sliding, caused us much amusement by invariably arriving at the foot of each slope in an inverted position, generally minus everything loose.

Hans had promised to take us home by a short way, used generally by the chamois-hunters and colporteurs, and I presume he did so; but it seemed to me when we arrived once more in the Val de Moiry, and struck the mule-path through Grimenz, that I had left my legs, from the knees downwards, somewhere up above, and did not feel inclined to go back and fetch them. I never saw such a path! Its angle must have been somewhere about 170°, and it was all full of petrified potatoes or kidneys, with occasional stumps, briar shoots, and unexpected roots to give variety to one's sufferings.

We limped through Grimenz, and at length arrived, very foot-sore, but triumphant, because of the edelweiss, at the hotel.

Cold water, cold water, and again cold water, soon set us to rights, and we descended to the plentiful and well-cooked table d'hôte dinner with splendid appetites, and tongues ready to fill the waits between the courses.

There were several well-known mountaineers dining that evening on their way to and from Zinal, and their recitals, together with the feelings inspired in us by our own exploits, induced us to make up our minds to a couple of days at the head of the valley among the peaks and glaciers which overlook Zinal.

II.

THE Swiss Alpine Club, among many points of difference between it and its compeers, has one which is certainly not a mark of inferiority; it organizes, or rather each section organizes, two annual expeditions, one in mid-winter, the other in mid-summer.

The points selected for these expeditions are generally well chosen, as offering considerable variety of interest, not too much exertion, and often the inspection of one of the many huts or *cabanes* which are under the club's supervision.

It so happened a day or two after the expedition to the Becs de Bosson related in the preceding pages, that the Diablerets section organised a visit of inspection to the Mountet hut, above Zinal, and on our return, about 3 P.M., from a sketching excursion, the hotel was alive with members, all sporting the neat ribbon-badge of the S. A. C. and just arrived in char-loads from Sierre.

There were Swiss of all sorts and conditions, fat and lean, bald and hairy, from the active and experienced climber, Professor R., to the hard-working boot-maker Mr. D., who never set foot on a glacier in his life; but there was one characteristic which all alike possessed, they one and all carried enormous flasks!

A very few words with the Professor put me in possession of the object of the excursion; and a few minutes' consultation among ourselves resulted in our joining the party, myself as a member of the Club, the others as my guests.

The clubbists were to sleep at Zinal, and, as we had a few preparations to make, we allowed them to start ahead of us, and off they went—a convivial party, joking, laughing, and smoking.

As for ourselves, we remained at Vissoye till the path to Zinal was in shade, and then, with knapsacks laden, but light hearts, set off up the valley towards the long-admired and vaguely longed-for snow peaks.

As we advanced up the picturesque and fairly well-kept path, we noted many interesting geological features.

Near Ayer, which we soon pass, are the mines of Grand Prat, worked for red nickel and cobalt, and where grey copper ore and copper pyrites occur. Half-way hence to Zinal, and on the west side of the valley, is the Pointe de Sorrebois, affording a magnificent panorama, easy of access for ladies, greatly helping the knowledge of the geology of this part of the Alps, and having a curious jumble of schists, beds of gypsum, &c.

On both sides the mountains have become imposing; we feel that we are approaching the great fastnesses of the upper world, whilst the ravine beneath us becomes more and more insignificant and at length ceases. To the East, the Diablons, looking all but inaccessible, and to the west the Garde de Bordon, are the flankers of a mighty group, of which the Weisshorn is perhaps the king.

About half-way to Zinal we passed through a wild and beautiful labyrinth of huge boulders, moss-grown and pine-covered, the fragments of a whole mountain in ruins, which, thirty years before, had spread death and destruction over several square miles of pasture.

Crossing the torrent at this spot we mounted the western slope steeply for a time, looking across the stream at the wild jumble of rock and vegetation left behind; and then two hours of easy walking brought us within sight of Zinal, and of the huge mountains beyond it.

The sun was just setting in the unclouded west, but round the heads of the peaks hung great rolling masses of vapour, now streaming upwards till caught by the wind blowing across some ridge, and whirled away in vast rosy flakes, now resting sullenly round the throat

of the mountain, gray and frowning like an unwilling volunteer sentry; or again executing all kinds of airy manœuvres, lining off to right or left, massing, advancing, retreating, sometimes melting clear away and leaving the bare rocks, ice and snow, to glow and glitter in fictitious warmth.

It was a glorious and awe-inspiring scene. All around us the inappreciably stupendous mountains, shutting in the head of the valley, towering, one behind the other, in serried phalanx of resistless might, and below and around us the puny short-lived erections of man scattered over the immense amphitheatre like grains of sand. To complete the awfulness of the moment, suddenly from out the far distant unseen wilds came, first a dull boom like a cannon shot at sea, then a swelling, rushing roar, echoing among the sounding rocks, throbbing painfully in our ears, and finally dying away in the distance as though the giants were sinking again into their ages-long slumber.

There is something very purifying in the near neighbourhood of these higher mountains, something very wholesome in the humbling sense of personal insignificance which cannot but awaken higher thoughts—a better realization of the spirit life within us.

Surely here are temples not made with hands, in whose vastness one can recognise a sort of affinity to the power of expansion of the human soul!

Is the sceptic quite sure that in casting away such "superstitions" as these he is not cutting away an integral part of his own nature, pulling down a staircase which would lead him more surely upwards than that steep ladder which he tries to make for himself out of the admittedly insufficient materials of his own knowledge?

For me these great mountain solitudes are like so many vivifying springs by the wayside of life. The soul drinks in purity, and its faith is renewed by the feeling of nearness to its Creator and Father. There is a healthy recognition of the smallness of one's own knowledge, the shortness of one's mortal life, and yet with it all a sense of the power of expansion and comprehensiveness of the soul; self becomes lost, merged in the feeling of a universal brotherhood of present littleness, of infinite future potentiality.

> All things possess
> Meanings suggested, vast and fathomless
> Beyond themselves.
> . . . . . .
> But though the secret is beyond our reach,
> Its blessing falls upon us, and content;
> We feel its soul is love, and all is well.

I think we all felt the sobering influence of the scene; for we all sat long and silently watching the glow fade, and the long gray shadows steal higher and higher up the western face of the mountains, and then slowly and thoughtfully wended our way to the hotel, whose cheery lights now began to twinkle not many hundred yards away.

Within all was confusion and good temper. Good Mme. Epiney was run off her legs with waiting on her thirty hungry and thirsty countrymen, who, as is *de rigueur* on these occasions, had been supping copiously.

I fear that the half-score foreigners, mostly English, who were staying in the house, were horribly scandalized by the uproarious merriment, and the clouds of "incense" from the invaded *salle-à-manger.*

I heard sundry scornful snorts from that abstemious climber, G., and muttered remarks about "a full belly and an empty head," "Alpine pearls before swine," and such-like rude and insular ejaculations. Poor man, he had just made a second unsuccessful attack on the Rothhorn, and so might be excused.

We retired early, having been lucky enough to get real beds, and soon slept the sleep of the just; our club friends, however—at least, some of them—kept the ball rolling to a very late hour, regardless, as we heard, of the half-crazy expostulations of the leader of the party, who made periodical raids upon the revellers at intervals through the night, occasionally carrying off a victim, but more often retiring defeated and shivering in his night costume, to lie sleepless, or to dream of his followers, sleepy and heavy-headed, falling into some abyss in the glacier which we were to cross on the morrow.

However, at half-past three on the following morning we were awakened by a fearful blast on a hoarse goat-horn just outside our door; and soon the whole party, numbering nearly forty persons, including guides and porters, was mustered in front of the hotel, and told off into "cordes" of five tourists, and a guide or porter to each "corde."

The weather was fine, but a falling barometer warned us not to waste time on the march, so at 4.30 A.M. the army filed off across the dew-wet meadows and up the steep and rocky path of the Alpe de l'Allée, passing a gloomy bit of ravine with a glimpse of a fine waterfall in the recess.

As we ascend the western side of the valley, the stone-covered lower end of the great glacier de Durand comes into view beneath us, and the great snow-peaks begin to take their real proportions in the view. Lo Besso, which looks quite grand from the hotel,

dwindles into a very secondary position as its larger neighbours loom more and more imposing at every step.

This upper end of the valley is even more interesting to the geologist, the botanist, and the entomologist than the Vissoye district.

"Ten minutes' walk from Zinal, on the west side of the stream, is a curious mass of dolomitic rock, with occasional occurrence of gypsum and efflorescence of saltpetre. This rests on what Gerlach considers as 'elder metamorphic schist.' Above this dolomite, half-way to the summit of the Garde de Bondon, the rocks are composed of 'schiste lustré,' which has been referred to the Triassic age by good authorities. Half-way up the Garde de Bordon this *schiste lustré* gives place to a hornblendic schist, also commonly referred to the Trias. Many of the rocks which have partly fallen down opposite Zinal are tufaceous. The schist adjoining is much decomposed, and it is difficult to obtain a good specimen of their contact. Above is a carboniferous shale, and then the schist becomes more compact. Above this again seems a further mass of tufa. On the same side of the valley, near the foot of the glacier, are to be seen indications of copper-minerals, and a short level had (in 1878) been driven into rock rich in quartz, but beyond a little very poor pyrites and some silicates there was nothing to be found. Quartz and calc-spar were the chief minerals, and the rocks, not easy to be referred to a distinct class, seem to be schistose and very close to a junction with Lory's schiste lustré."[1]

Most of the strata have dips of from 10 degrees to 15 degrees between S. and S.W., and Capt. Marshall-Hall mentions in his "Supplementary Notes" that he found traces of similar lodes to the one above mentioned in the all but inaccessible slopes of Lo Besso, on the other side of the valley, occurring at such an elevation as to seem to have the same amount and direction of dip.

As for the flora, among the numerous perennials and the less abundant annuals to be met with in the valley, it is sufficient to mention the rare white-flowered variety of the rust-leaved Alpine rose, many varieties of the gentian and ranunculus, blue and white globularia, soldanella alpina, the glacier cerastium, anemones, millefoil, cinquefoil, starwort, dryas, lousewort, and hosts of other flowering plants, besides herbs, lichens and mosses of all kinds.

But to proceed with our narrative. After two hours' steady walking, and a clamber over the steep lateral moraine, we reached the point from whence we were to commence the ascent of the glaci

[1] Supplementary Notes on the Val d'Anniviers, by Marshall-Hall, F.G. *Mineralogical Magazine*, No. 12, 1879.

towards our first goal, the isolated point in the very centre of the huge theatre of ice and snow, called the Roc Noir.

Walking in loose order over the almost level surface of ice, we reached, in half an hour, the foot of the steepish ice-fall, on the east side of the glacier, and at the foot of the Besso precipices.

Here we roped in parties of five, with a guide at the head of each, and leaving the *séracs* and crevasses on our left, began our zigzag ascent of the steep snow-slope below the Roc Noir.

This stiff work soon sorted out those of the party who had preferred refreshing sleep to feverish gaiety on the previous night, and when we and three or four other "cordes" reached the foot of the Roc Noir, the revellers were still far behind. One venerable old buck had fallen out of the ranks, unable to ascend another step. He was left behind with a porter and a brandy-flask, to find his slow way back to Zinal; while the rest of us, throwing off our hempen fetters, clambered up the 300 feet of precipitous rock, and reached the summit, breathless but triumphant. Among the first to arrive was Professor R., with his spiked umbrella and light macintosh for all impedimenta.

Scarcely had I set foot on the top and looked around, when my eye caught a sudden movement in the ice of the upper glacier, between the Ober Gabelhorn and the Mont Durand. The next moment a huge blue mass seemed to bend over the cliff, and then fell, splitting into ten thousand pieces, with a noise like a whole park of artillery fired together, on the rocks 500 feet beneath, while a tall column of white ice-dust sparkled in the sun.

It was the mountain's salute to the all-invading ambition of man.

Soon we all clustered around the rock, sheltering ourselves as best we could from the icy wind, and enjoying the view.

The Roc Noir is a ridge of rock like a camel's hump, rising out of the very centre of the glacier, as it were in a basin; of which the rim, all jagged and broken, is formed by mountains, most of them over 13,000, every one over 12,000 feet above the sea.

The elevation of the Roc itself is 10,260 feet, so that it may be easily imagined what a point of view it forms.

To the north-east towers the gigantic Weisshorn, with the graceful Besso below it; somewhat nearer and south of these, rises the Rothhorn; then the Trifthorn, above the pass or "Joch" of the same name, which leads down to Zermatt; then, in due order round the circle, the Gabelhorn, Mont Durand, Dent Blanche, and Grand Cornier.

But it was too cold to stay long, so we scrambled down again to the glacier, and glissaded from the foot of the rock down to the level ice below.

A comical sight it was to watch the different modes of descent adopted by the members of the party. Some, with the indifference born of long habit, slipped down over the steep and frozen snow without a pause of preparation and without a remark. Others, to whom glissading was a favourite but seldom-indulged enjoyment, whooped and shouted and laughed. Others again, unable to glissade "on end," but knowing that they must get down, sat and performed the descent in a matter-of-fact way, shaking the snow off at the bottom with a resigned air; while a few, new to the mountains and the ways thereof, stood shuddering on the brink, ran along the edge, looking for an easier slope, finally, as a rule, slipped unawares on the hard surface, and reached the bottom amidst clouds of snow and shouts of derision, and then slunk into the background and maintained an injured silence.

However, at last we were all down, and trudging once more over the now softening snow towards the Mountet hut, the nominal end of our expedition.

On our way we caught sight of three black specks, far away on the glacier, and wild yells broke the solemn silence, answered shortly by a faint "jödel" in the distance. These three specks turned out to be Mr. C—— and his guide and porter, who had that morning crossed the Triftjoch from Zermatt.

An hour's walk brought us to the hut, a low, lean-to shed, built against a rock at the base of the south face of Besso, and thus sheltered from the keenest winds.

Here fires were lighted and tea and coffee were made, and the porters' loads considerably lightened by the consumption of much bread and cold meat.

The inspection of the hut and its furniture promised, to judge by the amount of discussion, to be a long affair; and as we English wished to return the same evening to Vissoye, we decided to start before the rest of the party. So, shouldering a rope and our haversacks, off we went, with a glorious glissade of 500 or 600 feet down to the glacier.

But where is T——? was the general question, as we mustered on the rocks preparatory to roping for the descent among the crevasses. Where, indeed?

But an upward look soon explained matters. T——, who is a nervous man, had shirked the glissade, and was now slowly and carefully zigzagging down the slope. No amount of chaff could quicken his steps, so we sat down and took turns to jeer at him.

But his speed was quickened in an unexpected way, which might have proved serious for him.

It appeared that there were others who had observed our start, and recollecting their previous sufferings at the Roc Noir, feared they might again be forced to perform the same painful feat in gymnastics, and so they had slipped away from their comrades, and were carefully following the example of the wary T——; but not with a like success. Suddenly there was a shriek; a dark form was seen shooting down the slope for a patch of rock and loose stones; scarcely checked by these, again he urged along his wild career, this time at a slight angle to his original course, and straight for the luckless T——, preceded and accompanied by an escort of good-sized stones.

A moment T—— stood tottering, transfixed with horror—

Obstipuit, steteruntque comæ, et vox faucibus hæsit.

Then a fearful shock, an awful shriek of terror, and two dark bodies fly together down the slope towards us, enveloped in a cloud of snow and stones. Instinctively we all turned different ways to flee, forgetting the rope that bound us to a common fate, and ere we could recover ourselves the thunderbolt was upon us, and six human beings were kicking, floundering and struggling in the snow. Slowly we gathered ourselves together, sorted out our respective limbs, and unwound the rope from its premature position round R——'s neck.

Our Swiss friend was profuse in oaths and apologies, but poor T. would have none of him, or rather no more of him, and turned to take his place in our line with one reproachful rub at his funny-bone, which had a world of pathos in it.

As quickly as possible—for it was beginning to rain—we descended the steep glacier, keeping well to the right under the slopes of Besso, till we reached a spot whence one more glissade, all together this time, brought us down to the level ice-field once more.

Off with the rope and away for Zinal, to get in before the crowd, and so obtain a quiet meal. The rain was coming down rather heavily as we struggled up the moraine, and in the mist we lost the direct path; but on we went, wildly and recklessly, over the rocky slope of the Alpe de l'Allée, and landed at last, panting and half-dead with thirst, on the verandah of the hotel.

"Hallo! back again! well, I might have guessed as much, bad ha'pence," and so on, dying away along the passages, and ending in the slam of a door, told us that friend G. was still waiting for the weather to clear.

However, we were too tired and hungry to care for a cross-

grained water-drinker and his vague personalities, and were soon discussing *filet de bœuf aux pommes frites*, Swiss beer, and mountains, in the quiet *salle-à-manger*.

We had an undisturbed meal and a smoke, and were strapping on our knapsacks for a return to Vissoye, before the first of the clubbists entered the hotel, and, leaving messages of farewell for friends among the merry company, we started, in clearing weather, for our hotel down the valley.

Two days later we made a most interesting excursion, past Grimenz, along the road to the Col du Torrent, then to the left, up to the lower end of the Glacier de Moiry, or Moiré, and brought back great bouquets of edelweiss, which we gathered without the slightest difficulty or danger close to the path.

In conclusion, I may mention that our Roc Noir expedition occupied just eight and three-quarter hours, including halts, but exclusive of the return from Zinal to Vissoye. The walk to the Glacier de Moiry and back to Vissoye required five-and-a-half hours, exclusive of the edelweiss-gathering.

A. S. MARSHALL-HALL.

SCIENCE NOTES.

Wild Electrical Projects.

WHEN will scientific education be sufficiently diffused to enable inventors to understand that electricity is but one of the forces of nature, like heat and light and gravitation, and no more capable of working miracles than these are?

According to quite a multitude of dreamers electricity is the power of the future, which will supply us with light, heat, mechanical power, and even with life itself. The monster gooseberries of the "stupid season" are now supplanted by new applications of electricity.

In spite of the sad warning presented by the failure of the late Sir C. W. Siemens's sensationally heralded marvels in promoting horticulture by means of the electric light, we have further accounts of galvanizing the soil to stimulate its productiveness. Another inventor on the other side of the Atlantic ripens whisky by placing incandescent lamps inside the barrel.

Long ago, when patents were very costly, a dreamer of electrical dreams secured for himself the monopoly of an improved steam boiler, which was to be worked without coal or other fuel by simply passing platinum wires through the water, making them red hot by means of a galvanic current, and thus getting up and keeping up the steam.

A similar device has been more recently proposed for warming railway carriages, and seriously and approvingly described in one or more of our engineering journals. The inventor is described as "M. Tommasi, the French electrician," who proposes to keep up the temperature of railway carriage foot-warmers "by means of the heat due to an electric current traversing a high resistance." The platinum wire was neither more nor less than this, but the foot-warmers are to obtain their resisted current "by a dynamo driven off an axle of the train, and the circuit passes through all the warmers; a simple device allows of the foot-warmer being thrown out of circuit should *it* become unbearably hot." The electric current is to be applied to

the foot-warmers charged with acetate of soda, which, by present arrangements, are so readily heated by immersion in hot water, and retain their heat for so many hours.

Instead of such direct heating we are to first heat a boiler, losing heat in the production of steam, losing more in working the steam-engine, very much more in the dynamo, and more again in transmission. The cost of such electric heating would be at least twenty times as great as the direct heating, not to mention cost of apparatus.

The Shaping of the Earth.

IN an elementary treatise on geology I find the following in reference to the shape of the earth: "From this spheroidal figure, and what we know of the law of centrifugal force acting on a body of yielding material, it is concluded that the earth was in a soft and yielding state at the time when it assumed its present form."

In another book on physical geography it is stated that "all the planets have this spheroidal shape; and astronomers account for it by assuming that they were once in a fluid, plastic condition, and by the laws of mechanics, when such a body is made to rotate, it must assume this shape."

I might easily multiply such quotations, all expounding a widely diffused belief that the present spheroidal shape of the earth proves that it was formerly composed of softer or more plastic material than at present.

Let us examine this conclusion by considering what would have happened if the solid earth was originally rigid—much more so than it is now—was a perfect sphere with the same quantity of water on its surface as at present.

Would the spherical shape have remained?

To answer this question, we must first consider what is meant by sea level—that is, the actual sea level of our existing ocean. Of course it is not a flat surface, as it appears on a small area, but is a curved surface. What is the nature of the curve?

It is not that of a spherical curve, but the curve of a spheroid of rotation, that oblate spheroid which gives an equatorial diameter 26½ miles greater than the polar diameter, or the actual present shape of the earth, irrespective of mountain irregularities.

Bearing this in mind, we shall easily see that our hypothetical rigid solid sphere would, if at rest, be covered uniformly with its ocean, but, if rotating, the liquid covering would be driven by the rotation towards the equator, would accumulate as a tropical belt,

the maximum or equatorial depth of which would be proportionate to the rapidity of rotation. There would be a world with all its ocean in the tropics and all its dry land around the poles. There would be two great circular seashores, one corresponding with a parallel of north latitude, the other with a parallel of equal south latitude.

But the land beyond these shores, instead of following sea level—*i.e.* continuing the ocean curve to form an oblate spheroid—would rise gradually towards each pole, forming arctic and antarctic mountains gradually sloping towards the polar summits. With rotation speed equal to that of the earth at present, the height of each of these polar mountains above sea level (or water surface, as determined by gravitation modified by the centrifugal action of rotation) would be 6⅝ miles.

Such a world, exposed to solar radiation as ours is, would have a curious climate. Evaporation would proceed very rapidly from the surface of the great tropical zone of ocean, and condensation correspondingly over the circum-polar land. The maximum condensation would occur at and near to the poles, where the downfall would be snow. Thus would arise a huge glacial accumulation, the ice creeping ever downwards towards the ocean, and grinding away the surface of the land as it advanced.

Great rivers would flow on all sides from the limits of glaciation, bringing with them the débris of land-matter carried by the glaciers; and besides this there would be continuous surface weathering and washing due to atmospheric action and rain. There would be a continual wearing away of the land and corresponding deposition of solid matter in the sea.

As all the lowering action would occur on the circum-polar land, and all the heaping deposition in the tropical ocean, the polar regions would be flattened, and the tropical accumulations would go on increasing until they filled the tropical ocean more or less completely, and thus the solid matter of the earth would approximately obtain the form of an oblate spheroid of rotation, corresponding to that of our globe at the present time.

Atmospheric Rock Formations.

WHEN in Rome I was much puzzled on observing the difference between the level of the ancient and the modern city. Ancient Rome is more or less buried, and has been partially dis-

interred by excavation. Previous to the excavations some of the ancient temples were underground up to the middle of their column-shafts, and all are more or less immersed in strata that have been deposited since the exodus of Empire to Byzantium.

The same is the case with ancient London. Roman pavements are discovered by excavation. I might go on multiplying examples to a tedious length, but need only sum up the facts by saying generally that the ancient cities are all more or less buried, and the depth of their interment bears some sort of proportion to their antiquity, or to the period that has elapsed since their death.

Whence came this large accumulation of material by which they are covered?

In the cases of Rome, London, and other ancient cities which have been succeeded by modern cities on the ancient sites, the débris of a succession of buildings accounts for *some* of the accumulation, but not for all. This was the conclusion to which I arrived on examining the sections of strata revealed by the excavations at Rome.

In other cases this artificial débris accounts for very little. The cities of the desert are more or less buried; the remains of ancient cities have been discovered beneath American forests. These facts indicate that strata may be deposited without the agency of water; that atmospheric dust is a geological agent that must not be overlooked.

M. Violet d'Aouest read a note on this subject at a recent meeting of the Geographical Society of Paris. He referred to Richthofen's account of a vast aërial formation of loess in China, and described his own observations in Mexico, where he found on the flanks of the most elevated mountains argillaceous strata not deposited by water, nor by the decomposition of the rocks, but which after investigation he attributed to atmospheric deposition, to dust raised by the winds from the plains and deposited on the hills. These deposits were 30, 50, and in some places as much as 100 mètres (328 feet) in thickness.

They are finer and finer with increasing elevation, and cease altogether at the upper limit of herbaceous vegetation. Beyond this there is nothing to retain such fine particles, and they are accordingly washed down from the bare rock surface by rain, snow, glaciers, and wind.

M. d'Aouest is proceeding with his investigation of these "meteoric formations," and will probably show that they are far more important as geological agents than is generally supposed.

An Experiment in Evolution.

IN *Nature* of November 24 is an editorial note, stating that a communication has been received from Mr. W. A. Carter, of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, in which he states that during last spring he placed a specimen of the Mexican axolotl in an empty (? dry) receptacle, where it has remained ever since; that it is in a lively condition, its colour has become less intense, the gills have disappeared, and the powers of locomotion seem quickened.

Here is a case of very rapid modification, in which the animal, without the aid of hereditary variation, without any destruction of the unfit and survival of the fittest, has at once adapted itself to varying external conditions—a case apparently supporting the old-fashioned development theories of the predecessors of Darwin.

Is there any special reason why such rapid evolution should be performed by this particular animal?

I think there is. The whole structure of the axolotl is that of an amphibian in the course of transition. If any of my readers fail to understand what I mean by this, let them, in the course of the coming spring (March or April), secure a pair of either of two species of British salamander or newts—preferably of the larger, the *Triton cristatus*, keep them in a small aquarium—a basin will do—feed them on earthworms, and watch their proceedings.

At certain times the male, distinguished by his crest, will take his station near to the female, stare at her, and commence a course of mesmeric proceedings, always at a modest distance. The female remains perfectly still, as in a state of trance or fascination. Shortly after this she proceeds to examine the water plants, and presently finds a suitable leaf. She grasps this with her hind paws, folds it against the ovipositor, which presently drops an egg coated with glutinous matter into the fold. The careful mother then tenderly wraps the egg within the leaf, which firmly adheres to it, and thus shelters it from the voracity of fishes and other enemies.

I have modified these proceedings by supplying pieces of paper of suitable size and shape, which have been appropriated and used as wrappers in the absence of leaves.

In the course of about a fortnight a curious creature is hatched from the egg, a two-legged tadpole, with external gills. This grows on; hind legs presently appearing, body developing, gills remaining until the whole creature becomes a miniature axolotl, with little other difference than that of size, and the fact that the development con-

tinues by the withering of the gills, the evolution of lungs, and the change from an aquatic to a land animal, the lizard-like newt.

Any reader making these observations—they are extremely interesting—and comparing the newt tadpole just before its gills disappear with the axolotl or any good picture of the axolotl, will at once understand my suggestion that it is actually a transitory animal, a creature whose development has somehow become suppressed, and which only awaits favourable conditions to complete this development.

I therefore further suggest that those who have command of the physiological laboratories or the zoological stations recently established may experiment upon this animal with a fair prospect of thereby evolving a new species—a large salamander representing the extinct animal from which the axolotl has probably descended, or a new species, of which it may be destined to become the aboriginal parent.

I have tried the converse experiment, that of converting newts into axolotls, by keeping the tadpoles in an aquarium where they could not land; the same with frog tadpoles. I have obtained curious modifications thereby, such as long-bodied and long-tailed newt-like frogs; but just as the experiment appeared about to be crowned by success, the animals thwarted all my efforts by perversely dying.

ERRATUM.

ON page 611, line 21, of last number is a typographical error which must have puzzled my readers, as it renders what follows in the note on "The Fuel of the Sun" barely intelligible. "The structure of iron meteorites" is there rendered "the structure of iron *materials*."

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

Coffee.

AMONG the remedies for drunkenness to which optimists are turning, one of the most approved is coffee. It unfortunately happens, however, that just at the time when the merits of coffee are obtaining full recognition, good coffee is apparently becoming inaccessible. Always difficult to obtain in England, it could a generation ago be found in France, and one of the pleasures of a trip across the Channel was the *café noir* or the *café au lait* which attended the traveller at Calais or Boulogne. Coffee is, indeed, in all respects a worthy beverage. It is, as many know, beneficial in the case of alcoholic excess, and it is an antidote to laudanum. I can do nothing to cheapen its production, and I do not need to dwell upon its merits. One piece of information, however, not generally possessed I can supply. Coffee, like wine, is the better for keeping. The berry, unroasted of course, should be kept three to four years, then gently warmed, roasted, and ground. When taken under these conditions, and properly made, it bears no more resemblance to the muddy beverage ordinarily served at breakfast than a glass of "'69" Lafitte bears to a *vin ordinaire* at a modern restaurant. This is one of the things concerning which the advice of Captain Cuttle, "When found make a note of," holds good.

Criticism and the Age.

IN the preface to their joint translation of the Odyssey, Messrs. Butcher and Lang affirm that "of Homer there can be no final translation." The taste and the literary habits of each age, it is held, demand different qualities in a translation as in poetry. This is true, not only of Homer, but of every poet. Its application, moreover, does not cease with translations. Every age must have its own literature, and this naturally involves among other things its own criticism. For practical purposes the "Rhetorick" of Blair is of no more account than the "Grounds of Criticism in

Poetry" of Dennis, or even the "Poetics" of Aristotle. Nothing ages sooner than criticism. It seems but yesterday that we were all admiring the critical work of Sainte-Beuve, and a whole school of criticism was allowing itself to be misled by him. Now the authority of Sainte-Beuve is waning in France, and it is only in England that his theories are followed. We are now in the days of magazine articles, and our critical works consist for the most part of collected essays. Most ingenious critical views are advanced, and one writer has invented a system of poetics which is amazingly clever, and will be of about as much use to the poets of a century hence as Dryden's criticisms are to ourselves. Books then must, it appears, be issued hot-pressed, read, and forgotten. Now and then, of course, a critical work has enduring value. He would be a bold man who would dispute the importance of such writers as Winckelmann, Lessing, and Diderot. Criticism as a whole, however, takes its tone from the works with which it deals, and does not impose on these its own conclusions. No critic ever made an epoch by teaching its workers what to do; more than any other man he is formed by the times in which he lives.

The Classics a Lost Cause?

THE Lord Chief Justice has declared his opinion that the classics are a lost cause. The assertion, like some other statements contained in the same communication, such as the declaration that Milton is not nearly so great a master of style as Virgil, is more than a little startling. In contemplating the life of the day we are naturally more occupied with the flowing of the tide than with its ebb. The very force and restlessness of ordinary conditions drive an increasing number of men into scholarly and reposeful pursuits. It is not every one that can swim with a stream such as that of to-day. Culture is the obverse of what we call progress, and the advance of culture is almost as significant a fact as that of the haste to be rich. Culture is still represented by the dead languages, and the proportion of people anxious for a knowledge of them is greater than it has ever been. Scholars such as the humanists are now of course rare. To be able to write Ciceronian Latin is no longer the sole qualification for a controversialist or a historian. The field of scholarship is far broader than it was in the times of the Medicis. Mankind will not soon, however, I venture to prophesy, cease to study the great writers of Greece and Rome, without which their own great writers can only be understood imperfectly, if at all. Latin is no longer the language

in which a man in any country thinks of writing a book. In the period of De Thou, when a rashly written word incurred a risk of the stake, it was still expedient to issue in Latin the great history of his own time. Danger of this kind is now past, and a modern writer will seek to be understood of all. Scholarship is, however, I maintain, as widespread, as accurate, and as essential as ever, and the fears of the Lord Chief Justice may, I think, be calmed.

A Trilogy of the Time of Elizabeth.

WHEN one or two geographical problems, such as the poles and Central Australia, are settled, as probably they will be before very long, our descendants will have no good results to hope for from further explorations. Every now and then, however, just as it were to encourage perseverance, a prize turns up to repay research. Not a very large nugget is the latest find of the sort. Livy's lost Books and the Comedies of Menander, if they yet exist, hide themselves carefully. Something, however, is occasionally done to make up for the cruel destruction of Warburton's cook, who basted and singed her master's meats with priceless and irrecoverable old 4to plays. Mr. Bullen has more than once brought to light treasures belonging to that great period of dramatic fervour, the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. The Rev. W. D. Macray has now found the MS. of a trilogy of 1597–1601, two plays out of which are wholly new. The works, known as "The Pilgrimage to Parnassus," and the two parts of "The Return from Parnassus," were acted in St. John's College, Cambridge. They are rather curious than great. They have, on account assumably of their academic nature, no female character whatever, deal with some obscure points in theatrical history, and introduce among the *dramatis personæ* Burbage and Kempe, whom it is the fashion to regard as the Irving and Toole of their day. Great interest, however, is attached to them, not only on account of the early references they contain to Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, but because of the view they furnish of the hardships of the scholar's life, the remuneration of letters, &c. Not altogether very flattering, it must be assumed, are the references to Shakespeare in the portion now first printed, but they show that at that time he enjoyed a public reputation. The declaration concerning "Beniamin Iohnson" is that he is "the wittiest fellow of a bricklayer in England." The publication of the trilogy supplies indeed a very acceptable addition to our dramatic literature of the time of Elizabeth.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.
FEBRUARY 1887.

THE PAPALOI.

BY L. MANUS.

MOREAU ST. MÉRY has left us a striking picture of the state of Hayti towards the close of the last century. The French planters were proud, luxurious, and inconceivably cruel to their slaves, who, as a rule, were ignorant, brutal, and licentious, and secretly observed the superstitions which they or their fathers had learnt on the Congo. Their only mode of retaliation for the cruelties practised on them by their masters was a recourse to that secret vengeance which has so often startled and dismayed the white proprietors in the West Indies. This was obtained through the knowledge of their fetish men of the properties of various plants, so that by certain preparations they could inflict madness, paralysis, or death on such persons as they had marked as their victims.

In the year 1789 the island was thrown into a state of confusion by the hopes inspired in the minds of the colonists and the negroes by the news of the revolution in France; and, full of belief in the speedy overthrow of the whites, a large body of blacks had fled to the mountains, where, under the leadership of a negro named Ogé, they threatened to pour down into the plains and exterminate the colonists. The latter were divided into two parties, and were either ardent in their professions of loyalty, or anxious to profit by the difficulties of the mother country and establish the independence of the island. Under such a condition of things law and order were already subverted, and the secret sect of the Vaudoux (a hideous worship of which cannibalism formed part of the rites) began to show itself more openly among the slaves, and young negro girls and children were frequently stolen, to be killed and eaten by the priests (or Papalois, as they were called) and their followers.

One of the richest colonists in the island at that time was a M. Levasseur, who, with his son and daughter, lived in a handsome mansion in the Cul-de-Sac, a fertile plain not far from Port-au-Prince. He was a tall, handsome man, with courtly manners, which, however, when his temper was roused, did not prevent him from being both violent and cruel towards those who had offended him—qualities which he had probably inherited from his ancestor, who, together with other buccaneers, had, more than a hundred years before, driven the Spaniards from the western portion of the island. His daughter was a young girl of sixteen, who since her mother's death had had complete control of the household with its enormous retinue of slaves. She was a blue-eyed, fair-haired Creole, gentle, yet vivacious, with a winning manner, which, added to her graceful figure and fair face, made her attractive enough. Her father, proud of her beauty, allowed himself in some measure to be influenced by her wishes, and thus many a slave owed his or her escape from the rod to their young mistress's entreaties on their behalf. Like every white, however, on the island, she regarded the negroes as a race with contempt, and the freed mulattoes with feelings of aversion and distrust. Her brother was a handsome high-spirited boy of eight, who, from his petulant and even violent temper, was secretly disliked as well as feared by the negroes on the estate. Little or no control was exercised over him, as both his father and sister indulged him in every whim, regarding him with an affection which was as injudicious as it was fond. None of the slaves dared thwart his will, and therefore it was a matter of some surprise when one evening he rushed into the room where Mademoiselle Levasseur was entertaining some of her friends, and complained that a man who was employed under the head gardener had been insolent to him.

"To you!" said his sister in astonishment.

"Yes, Adèle, to me," the boy replied angrily, with the haughty manner—striking and unpleasant in a child—of one unaccustomed either to rebuke or control. "He has a stone I want. He will not give it to me."

The girl rose. "I must speak to this slave," she said, turning to her guests, and, taking the boy's hand in hers, crossed the room and stepped out on the verandah. From thence they passed into the garden, where they found the negro standing on the sward with a look of mingled fear and cunning on his face.

"What is this, François?" she said, while the wilful boy ran up to the man and struck him, exclaiming as he did so, "Look! Adèle, see the stone. Tell him to give it to me, or that he shall be flogged."

"Give it to your young master at once," she said authoritatively.

The negro hesitated. "It is not mine, Mademoiselle," he answered in his Creole French, "or M. Florian should have it. It belongs to the freedman Antoine."

Adèle paused for a minute. The man whom François had mentioned was a negro much disliked by the planters in the neighbourhood; of whom they entertained strong, and probably very just, suspicions that he was only waiting for a suitable moment to stir up the negroes on the estates to murder their masters and join the guerillas under Ogé's command. He had been brought over from Africa when a boy, and was the son of a fetish man on the Congo. He had managed to obtain his freedom at an early age, and was looked upon with awe by the other blacks, as he was supposed to know his father's secrets.

"You can give this money to Antoine," said Adèle after a brief reflection. "And it will then be well for you never to speak to him again. You know my father has forbidden all his slaves to have any intercourse with this man. Florian, you can take the stone."

"Mademoiselle—" pleaded the negro, but before he could proceed further the child snatched the stone from his hand, and ran off to play with it on the verandah. The man watched him with a look which, if he had dared to give expression to his thoughts, would have been threatening, and Adèle was about to turn away, when an old negress who had been nurse to both of M. Levasseur's children, and who had been regarding the scene from her seat on the velvet grass under an acacia, rose and caught her hand.

"Give it back," she said in an eager whisper; "it is the Papaloi's."

"No, Cécile," replied the girl, giving the old African the Christian name by which she was known in the household. "It belongs to Antoine, who my father says is a wicked man and hates the whites. I have given it to Florian, but I have paid François. Who and what is a Papaloi?"

The negress's face became contorted with fear under her gay-coloured *tignon*, and she clutched her mistress's hand closer.

"He is the fetish man," she said in a tremulous whisper, "and he can give *wanda*" (poison or incantation). "Let *'tit mait'e*" (little master) "give it back."

"Hush, mamma! If Père Eustace heard you he would have you flogged. You know that fetish men worship the devil, and we do not let them live in our island."

Then, with a kind smile, and drawing her hand gently from the old woman's clasp, the girl turned away, and presently rejoined her

guests. Her brother meanwhile continued to play with the stone, which, like all spoilt children who have got their way, he soon began to regard with less interest. It was evidently the head of some rude axe, and as it had probably been brought from Africa it would naturally be looked upon with veneration by the negroes.

A few days after this event, as the boy was playing one night on the verandah in the brilliant starlight, he suddenly ran up to his father, who with some gentlemen was drinking his wine near the trellis-work, which was entwined with brilliant flowering creepers, and exclaimed that he had seen a *zombis* (a ghost) by the acacia. On being questioned he said that the *zombis* had a red handkerchief on its head, a blue band round its waist, and that its hair was knotted over its brow; that he had not felt afraid of it at first, as he had thought it was one of the slaves, till, turning towards him, it had made a dreadful face, when, convinced that it was a spirit, he had fled to his father. M. Levasseur and his friends laughed at the story, and were partly humouring, partly teasing the child, when, springing off his father's knee, he pointed towards the end of the verandah.

"There! there!" he exclaimed, his eyes dilating. "Don't you see it?—the *zombis*!"

The gentlemen checked their mirth and looked in the direction indicated, but saw nothing.

"It has gone into the house," he cried, as they began to laugh at him again. "Papa, you believe me. Come, I will show you where I saw it."

Thus urged, M. Levasseur rose and went to the corner of the verandah where his son had been playing. A large glass door here led into the house, and as M. Levasseur paused for a moment he beheld the shadow of a man projected against the angle of the wall. The next second it vanished, and, concluding that it was one of the slaves, he went into the house. The door opened into a sort of ante-room or *salon*, and a second door led into a suite of rooms devoted to the use of his son. Here were his nursery, bath, and play-rooms, and a smaller apartment occupied by old Cécile, who was still the child's chief attendant. As the planter entered the play-room he saw a man, who he thought was François, bending over the shelf where Florian's toys were kept. In a moment more, the intruder, roused by M. Levasseur's entrance, rushed into the bath-room and escaped by one of the windows. Extremely angry at the liberty which, as he supposed, the negro had taken in thus venturing into the boy's room, M. Levasseur returned to the verandah and sent for François, who denied having been in the house that night. His statement, which he

persisted in maintaining in spite of his master's threats, was strengthened by Florian declaring that it was not François whom he had seen by the acacia, and M. Levasseur, unable himself to swear to the negro's identity with the person whom he had found in the play-room, accordingly dismissed him with a severe reprimand. The next day, however, the affair assumed a different aspect. The stone axe had disappeared, and the most diligent search failed to find it among the boy's toys. On the shelf, instead, the coin was discovered that Adèle had given the slave, and François was again summoned to the planter's presence. He denied, in as strong language as he dared to use, having seen it since it had been in Florian's possession, and, as no threat could induce him to alter his statement, he was taken away and flogged.

Three nights afterwards, the whole household was roused by violent cries, which came from Florian's room, and as M. Levasseur and Adèle, followed by the servants, entered his apartment, old Cécile was seen standing in the doorway, between it and the *salon*, wringing her hands and weeping. Too anxious about the boy's safety to notice her, both father and daughter hurried towards the child, who was sitting up in bed in a state of great excitement, and unable to speak coherently for some minutes. At last, under his sister's soothing influence, he told her, as he sat with his head against her shoulder, and his little hot arms clasped around her neck, that he had seen the *zombis* again.

"You were dreaming, *mon cœur*," said the girl tenderly, but the child continued with vehemence:

"No, no; it was the *zombis*. I wasn't asleep—I was wide-awake. And it came into the room and stood quite close by the bed; and it made faces at me like a monkey, and then shook its fist. So I cried to Cécile, and she came quickly to me, and when she saw the *zombis* she fell on her knees before it, and I heard her say, 'O Papaloi, do not hurt the child.' And when she said that I screamed louder, and the *zombis* ran out of the room."

As he spoke the negress drew near the bed, and, trembling, while the tears rolled down her cheeks, told them that little master had had a nightmare, for if anyone had entered the room she must have seen it, unless, indeed, it was really a *zombis*, in which case it would be invisible to her, as none of her tribe were ever able to have any intercourse with devils or spirits. This rather confused explanation did not satisfy M. Levasseur, whose passion was now fully aroused by this second attempt to frighten his child, and he ordered that François should be brought before him at an early hour the following morning. The harshest threats, however, failed to make the negro

confess his supposed guilt, and the planter directed that he should be flogged again. Two of the most brutalised of the slaves, who held some petty authority over the other negroes on the estate, carried out this order, and the chastisement this time was so severe that François only lingered a few hours, and was hastily buried that night by his two executioners. It was rumoured among the negroes that, a short time before his death, he had said that he would soon be avenged, and that as his master had thus cruelly deprived him of his life, so he solemnly summoned that master's children to follow him into the nether world.

By M. Levasseur's command his death was hidden from Adèle and her brother; but the slaves whispered among themselves that his spirit had been seen by the acacia, and more than once by the glass door on the verandah that led into Florian's room. These rumours were not allowed to reach the ears of their master or his children, but a circumstance which happened a fortnight after his death gave importance to the story.

It chanced that one afternoon Florian had strayed farther than usual from his home, for, as before remarked, the boy was under no control, and did what he liked. The heat was fierce, and, hot and thirsty, he wandered among the brilliant vegetation, and at last reached a wood which ran up the spur of the mountain; the shade and silence were intense, and, overcome with fatigue, the child sank down under a large mahogany tree, deciding not to return to his home till the sun's rays were less powerful. He was in that half unconscious state which precedes sleep when, suddenly aware of some presence, he started up, and saw standing some distance off in the deep shade of the wood, half hidden by the luxuriant undergrowth, a figure which he at once thought he recognised. It seemed to beckon to him, and, glad to meet one whom he knew, and who could pick him some of the tempting fruit that grew on many of the trees, he ran towards the spot where it stood. By the time, however, that he reached the place it had moved farther away, but a basket, such as the negroes used, full of bananas was under the tree, and Florian, concluding that he was invited to help himself, eagerly took up one of the fruit. When he had finished it he looked round for the figure. It had gone, and the boy was about to return to the mahogany tree, when his eyes caught sight of a negro lurking behind it, and, recognising the malignant face which had scowled at him on two previous occasions, he took to his heels and ran away as fast as he could. He was soon out of the wood, and, hastening along the plain, met his father, who chanced to be riding in that direction, and in a few minutes told him

his story. At first M. Levasseur was inclined to return and search the wood, but on second reflection knew that by doing so he would be no nearer discovering the truth of the tale, as the negro no doubt had by that time retired far up the mountain; therefore, taking the boy before him on the horse, he rode home full of anxious and angry thoughts.

"I was not afraid at first," said Florian, as they drew up before the house, and three or four slaves came running out to help *mait'e* and *'tit mait'e* (big and little master) to alight. "I was not afraid, because it was François I saw far in the wood. He beckoned to me, and I went and found the fruit."

"Hush," said his father, almost angrily, as the servants' mouths and eyes opened wide, and they gazed eagerly at the boy. "I shall begin to think you are telling untruths if you repeat such strange stories."

The boy looked with some astonishment at him. "It is not a lie," he said, colouring. "I saw the *zombis*, and I saw François. He was far off in the trees among the shadows, but the *zombis* was near."

"I will not have you tell these silly stories," said the planter sternly. "Here, Lubin, take your little master in to Cécile."

The slave obeyed, while the other negroes exchanged glances, and in less than twenty minutes Florian's adventure, with some additions, was known all over the estate.

A month went by, and nothing further of importance occurred till one morning as the planter and his daughter were returning from a ball in Port-au-Prince. They were driving up the shady avenue that led to the house, when they saw one of the servants hurrying towards them. Something in the man's appearance seemed to say that he was the bearer of evil tidings, and both M. Levasseur's and Adèle's fears were aroused when on seeing them he clasped his hands together and made gestures indicating agitation and alarm. Their worst apprehensions were more than realised when the slave stammered out his terrible news. Florian, whom they had left in perfect health a few hours before, was dangerously ill, and the servants, dismayed at the strange symptoms developed, had sent for the nearest doctor, who, on his arrival, had pronounced the case hopeless. The boy's illness had commenced by a headache and dizziness, which had been followed by the loss of the use of his limbs, and finally the power of speech, since which he had lain in a state of unconsciousness, and it was now feared that he was rapidly breathing his last. The doctor whom the servants had thus hastily summoned was an ignorant, unskilful man, but it had been soon clear that not even the best medical advice could save the child's life. Appalled at the suddenness of the blow, and in an anguish of grief, the distracted

father and daughter hastened towards the house, and in a few minutes were by Florian's bedside. All that the servant had said was but too true, and the boy lay like one already dead in Cécile's arms. The doctor, who was still present, stated that he had had a sunstroke, and only replied by silence and a pitying glance to the father's agonised entreaties to do what he could to restore consciousness.

Adèle flung herself by the child's side, and wept in all the bitterness of a new and terrible sorrow, while the negress wailed in a low, plaintive tone over her little charge, whose young life was passing so swiftly away. M. Levasseur's grief took a less violent form, and he paced up and down the room speechless with sorrow, now and then pausing to cast a look of anguish upon his dying child. Shortly before nine A.M. life was declared extinct, and the servants led their half-stupefied young mistress from the room.

It was noticed by some of the slaves as they helped the planter to place the child in his coffin, that his limbs had none of the rigidity of death, and that his expression resembled that of one asleep; but their master's silent and terrible grief excited their fears, and not one amongst them felt that he dared venture to address him. The funeral took place that evening. But few people attended it, as the threatened insurrection of the blacks, as well as the bitter feuds among the colonists themselves, prevented many of the planters from paying that respect to M. Levasseur's child which the planter's position in the island would otherwise have demanded.

After the funeral was over Adèle went into the boy's bedroom, and, in a paroxysm of anguish, flung herself on his bed, where she lay forgotten and undisturbed by the rest of the household. Overcome by grief and exhaustion, she at length fell into a deep sleep, from which she awoke about midnight, and, for a moment forgetting what had happened, called her brother by his name. On receiving no reply, she sprang up, and, as she looked anxiously around, the recollection of his death burst upon her with distressing clearness. Uttering a low cry, she ran out of the room, and, crossing the *salon*, opened the glass door and went into the verandah. Her cry roused Cécile, who was sleeping in the next room; alarmed at the sound, she instantly rose and followed her mistress. The negress paused when she reached the *salon*, for the girl was leaning forward on the railing that ran round the verandah, sobbing deeply; and, not wishing to disturb her, she crouched by the glass door. She could see the convulsive movements that shook her frame, as her slight figure was clearly revealed in the exquisite stellar light; and, doubtful whether she ought to leave her to indulge her grief alone or persuade

her to return within, the old woman crept still closer to the door. As she thus hesitated she saw Adèle suddenly raise her head and drop her hands to her side, then almost immediately bend forward again, but more in an attitude of attention than of grief. The next instant she heard her say something, as if in reply to someone on the sward below; and Cécile, unable to restrain her anxiety, rose and hastened to her side. The girl turned her tear-stained face towards her without showing any surprise at her sudden appearance.

"I am going to Florian's grave," she said with emotion.

"His grave! Ah, *tchère bijou*" (dear jewel), "wait till the morning," pleaded the negress.

"No, mamma. I have told François to come with me."

"François!"

"Yes. He was standing by the acacia a minute ago. There! I see him. He is beckoning to me."

She ran on to the sward as she spoke and moved swiftly towards the tree, which cast a dense shadow across the grass. Her voice rang out clearly in the night air as she paused here for a moment and addressed someone invisible to the negress. The next second she glided across the shadows to the gate at the end of the lawn.

"It is *wanda*," muttered the frightened woman to herself; and, impelled by a great fear for her mistress, she hastened after her.

"Oh, Mademoiselle, come back!" she cried, grasping Adèle's hand. "Ogé's men are on the mountain to-night. Why do you go to the grave alone?"

"I am not alone. François is leading the way."

"Oh, the fetish man has you in his power. I see no François. Come back! come back!"

But the girl shook off her hand impatiently, and, opening the gate, walked swiftly down the road which ran among the luxuriant vegetation of the plain. The negress followed, wailing and wringing her hands, as she alternately glanced from her mistress's figure to the trees and flowering shrubs they passed, as if apprehending the presence of some secret, watching enemy. The night air was laden with perfume from the crimson and white and purple blossoms, and the branches of the fruit trees drooped under the weight of their golden and scarlet balls. Now and then some night-bird swung out from the foliage for a moment, and, hovering for a second above their heads, would vanish once more into the tangle of rich vegetation. Not a breath of wind stirred the air, and a deep silence pervaded the plain, which was broken only by the plaintive tones of the negress's voice. The stars rained their silver light in a clear

mellow flow over the scene, and every object was as distinct as if it had been day. Neither the woman nor the girl noted how the time passed, as led—one by a terrible fear, and the other by a strange, all-powerful influence—they hurried along in the silver light to the child's distant grave. It was probably half an hour since they had left the house, when at last they drew near the spot where Florian was buried. Overwhelmed by a fresh burst of grief, Adèle hurried forward, but only to stop short with an exclamation of horror when a few feet from the grave. It was open; the clay was flung in a heap on one side, and the flowers and wreaths which the mourners had scattered upon it but a few hours before lay crushed and torn some distance off. A glance into the grave showed that the lid of the coffin had been removed, and that the coffin itself was empty. The child's body was gone, and no answer responded to the girl's wild cry as she looked helplessly from the open grave to the neighbouring hills. Hastening to her side, Cécile once more adjured her with tears not to remain a moment longer on the desecrated spot, but return that instant to her home. But with a gesture of impatience Adèle burst from the negress's restraining hand, and, glancing again at the open grave, wept bitterly for a few minutes; then, suddenly checking her tears, she stood in an attentive attitude for a moment, as if listening to some sound. In a second more, as if in answer to some summons, she ran towards a bridle path that led up the mountain side. The negress instantly followed, but the girl's motion was so rapid that in the windings of the path she was now and then hidden from her view. Presently they entered a wood of pines and mahogany trees, and in the gloom in which the way was soon enveloped she could only guess where Adèle was by the occasional flutter of her white dress. Once or twice she heard the heavy tread of some animal breaking through the undergrowth, and caught a glimpse of a pair of white horns, or the shaggy head and shoulders of one of the wild cattle which roam through these mountain forests. But, scarcely conscious of these lesser sights and sounds, she continued to gaze wistfully through the gloom for Adèle's figure, listening for, yet dreading lest she should hear, other better known but more dreaded movements. A gleam of light ahead presently broke in on the darkness, and the path passed from the wood into the full beams of moon and stars. The girl had already reached one of the plateaux of this mountain range, which was lying steeped in the silver tide of light. All in a moment the sound of voices, mingled with wild cries, came sweeping down on the night air, and among the shadows cast by some mango trees a few yards distant grotesque figures *leapt and danced, flinging* their limbs about in frantic attitudes.

With a cry of fear Cécile made a desperate effort to gain her mistress's side, as Adèle, amazed and frightened at the strange spectacle, paused on the verge of the plateau. But before she could reach the top of the acclivity the dancing, gyrating crowd had drawn in its mad circles nearer and nearer to the girl, and as the negress sank terrified on the grass, the former was suddenly caught in its vortex and dragged into the wild dance. Hideous yells smote on Adèle's ear, while her hands were grasped by some of the crowd; eyes, wild and fierce, glared at her, and black repulsive faces hemmed her in on every side. She looked despairingly around for her guide, but the form whose silent motions she had obeyed, and whom she had taken for François, but which perhaps her excited imagination had conjured up, had disappeared; and not one friendly face met her eye among the savages by whom she was surrounded. Half stunned by the sights and sounds, and by the rapid movement in which she was forced to join, she was swept on towards the grove of mangoes, where some more of the blacks were dancing round a hut. As the party whirled up a curtain before the hut was raised, and a negro issued forth, wearing a blue girdle about his waist and a red handkerchief bound round his forehead. In an instant the wild gyrations ceased and the crowd was silent, as, raising his hand, he spoke:

"I, the Papaloi, the fetishman of the Vaudoux, the sacred serpent, will listen to my children. What do they want?"

A voice, harsh and shrill, from the crowd cried, "A sacrifice! a sacrifice!"

The Papaloi replied, "You have had it. We have slain the white cock. The sacred serpent will give each one his desire."

"But," cried the voice again, "O Papaloi, remember that this is no time for a little feast. We go to fight the whites! we go to join Ogé! Give us something more."

"What more?"

"The goat without horns" (a human sacrifice).

Then, as if all hell had broken loose, hideous yells rang through the air; the negroes leaped and shrieked; a hundred discordant voices repeated the petition.

"The Vaudoux grants your prayer," cried the priest, and, tearing down the curtain before the hut, pointed to the interior. A large wooden box, containing the sacred serpent, stood in the centre, upon which was bound the naked form of a white child.

Uttering a piercing shriek, and with an energy born of horror and despair, Adèle broke through the crowd, and, rushing past the priest, knelt beside the body. Yells and fierce exclamations, even

more repulsive than before, followed her movement, but for a minute she scarcely heard them, as a cry of joy came from the child whom she had believed dead. "Oh, Adèle, take me away from the *zombis*," he wept. Her answering cry of mingled fear and hope was drowned in the mad yells of the negroes, who rushed forward eager for their hideous cannibal feast to begin. The priest waved them back, and holding up in one hand a knife, and in the other the stone axe which the child had so violently taken from François, and the recovery of which had cost the slave his life, he screamed forth, his eyes rolling wildly in their sockets, "The Vaudoux has given you two gifts! Your feast shall be sweet to-night!"

He sprang towards brother and sister as he spoke; his knife gleamed over the boy's head. "Jésu! hear! save!" cried the girl, flinging herself across the child. "Kill me, wretched slave! not him!" But two powerful mulattoes caught her hands and dragged her savagely aside, and in a moment more she saw the knife fall, and heard the burst of ferocious joy which drowned her brother's cry. Then the human devils pressed up; shrieks and ravings as from the nether pit rang in her ears. With a hellish glare in his eyes and hideous threats dropping from his bloodstained lips, the priest turned his knife towards her heart. But at that moment up the mountain side came the rush of feet; and, hurrying from the bridle path, breaking from the shadows among the trees, wild-looking armed men entered the plateau and mingled with the crowd. Then a murmur like the low rushing of wind passed through the frantic slaves, which swelled almost instantly into loud cries of fear. Ogé's men had been defeated by the colonists, and were now flying for their lives. The Papaloi and the negroes who had come to attend the odious feast joined in the panic, and, escaping from the grove, left the victims of the Vaudoux lying in the hut. Cécile, who had hidden among the shrubs when her mistress was swept into the dance, crept out from her shelter when the last of the votaries had disappeared, and with trembling steps approached the brother and sister. A deep wound in the boy's breast told her that the priest's knife had effectually done its work, while a glance at Adèle's face showed that life there, too, was extinct. The body was untouched, but horror had done what the savage's hand had, by the arrival of the defeated insurgents, been prevented from accomplishing. Crooning forth a dirge in the language of her tribe, the negress crouched beside the bodies till the glorious tropical morning broke upon the scene, and the clash of the arms of the victorious whites was heard, as they ascended the mountain path to the plateau,

WHY KEEP BURMAH?

MR. BRIGHT, in a letter dated December 7, 1886, and printed in the public papers, said, with reference to the course of Lord Dufferin in Burmah, that it was "a renewal of the old system of crime and guilt which we had hoped had been for ever abandoned."

Unfortunately, Mr. Bright has had no successors in the denunciation of wars sprung from time to time upon practically defenceless kings and peoples; and frequent indulgence in the luxury of these so-called "little" wars has rendered us tolerably impervious to the obsolete considerations of right and justice in our dealings with a people like the Burmese. There remain, however, the considerations of prudence, and the calculations of profit and loss, and for these there is still some hope of obtaining a hearing. The war has been not only a sin against humanity, but a crime against economy. Only a few weeks ago the English Government informed the Australian colonies that the cost of annexing British New Guinea would be so far in excess of any prospect of revenue that it would be unwise to go beyond the present Protectorate; and the demonstrable certainty that the expense of annexing, conquering, and holding Burmah will be out of all proportion to the revenue for many years to come, if not for ever, discredits the wisdom of those who are responsible for the original annexation.

We have had a few local successes in Burmah lately, and some of the native leaders have surrendered. But the complete pacification of the country seems as remote as ever; and will depend, if attained, on force of arms for its maintenance. For in spite of official assurances, the resistance to our arms is as national as ever was opposed by an invaded people to their invader. The forces under Boshway or Wuntho Sawbwa are entitled numerically to the name of armies. Dacoity or brigandage, which has always been rampant in Upper Burmah, and which we have never yet suppressed in Lower Burmah, is only a phase, and the lesser phase, of the existing situation. Villages that are plundered are, for the most part, villages that are punished, either for aiding or not thwarting the for-

plunder is no more the object of the war on the part of the Burmese than it was our object in the war of the Peninsula. The fighting of the Burmese is the fighting of a people "rightly struggling to be free," against a people who have wrongfully robbed them of their land and liberties. That is the only rational, as opposed to the newspaper, theory of their conduct; and the sooner we face it the better.

General Sir F. Roberts hopes to be able to withdraw the greater part of the troops early in March, and then only to have to leave a garrison of 16,000 men in Upper Burmah. Only 16,000 men for a country which we were to conquer with fifty men and a gunboat, and which thirsted for nothing so much as our beneficent yoke! These sixteen district battalions of police are estimated to cost 51 lakhs, or £519,000, annually: a fairly large outlay in any case, but what if our authorities and advisers are as much mistaken now as they have proved themselves hitherto, and we have to keep in Burmah the full force that we have there at present? We have now more than 40,000 fighting men there; far more than the French had at any time in Tonquin, and twofold more than the highest estimate of the requisite force made before the war by any civil or military authority. For the suppression of this hapless people, who were supposed to have no fight in them, and whom General White calls a "contemptible" enemy, we are employing in the country (where troops are said to cost more than they do anywhere else) ten battalions of European infantry, four regiments of native cavalry, more than 800 mounted infantry, and nine batteries of artillery. If, as seems probable, there is a Black Flag rising on the northern frontier, and we have to fight the Chinese as well as the Shans and the Burmese, of course this force will have to be augmented; and apart from the cost of this career of conquest as compared with the profit to be gained from it, the effect on India of a policy which withdraws from it the cream of the Indian army, including Sikh, Goorkha, Punjabee, and Beloochee regiments, may well cause us to doubt whether the annexation was so very brilliant a proceeding after all, recommended though it was by a Liberal Viceroy—if such he can be called who has proved himself false thereby to the most elementary principles of the Liberal creed.

General White says, with the usual official pomposity: "The widespread and continued resistance we have encountered was anticipated by few. The insurgents have cropped out in ever-varying districts, and in considerable bands." As if, forsooth, it was an unusual thing for a people to resist a foreign invader! Surely the Spaniards met with a very similar resistance when they undertook the

conquest of Mexico and Peru for the sake of those gold mines, which tempted them to their ruin, as the ruby mines of Burmah are now tempting us. Surely it might have been remembered how the Burmese resisted us in the two wars of 1826 and 1852, which cost the sums of fifteen millions and of three millions respectively. Lord Randolph Churchill indeed, who has always prided himself on his responsibility with regard to the annexation, declared in Parliament last August that he never imagined that Burmah "would be reduced to order except after a considerable period," and he founded this belief on our previous experience with Lower Burmah; but the wisdom of the war policy depended entirely on its anticipated shortness of duration, and the passive assent to it of the British people was founded strictly on the assurances of its advocates that it would put but little strain on our patience or our purse. We never dreamed of "a considerable period."

Can we then, in the face of this wide disparity between the predictions of the annexationists and the results, avoid the inference that they rushed into the war, either ignorant of the conditions of the problem to be solved, or indifferent to all consequences ulterior to the dethronement of Thebaw? Such an idea requires of course justification; but here is the actual admission of its justice from Lord Dufferin's minute of February 17, 1886: "It would have been more satisfactory before proceeding to arrange our future organisation had we been in possession of fuller information as to the resources, revenues, and internal administration of the country under its Native Government. We are at present, moreover, somewhat uncertain in regard to the attitude likely to be assumed by the Shan States, as well as to the probable action of China upon our northern frontier." But surely these were most essential points to have been informed about, involving as they obviously did the whole question as to the probable gain of the adventure, and as to its proximate consequences. The hostility of the Shans which is no longer doubtful, and the hostility of the Chinese which becomes daily more probable, might from the first have been easily foreseen as results of the highest degree of likelihood; and they ought to have weighed strongly in the balance against undertaking the war, and still more against annexing the country.

Another point indicates the precipitation with which the war was undertaken. So long ago as October, 1884, Sir C. Bernard wrote: "If a British column of 5,000 men were to cross the border with hostile intentions, King Thebaw would be either dead, or a fugitive, or a prisoner, and Mandalay would surrender to British
a single week and with little loss of life." Event-

the extreme accuracy of this diagnosis of the situation; yet in spite of the rapid collapse of Thebaw's government having been clearly foreseen, it is actually a fact, so little had that emergency been provided for, that there was the greatest difficulty in finding men with a knowledge of Burmese to take over the administration. The withdrawal of twelve civil officers from Lower Burmah to help to furnish a staff for Upper Burmah put the Government of the former province to a severe strain, which possibly led to that great increase of dacoity in the lower province, which at one time threatened it with complete anarchy, similar to that which for more than a year has obtained in our new possession. It is clear, in fact, that the annexation of Upper Burmah was a task for which we had not really the proper complement of men, and for which we have not them now, except by draining other parts of the Empire, whence their services can ill be spared.

Of course it is possible, and everyone sincerely hopes, that the measures taken by Sir F. Roberts will, in a short time, bring the war to an end; but even supposing that we are not doomed to still further disappointment, shall we be any the better for having added to our responsibilities a territory larger than France, and which is described by Lord Dufferin after all as "poorer and less fertile than Lower Burmah"? Will the game have been worth the candle? Even if we agree to pass a wet sponge over a war that will have probably added a sum of 20 millions to the debts of overburdened and overtaxed India; over the enormous loss of life our tender mercies have cost the Burmese; over the hopeless anarchy into which our zeal for order has reduced their whole country; over the destruction of Mandalay by flood and fire; over the many barbarities of an exceptionally barbarous war; over the indiscriminate executions of which Mr. Geary was an eye-witness in Mandalay; still the question remains, "What have we gained from it all, or what are we likely to gain?"

The annexationists have never given any very lucid answer to this question, but they would have us put our trust in the new markets for commerce to be opened up by the overland route to Yunnan, or South-west China; in Burmah itself, with its ruby mines and other possible fields for British capital; in the expulsion of foreign influence, especially French, from the neighbourhood of our Indian possessions.

But all these objects, though good enough in themselves, may obviously be actual evils relatively to the cost of their attainment. Certainly no statesman a year ago, had he foreseen even one year of

war as a consequence of the annexation, would have thought it worth our while to risk the withdrawal of considerable forces from India, for the sake of a war which, to say nothing of its probable bad effect on our Indian feudatory princes, was sure from the first to prove excessively unpopular in India, which will have to pay the greater part of a twenty-million bill. This is, of course, as they say in Parliament, because it has been incurred "for the sake of India"; wretched India, already so over-taxed, to escape the long-impending bankruptcy of her exchequer (expenditure, taking as a total the last ten years, considerably exceeding revenue, and her debt increasing at an appalling rate), that forty millions of her population live in a state only a degree above the level of starvation!

But, apart from these considerations, which can have had little or no weight with Lord Dufferin and Lord R. Churchill, it is still open to political scepticism to call in question the greatness of the boons which, under the most favourable circumstances, were or are likely to accrue to us from the possession of Upper Burmah.

First of all, if the annexationists are right, then Lord Dalhousie and the other statesmen who decided against the annexation of Upper Burmah at the close of the war of 1852, must have been wrong. If we possessed Lower Burmah, we might regard Upper Burmah, so Lord Dalhousie said, as "the worthless rind." Of course it is possible that, difficult and trackless as the country is, we may open up some old trade route, or even make a railway to China; but let us not forget that the advantages of this overland route had long been pressed in vain upon Lord Lawrence and Lord Palmerston, and that the opinion of the latter is on record that against this route "insurmountable objections" existed. What have the Chambers of Commerce found out since, that they have not urged for the last 50 years? Have not most expeditions of exploration met with every possible opposition, or ended, like Margary's, in disaster? Is Yunnan a land of milk and honey (or, in modern parlance, of gold and rubies), or is it, as the Geographical Society have declared it, "the most barren, wildest, and least populous of all the eighteen provinces of the Chinese Empire"? Might it not be as well to ascertain this fact before setting any great store on the profits to be derived from trade with it?

Secondly, Burmah itself appears to have been of much overrated value; and any value it might have is far inferior to the commercial advantages we might derive from a wise development of the territory of the old British Burmah. The Rangoon Chamber of Commerce, in a letter to the London Chamber of Commerce, dated May 18, 1885, supplies unexceptionable testimony

on this point. "Burmah's (*i.e.* British) crying want is population, to develope the enormous natural wealth of the country which lies dormant. . . . It is the most heavily-taxed portion of the Empire, while it is starved in its requirements on every side. . . . In public works the treatment accorded to Burmah is even worse. After thirty years of British rule there are scarcely any roads in the country, outside the chief towns." But if, on the admission of the Rangoon merchants, we have been so remiss in our stewardship of Lower Burmah, if we have crippled its development and cramped its commerce by over-taxation, what prospect is there of our doing better or otherwise simply because we move farther afield? None whatever; for this is what Lord Dufferin says with regard to the future taxation of our new fellow-subjects: "I propose to maintain at full rates the capitation or house-tax, which was the main source of revenue under the native government. . . . We shall engage that the rate of demand will not be liable to fluctuation from year to year, and that no unexpected cesses will be imposed upon them in the course of any year. Should it be necessary to increase the house-tax, six months' notice will be given before the commencement of the year in which the change is to take effect." But even supposing taxes strained to the uttermost, it is very improbable that there will be any surplus of revenue to send to India, seeing that the permanent police are to cost some 50 lakhs annually, whilst we shall lose about 30 lakhs, out of the 100 which was Thebaw's revenue, from the abolition of customs, monopolies, and transit dues, and the remaining 20 lakhs will be more than absorbed by the common necessary expenditure.

But will not the ruby mines be for our enrichment? Will not they prove a solid advantage? They are supposed to have been worth about £13,000 a year to Thebaw; and in Sir C. Bernard's estimate of the annual revenue they are calculated at a little over 4 per cent. of the whole, whilst the capitation-tax is calculated at 69 per cent. of the whole. So that evidently the Government does not expect to reap much from the ruby mines. But undoubtedly a few individuals may; the firm of Gillanders, Arbuthnot & Co., to whom last February Lord Dufferin and Sir C. Bernard proposed to lease the mines, will very likely reap a profit (or perhaps Mr. Streeter), but their profit is clearly distinguishable from that of the nation, which proposes by force of arms to dispossess the original lessees of their immemorial rights. It is worth noticing, as illustrating the motives that were really at the bottom of the Burmese war, that the famous meeting at Rangoon of October 11,

1884, which raised the outcry to dethrone Thebaw on account of the September massacres (apparently the grossest of fictions),[1] was presided over by a Mr. J. Thompson, representative of this very same firm to whom it was, very soon after the dethronement, proposed to give the lease of the mines! Can one, then, avoid the suspicion that the longing for the ruby mines was the dominant motive of the real promoters of the war?

Thirdly, it may be said that it is well worth the war to have got rid of French influence at Mandalay. It certainly was admitted by M. Ferry that the Burmese envoys, when negotiating for a commercial treaty at Paris, with France, in 1883, did wish to throw themselves into the arms of France; but the French Government persistently refused to make any sort of alliance with Burmah, and paid throughout the readiest deference to the representations of our Ministers. The secret treaty which appeared in the *Times* and other journals in September, 1885, by which Burmah was said to grant to France a railway concession, control of the Customs on the Irrawaddy, and a concession for a bank at Mandalay, must have been a hoax on the papers or the public, for after the French Government had absolutely disclaimed anything of the sort, nothing more was said about it, and the matter was wisely let drop. Nothing transpired in 1885 but the ratification of the Commercial Treaty between France and Burmah, which had been made but not ratified in 1873. The German Government made a treaty of precisely the same kind with Burmah the very same year (1885), and the cry raised of French intrigue just before the war broke out would have been only too ridiculous but for its obvious intention and its very decided success.

But it was only one of many false cries that as usual ushered in the outbreak of hostilities. How different the following quotations from Sir C. Bernard's State papers sound from what we used to read 18 months ago: "King Thebaw is an ally of the British Government; he is not a friendly ally, but still he is an ally with whom we have a treaty, *who keeps that treaty, and who in some important matters treats our traders well*" (Jan. 15, 1885). "The value of traffic fell off greatly in the year 1881–2, when monopolies were established. But it recovered again when the monopolies were

[1] The accounts of the anonymous (why?) eye-witnesses of the massacres differ on material points. One speaks of a massacre in one jail, one of a massacre in three. Both agreed that two British subjects were among the victims, but this was afterwards even officially denied. Undoubtedly there was a jail outbreak, just as there was not long ago in Rangoon, and in the consequent confusion and shooting of the fugitives some innocent persons perhaps suffered. The evidence of anything more is extremely flim[illegible]

abolished in compliance with the representation made by order of the Governor-General in Council." . . . . "On the whole the Chief Commissioner is not able to say that the tranquillity and prosperity of the province of British Burmah have suffered seriously from anarchy and misrule in Ava." "To the credit of the Ava Government it may be mentioned that, though the treaty allows them to take a 10 per cent. *ad valorem* duty on British goods, yet hitherto they have levied only a 5 per cent. import duty" (Oct. 16, 1884). Surely this is all very different from what we were told about Thebaw and our treaties with him just before the war! Yet it is the evidence of the Chief Commissioner himself!

Another point of a similar nature may be noticed. Lord Randolph Churchill, as Secretary for India, in explaining to the people of Birmingham and to the country in November, 1885, the reason of the war, made the following reference to the dispute between Thebaw and the Burmah-Bombay Trading Company: "The Company has judgment pronounced against it, and the King *proceeds to cancel the leases* which he himself had given to the Company, and under which for many years they had been working. Well, that was more than we could stand," &c. It is true that such a step on the King's part was at one time feared, but wiser counsels prevailed, and the Viceroy of India telegraphed to the Secretary for India a telegram from Sir C. Bernard, beginning "Corporation's *forest leases not cancelled* but demand of ten lakhs fine decided upon." The date of that telegram was August 24, 1885, or two months before the speech at Birmingham! The offence that we could not stand, constituting the main ground on which the war was defended before the nation by the minister primarily responsible for it, was actually purely imaginary on the part of the politician who propounded it! Explain this who can!

We cannot, of course, undo the war, but we may hope to undo the annexation, and, recognising the national nature of the resistance to our arms, restore Burmah to the Burmese. The country itself was never worth annexing, nor is it worth holding. It is as little worth coveting as Sancho Panza's kingdom of Micomicon. Its chief features are impenetrable jungle or pestilential rice swamps; and in the ruby district the first thing we have to think about is a site for a sanatorium! Its fertility and resources have been grossly exaggerated. Its liability to bad harvests is so great that thousands of families in 1883 and 1884 had to migrate into Lower Burmah to escape starvation. There is not the smallest prospect of a surplus of revenue over expenditure for at least a longer period than it is prudent to take into account. Its ruby mines, to all save a

favoured few, will be of less value to us than the chalk pits of Sussex.

The possibility of its one day being thought desirable to evacuate Upper Burmah was, strange to say, among Lord Dufferin's motives for preferring to annex it. "Had we at once," he says, "proceeded to the constitution of a semi-independent, or even of a protected State, and to the investiture of an Alompra king or any other chief in the room of Thebaw, we should have committed ourselves to a step which could not have been retraced without the intervention of force and the infliction of wrong. No such sinister characteristics would, however, attach to the withdrawal of a Chief Commissioner and his subordinates from the Province, should circumstances ever render it desirable hereafter to replace it under the domination of a native ruler." It is here maintained that circumstances already render sensible a course most eminently desirable, in default of any stronger case for the annexation than its advocates have yet vouchsafed to us, or seem likely to be able to do.

Will any of those advocates take up the challenge, here offered to them with some degree of confidence, and intended to cover a fairly large area? The challenge applies, first, to the original necessity of the war, maintaining that the September massacres of 1884 and the French intrigues of 1885 constituted an almost unadulterated hoax, or what the Germans call, *Tendenzlügen*, *i.e.* stories fabricated in order to produce a certain effect; and denying that there was anything in our commercial relations or otherwise with Thebaw which in any way made war more necessary than it had been at any time for the previous ten years. The challenge applies, secondly, to the original wisdom of the war, maintaining that it was undertaken on insufficient information regarding the wishes of the people, the nature of the country (General White calls it "one vast military obstacle"), or the attitude of the Shans and Chinese; in short, on every single point on which depended the prospect of a short and successful campaign. But the challenge applies, thirdly, and chiefly, to the indissolubly connected questions of the expediency and justice of the annexation, maintaining that, while the cost of holding our new and worthless jewel will be ludicrously out of all proportion to our probable profit, the annexation, carried out as it has been in the teeth of the wishes of the native inhabitants, constitutes one of the most iniquitous cases of landgrabbing that has occurred for some time in our history. True it is, alas! that it had the sanction of Lord Dufferin, that Mr. Gladstone has acquiesced in it, and that even the Peace Societies have been dumb [illegible] facts are not altered because a

Viceroy's Liberalism falls into abeyance, or Mr. Gladstone has other things to think about; and if the justice of the annexation can be defended on any other grounds than would equally justify the most flagrant territorial robberies that have ever been committed, it would be only kind if some of our political conscience-keepers would try to explain the process of reasoning by which we may arrive at so comforting a conclusion.

J A. FARRER.

A NAUTICAL LAMENT.

I ASKED myself the question one day whilst standing on the bridge of one of the handsomest and stoutest of the Union Company's steamboats, outward bound to the Cape of Good Hope, What has become of the old romance of the sea?

> Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
> Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

It was a brilliant afternoon. The sunshine in the water seemed to hover there like some flashful veil of silver, paling the azure so that it showed through it in a most delicate dye of cerulean faintness. The light breeze was abeam; yet the ship made a gale of her own that stormed passed my ears in a continuous shrill hooting, and the wake roared away astern like the huddle of foaming waters at the foot of a high cataract. On the confines of the airy cincture that marked the junction of sea and sky gleamed the white pinions of a little barque. The fabric, made fairy-like by distance, shone with a most exquisite dainty distinctness in the lenses of the telescope I levelled at it. The vessel showed every cloth she had spars and booms for, and leaned very lightly from the wind, and hung like a star in the sky. But our tempestuous passage of thirteen knots an hour speedily slided that effulgent elfin structure on to our quarter, where she glanced a minute or two like a wreath of mist, a shred of light vapour, and then dissolved. What has become, thought I, of the old romance of the sea? The vanished barque and the resistless power underneath my feet, shaking to the heart the vast metal mass that it was impelling, symbolised one of the most startling realities of modern progress. In sober truth, the propeller has sent the poetry of the deep swirling astern. It is out of sight. Nay, the demon of steam has possessed with its spirit the iron interior of the sailing ship, and from the eyes of the nautical occupants of that combination of ore and wire "the glory and the dream," that ocean visionary life which was the substance and the soul of the sea-calling of other days, has faded as utterly as it has from the confined gaze of the sudorific fiends of the engine-room.

To know the sea you must lie long upon its bosom ; your ear must be at its heart ; you must catch and interpret its inarticulate speech ; you must make its moods your own, rise to the majesty of its wrath, taste to the very inmost reaches of your vitality the sweetness of its reposeful humour, bring to its astonishments the wonder of a child, and to its power and might the love and reverence of a man. "Enough!" cries Rasselas to Imlac, "thou hast convinced me that no human being can ever be a poet." And I have convinced myself that the conditions of the sea-life in these times prohibit the most ardent of imaginative sailors from the exercise of that sort of divination which is to be found in perfection in the old narratives. The vocation is too tedious, the stress of it too harassing, the despatch insisted upon too exacting, to furnish opportunity for more than the most mechanical motions of the mind. A man is hurried from port to port with railway punctuality. He is swept headlong through calms and storms, and if there come a pause it will be found perilous ; and consternation takes the place of observation. Nothing new is left. The monsters of the deep have sunk into the ooze and blackness of time and lie foundered, waiting for the resurrection that will not come until civilisation has run its course and man begins afresh. All seaboards are known ; nothing less than an earthquake can submit the unfamiliar in island or coast scenery. The mermaid hugging her merman has shrunk, affrighted by the wild, fierce light of science, and by the pitiless dredging of the deep-water inquirer, into the dark vaults beneath her coral pavilions. Her songs are heard no more, and her comb lies broken upon the sands. Old Ocean itself, soured by man's triumphant domination of its forces, by his more than Duke of Marlborough-like capacity of riding the whirlwind and directing the storm, has silenced its teachings, sleeps or roars blindly, an eyeless lion, and avenges its neglect and submission by forcing the nautical mind to associate with the noblest, the most romantic vocation in the world no higher ideas than tonnage, freeboard, scantlings, well-decks, length of stroke, number of revolutions, the managing owner, and the Board of Trade !

The early mariner was like the growing Boy whom Wordsworth sings of in that divine ode from which I have already quoted—

> But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
> He sees it in his joy ;
> The Youth, who daily farther from the East
> Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
> And by the vision splendid
> Is on his way attended.

If I should be asked to deliver my sense of the highest poetical interpretation of the deep, I should point into distant times, to some new and silent ocean on whose surface, furrowed for the first time by a fabric of man's handiwork, floats some little bark with a deck-load of pensive, wondering, reverential men. Yes! you would find the noblest and most glorious divination of the true spirit of the deep in the thoughts which fill the breasts of that company of quaintly apparelled souls. The very ship herself fits the revelation of the sea to those simple hearts who have hardily sailed down the gleaming slope behind the familiar horizon, and penetrated the liquid fastnesses of the marine gods and demons. Mark the singular structure swinging pendulum-like to the respirations of the blue and foamless swell. Her yellow sides throw a golden lustre under her. Little ordnance of brass and black iron sparkle on her bulwarks and grin along her decks. Her poop and top-lanthorns flash and fade with the swaying of her masts. Her pennons enrich the white sails with their dyes, and how long those banners may be let us conceive from that ancient account of the Armada in which it is written: "For the memory of this exploit, the foresayd Captain Banderdness caused the banner of one of these shippes to be set up in the great Church of Leiden in Holland, which is of so great a length, that being fastened to the very roofe, it reached down to the grounde." Her men are children, albeit bearded, and not yet upon them have the shades of the prison-house begun to close. Are we not to be pitied that all the glories which enraptured them, the wonders which held them marvelling, the terrors which sent them to their devotions, should have disappeared for ever from our sight? We have still indeed the magnificence of the sunset, the splendour of the heavens by night, the Andean seas of the tempest, the tenderness of the moonlighted calm; but these things are not to us as they were to them; for a magic was in them that is gone; the mystery and fear and awe begotten of intrusion into the obscure and unknown principalities of the sea-king have vanished; our interpretation gathers nothing of those qualities which rendered theirs as romantic and lovely as a Shakesperean dream; and though we have the sunset and the stars and the towering surge—what have we not? what is our loss? what our perceptions (staled and pointed to commonplace issues by familiarity) compared with their costly endowment of marine disclosure? You see, the world of old ocean was before them; they had everything to enjoy. It was a virgin realm, also, for them to furnish with the creations of their imagination. The flying-fish! what object so familiar now? The house-sparrow wins as much attention, to the full, in the street as

does this fish from the sailor or the passenger as it sparks out from the seething yeast of the blue wave and vanishes like a little shaft of mother-o-pearl. But in those old times they found a wonder here; and prettily declared that they quitted the sea in summer and became birds. Hear how an old voyager discourses of these be-scaled fowls:

"There is another kind of fish as bigge almost as a herring, which hath wings and flieth, and they are together in great number. These have two enemies, the one in the sea, the other in the aire. In the sea the fish which is called Albocore, as big as a salmon, followeth them with great swiftnesse to take them. This poore fish not being able to swimme fast, for he hath no finnes, but swimmeth with mooving of his taile, shutting his wings, lifteth himselfe above the water, and flieth not very hie; the Albocore seeing that, although he have no wings, yet he giveth a great leape out of the water and sometimes catcheth the fish being weary of the aire."

It is wonderland to this man. He writes as of a thing never before beheld and with a curious ambition of accuracy, clearly making little doubt that in any case his story will not be credited, and that therefore, since the truth is astonishing enough, he may as well carefully stick to it. And the barnacle? Does the barnacle hold any poetry to us? One would as soon seek for the seed of romance in the periwinkle or the crab. Taking up the first dictionary at hand, I find barnacle described as a "shell-fish, commonly found on the bottom of ships, rocks, and timber." But those wonderful ancient mariners made a goose of it; as may be observed in Mr. John Lok's account of his ship which arrived home "marvellously overgrowne with certaine shells" in which he solemnly affirms "there groweth a certain slimie substance, which at the length slipping out of the shell and falling in the sea, becometh those foules which we call Barnacles." Were not those high times for Jack? A barnacle, whether by the sea-side brim or anywhere else, is to us, alas! in this exhaustive age, a barnacle, and nothing more. Or take the maelstrom—a gyration not quite so formidable as the imagination of Edgar Allan Poe would have us believe, but by report exactly one of those features of the ocean to alarm the primitive fancy with frightful ideas: "Note," says Mr. Anthonie Jenkinson in his voyage to Russia, 1557, "that there is between the said Rost islands and Lofoot a whirlepoole called Male-strand which . . . maketh such a terrible noise, that it shaketh the rings in the doores of the inhabitants' houses of the sayd islands tenne miles off. Also if there cometh any whale within the current of the same, they make a pitiful crie." And so on. How fine as an artistic touch should we deem this introduction of the whale by the hand of

an imaginative writer! The detail to the contemporary readers of Mr. Jenkinson's yarn would make an enormous horror of that "whirlepoole," for what should be able to swallow leviathan short of some such stupendous commotion as would be caused by the breaking up of the fountains of the waters of the earth? Let it be remembered that whales were fine specimens in that age of poetry. They were then big enough to gorge a squadron of men-of-war, ay, and to digest the vessels. We have had nothing like them since—the nearest approach to such monsters being the shark in which, on its being ripped open, there was found one full-rigged ship only, with the captain and the mate in the cabin quarrelling over the reckoning.

The age of marine romance supplied the mariner with many extraordinary privileges. We cannot control the winds as those old people did. There are no longer gale-makers from whom Jack can buy a favourable blast. The very saints have deserted us, since it is certain that—at sea—we now pray to them in vain. Observe that in fifty directions, despite our propellers, donkey-engines, steam-windlasses, and the like, the ancient mariner was out and away better off than we are. Did he want wind? Then he had nothing to do but apply to a Finn, who, for a few shillings, would sell to him in the shape of a knotted handkerchief three sorts of gale, all prosperous, but one harder than another, by which he could be blown to his port without anxiety or delay. Did a whirlwind threaten him? Then read in the Voyage of Pirard in Harris' Collection how he managed: "We frequently saw great Whirl-winds rising at a Distance, called by the Seamen *Dragons*, which shatter and overturn any Ship that falls in their way. When these appear the Sailors have a Custom of repairing to the Prow or the Side that lies next the storm, and beating naked swords against one another crosswise." Purchas, in his "Pilgrims," repeats this, and adds that this easy remedy of the sword hinders the storm from coming over their ship, "and turneth it aside." Did human skill and judgment fail him? There were the Saints. "Before the days of insurance offices and political economy," writes the author of "Lusitanian Sketches," "merchants frequently insured their ships at the highly-esteemed shrine of Mantozimbo, by presenting a sum equal to the pay of captain or mate, and that, too, without stipulating for any equivalent should the vessel be wrecked." Was it not his custom to carry the image of his patron saint to sea with him, to pray to it, to make it responsible for the winds, and, if it proved obstinate, to force it into an obliging posture of mind by flogging it? Consider what a powerful marine battery of these saints he could bring to bear upon the vexed, refractory ocean and the

capricious storming of winds. St. Anthony, St. Nicholas, whose consecrated loaves of bread quelled many a furious gale, St. Ronald, St. Cyric, St. Mark, St. George, St. Michael, St. Benedict, St. Clement—the list is as long as my arm, the number great enough to swell out a big ship's company. Did pirates threaten him? There was no occasion to see all clear for action. He had but to invoke St. Hilarion—who once on a time by prayer arrested the progress of a picaroon whilst chasing—and away would scuttle the black flag. Was smooth water required for safely making a port? Then no matter how high the sea ran, all that was needful was first to find a pious man on board, light tapers (where they would burn), bring up the incense, erect a crucifix, read prayers (this being done by the pious man), sprinkle the decks with holy water, and straightway the sea under the vessel's forefoot would flatten into a level lane, smooth as oil, albeit the surges on either hand continued to leap to the height of the main-top. Who now regards, save with mild curiosity, the corposant—the St. Elmo's fire—the dimly-burning meteoric exhalation at the yard-arm? It is no more to modern and current imagination than the phosphoric flashes in black intertropic waters. But the ancient mariner made an omen of it—a saint—a joy to be blessed; he wrought it into a beneficent symbol, and endowed it with such powers of salvation as comforted him exceedingly whilst he kneeled on quivering knees in the pale illumination of that mystic marine corpse-candle. Who now scratches the mast for a breeze? Who fears the dead body as a storm-maker? What has become of the damnatory qualities of the cat, and who now hears the dimmest echo of comminatory power in her loudest mew? And most galling of all reflections, into what ocean unknown to man has sailed the Flying Dutchman?

Let it not be supposed, however, that the elimination of poetry from the sea-life by the pounding steam-engine and the swift voyage is deplorable on no further grounds than these which I have named. The utilitarian aspect is not the only one. There was romance and lustre outside those mere conditions of poetic seamanship which enabled the mariner to direct the wind by a knot, to control the tempest by a candle, to put the pirate to flight by an invocation. Emerge with me from the darkness of remote times into the light of the last—yes, and of the beginning of the present—century. Ladies were then going to sea, as they had in remoter times, dressed as men. They do so no longer. Who ever hears now of some youthful mariner with blooming cheeks and long eyelashes exciting the suspicions of his mahogany-cheeked mates by the shortness of his

steps, or the smallness of his hands and feet, or a certain unboyish luxuriance of cropped hair? No, the blushing Pollies and Susans of the East End, resolved by love, by betrayal, or by the press-gang, into the shipping of breeks have had their day. No longer do we read of pretty ship-boys standing confessed as girls. I mourn this departed romantic forecastle feature. Even in fiction how the imagination is captivated by the clever insinuations of the author in his treatment of the youth whose sex he springs upon us presently to our glad surprise! The Edwins whom the Angelinas followed were not indeed very engaging people; but even attentive consideration of their rascalities will not neutralise the pleasant poetic bouquet that haunts the old tales of fine-eyed women going to sea for love or vengeance, living among the sailors, eating the bitter bad provisions of the forecastle, fighting the guns, doing the seamen's work, and remaining for months undetected.

Again, whither has vanished a feature of the old sea-life even yet more romantically interesting than the nautical masquerading of black-eyed Susans and yellow-haired Molls—the flirtation of the long ocean passage? What we call flirtation now at sea is a mere shadow of a shadow as compared with the robust and solid reality of a period when it took a ship four months to sail to Bombay or Calcutta. There is no time allowed in this age for love-making. Before you can fairly consider yourself acquainted with a girl some wretch on the forecastle is singing out "Land-ho!" I took particular notice of this matter on board the Union steamer in which I made the passage home from Cape Town. It must certainly have ended in a proposal in the case of one couple had the propeller dropt off or a boiler burst and the ship been delayed. They only wanted another week. But the steamer was impertinently punctual, about eight hours before her time: the people went ashore at Plymouth, and, for all I can tell, the young man, in the excitement of landing and meeting his friends and seeing plenty of pretty women about, may have abandoned his intention and ended for the girl a chance that would have been a certainty in the old romantic poetical sea-days. Why, we all know how the British matron used to ship her darlings off in the East Indiamen for husbands in the country with which those vessels trafficked, and how scores and scores of these unsophisticated young ladies would land engaged, having affianced themselves to gentlemen on board in calms on the Equator or in the tail of the south-east Trades, or in a small swell with a moderate breeze off Agulhas, some possibly hesitating as far as the Madagascar parallels. How many marriages originate at sea in these times of thirteen knots an hour, I wonder?

Out of the several million of passengers who are annually sea-borne, how many pledge their vows on board ship, how many fall in love there, how many become husband and wife in consequence of meeting on ship board? But a few, I'll warrant. But only think of the old East Indiaman; four months for Captain Thunder and Miss Spooner to be together, to start with; four months, and perhaps longer, with possibly Lieutenant Griffin to give a swift maturity to emotion by importing a neat and useful element of jealousy. Oh, if moonlight and music and feeling are one ashore, what are they at sea, on the deck of a sleeping fabric lifting visionary wings to the lovely stars, when the sea-fire flashes like sheet lightning to the soft surge of the ship's bows or counter upon the light fold of the invisible swell, when the westering moon, crimsoning as she sinks, wastes her heart's blood in the deep for love of what she is painfully and ruefully leaving, when the dew upon the bulwarks sparkles like some diamond-encrustations to the starlight, when the peace of the richly-clad night presses like a sensible benediction upon the breathless, enchanted, listening ship, subduing all sounds of gear-creaking in blocks, of chains clanking to the stirring of the rudder, to a tender music in sweetest harmony with the fountain-like murmur at the bows as the vessel quietly lifts to the long-drawn heave there—think of it! was there ever a bower by Bendemeer's stream comparable as a corner for the delicate whispers of passion, for the coy reception of kisses with some quiet nook on the white quarter-deck, shadowed from the stars and protected from the dew by the awning? If you thrill now it is because the whole ship shakes with the whirling and thrashing of those mighty beams of steel below. Emotion must be blatant or it cannot be heard. Not yet has a generation that knows I am speaking the truth in all this passed away. Confirm me, ye scores of elderly master-mariners enjoying your well-earned repose in spots hard by that ocean ye loved and sailed for years! Confirm me, too, ye many survivors of a sea-going time, when the most blissful hours of your long and respectable lives were passed under the shadow of the cross-jack-yard!

I lament the decay of the old nautical costumes. There was a poetry in the dress of the people who had the handling of the big Indian ships which you will not get out of the brass buttons and twopenny cuff-rings of the contemporary skipper and mate. Nowadays it is almost impossible to tell the difference between the rigs of the mercantile captain, the dock master, the Customs man, and the harbour master. But what do you say to a blue coat, black velvet lappels, cuffs and collar with a bright gold embroidery, waistcoat and breeches of deep

buff, the buttons of yellow gilt, cocked hats, side arms, and so forth? What dress has done for romance ashore we know. Pull off the feathered hats and high boots, the magnificent doublets and diamond buckles of many of these gentlemen of olden times, who show very stately in history, and button them up in the plain frock-coat of to-day, and who knows but that you might not be diverted with a procession of very insignificant objects? In the poetical days of the sea-profession the ships very honestly deserved the dignity they got from the gilded and velveted figures that sparkled on their quarter-decks. Over no nobler fabrics of wood did the red ensign ever fly. They went manned like a line-of-battle ship. Observe this resolution arrived at by the Court of Directors (Hon. E.I.C.) held the 19th of October, 1791 : "That a ship of 900 tons do carry 110 men ; 1,000 ditto, 120 ; 1,100 ditto, 125 ; 1,200 ditto, 130."

Were not those fine times for Jack? How many of a crew goes to the manning of a 1,200-ton ship nowadays? And it is proper to note that of these 130 men, there were only ten servants, *i.e.* a captain's steward, ship's steward, and men to attend to the mate, surgeon, boatswain, gunner, and carpenter. Contrast these with the number of waiters who swell the ship's company of our 5,000-ton mail-boats. Those vessels went armed, too, as befitted the majesty of the bunting under which old Dance had gloriously licked Johnny Crapeau. The bigger among them carried thirty-eight eighteen pounders ; they were all furnished with boarding-nettings half-mast high and close round the quarters. The chaps in the tops were armed with swivels, musquetoons, and pole-axes. In those romantic times the merchantman saw to himself. There were no laminated plates formed of iron one remove only from the ore betwixt him and the bottom of the ocean ; he sailed in hearts of oak, and the naval page of his day resounds with his thunder. The spirit of that romantic period penetrated the ladies who were passengers. Relations of this kind in the contemporary annals are common enough :

"Mrs. Macdowall and Miss Mary Harley, who lately distinguished themselves so much in the gallant defence of the ship 'Planter,' of Liverpool, against an enemy of very superior force off Dover, are now at Whitehaven. These ladies were remarkable, not only for their solicitude and tenderness for the wounded, but also for their contempt of personal danger, serving the seamen with ammunition, and encouraging them by their presence."

Again : "I cannot omit mentioning that a lady (a sister of Captain Skinner), who, with her maid, were the only female pas[illegible]

both employed in the bread-room during the action making up papers for cartridges ; for we had not a single four-pound cartridge remaining when the action ceased."

The glory and the dream are gone. No doubt there are plenty of ladies living who would manufacture cartridges during a sea-fight with pleasure, and animate the crew by their example and presence. But the heroine's chance in this direction is dead and over. As dead and over as the armed passenger ship, the privateer, the pirate, and the plate-galleon. Would it interest anybody to know that the Acapulco ship was once more on her way from Manila with a full hold? Dampier and Shelvocke are dead, Anson's tome is rarely looked into, the cutlass is sheathed, the last of the slugs was fired out of yonder crazy old blunderbuss ages ago ; how should it concern us then to hear that the castellated galleon, loaded with precious ore minted and in ingots, with silk, tea, and gems of prodigious value, is under weigh again? Candish took her in 1587, Rogers in 1709, Anson in 1742. Supposing her something more substantial than a phantom, where lives the corsair that should take her now? The extinction of that ship dealt a heavy wound to marine romance. She was a vessel of about two thousand tons burden, and was despatched every year from the port of Manilla. She sailed in July and the voyage lasted six months—six months of golden opportunity to the gentlemen who styled themselves buccaneers! The long passage, says the Abbé Raynal, "was due to the vessel being overstocked with men and merchandise, and to all those on board being a set of timid navigators, who never make but little way during the night time, and often, though without necessity, make none at all." Anson took 1,313,843 pieces of eight and 35,682 oz. of virgin silver out of his galleon, raising the value of his cruise to about £400,000, independent of the ships and merchandise. They knew how to filibuster in those days. How is it now? It has been attempted of late and found a glorious termination in a police court.

The buccaneer has made his exit and so has his fierce brother, the pirate. That dreadful flag has long been hauled down and stowed away by Davy Jones in one of his lockers. "The pirates," says Commodore Roggewein in 1721, "observing this disposition, immediately put themselves in a fighting posture; and began by striking their red, and hoisting a black flag, with a Death's Head in the centre, a powder-horn over it, and two bones across underneath." Alas! even the sentiment of Execution Dock has vanished with the appearance of this romantic flag, and there are no more skeletons [illegible]ates slowly revolving in the midnight breeze and emitting a dismal

clanking sound to the stirring of the damp black gusts from which to borrow a highly moving and fascinating sort of marine poetry.

Again, though to be sure it is not a little comforting when in the middle of a thousand leagues of ocean to feel that your ship is navigated by men furnished with the exquisite sextant, the costly chronometer, the wonderful appliances for an exact determination of position, yet there is surely less poetry and romance in the nautical scientific precision of the age, reconciling as it undoubtedly is —particularly when you are afloat—than in the old shrewd half-blind sniffing and smelling out of the right liquid path by those ancient mariners who stumbled into unknown waters, and floundered against unconjecturable continents with nothing better to ogle the sun with than a kind of small gallows called a fore-staff.

"If," writes Sir Thomas Browne to his sailor son in 1664, "you have a globe, you may easily learne the starres as also by bookes. Waggoner [1] you will not be without, wch will teach the particular coasts, depths of roades, and how the land riseth upon several poynts of the compasse. . . . If they have quadrants, crosse-staffes, and other instruments, learn the practicall use thereof; the names of all parts and roupes about the shippe, what proportion the masts must hold to the length and depth of a shippe, and also the sayles."

Here we have pretty well the extent of a naval officer's education in navigation and seamanship in those rosy times. The longitude was as good as an unknown quantity to them. How quaint and picturesque was the old Dutch method of navigating a ship! They steered by the true compass, or endeavoured to do so by means of a small central movable card, which they adjusted to the meridian, and whenever they discovered that the variation had altered to the extent of 22 degrees, they again corrected the central card. In this manner they contrived to steer within a quarter of a point, and were perfectly satisfied with this kind of accuracy. They never used the log, though it was known to them. The officer of the watch corrected the leeway by his own judgment before marking it down. J. S. Stavorinus, writing so late as 1768–78, says "their manner of computing their run is by means of a measured distance of forty feet along the ship's side. They take notice of any remarkable patch of froth when it is abreast of the foremost end of the measured distance, and count half seconds till the mark of froth is abreast of the after end. With the number of half seconds thus obtained they divide the number 48, taking the pro-

[1] Wagenar's *Speculum Nauticum*, Ed

of sailing in geographical miles in one hour, or the number of Dutch miles in four hours. It is not difficult," he adds, "to conceive the reason why the Dutch are frequently above ten degrees out in their reckoning." Here we have such a form of Arcadian simplicity, if anything maritime can borrow that pastoral word, as cannot fail to excite the enthusiasm of the romancist. A like delightful and fascinating primitiveness of sea-procedure you find in Mr. Thomas Stevens' black-letter account of his voyage; wherein he so clearly sets forth the manner of the navigation of the ancient mariner, that I hope this further extract from other people's writings will be forgiven on the score of its curiousness, and the information it supplies:

You know that it is hard to saile from East to West or contrary, because there is no fixed point in all the skie, whereby they may direct their course, wherefore I shall tell you what helps God provided for these men.[1] There is not a fowle that appeareth, or signe in the aire, or in the sea, which they have not written, which have made the voyages heretofore. Wherefore, partly by their own experience, and pondering withal what space the ship was able to make with such a winde, and such direction, and partly by the experience of others, whose books and nabigations they have, they gesse whereabouts they be, touching degrees of longitude, for of latitude they be alwaies sure.

"*Gesse whereabouts they be!*" The true signification of this sentence is the revelation of the fairy world of the deep. It was this "gessing," this groping, this staring, the wondering expectation, that filled the liquid realm with the amazements you read of in the early chronicles. It would not be delightful to have to "gess" now. It could hardly mean much more than an unromantic job of stranding, a bald prosaic shipwreck, with some marine court of inquiry at the end of it, to depress the whole business deeper yet in the quagmire of the commonplace. But attached to the guesswork of old times was the delightful condition of the happening of the unexpected. The fairy island inhabited by faultless shapes of women; fish as terrible as Milton's Satan; volcanic lands crimsoning a hundred leagues of sky with the glare of the central fires of the earth, against whose hellish effulgent background moved Titanic figures dark as the storm-cloud—of such were the diversions which attended the one-eyed navigation of the romantic days. Who envies not the Jack of that period? Why should the poetic glories of the ocean have died out with those long-bearded, hawk-eyed men? I can go now to the Cape of Good Hope—in a peculiar degree the haunt of the right kind of Marvels, and the headland abhorred by Vanderdecken—I can steam there in twenty days, and not find so much as the ghost of a poetical idea in about six thousand miles of ocean. Everything is

[1] That is, for the mariners with whom he sailed.

too comfortable, too safe, too smooth. There is the same difference between my mail-boat and the jolly old carrack as there is between a brand-new hotel making up eight hundred beds and an ancient castle with a moated grange. What fine sights used to be witnessed through the windows of that ancient castle! Ghosts in armour on coal-black steeds, lunatic Scalds bursting into dirges, an ogre who came out of the adjacent wood, dwarfs after the manner of George Cruikshank's fancies—in short, Enchantment that was substantial enough too. But the brand-new hotel! Why, yes, certainly, I would rather dine there, and most assuredly would rather sleep there, than in the moated-grange arrangement. What I mean is: I wish all the wonders were not gone, so that old ocean should not bare such a very naked breast.

Observe again how elegant and splendid those ancients were in their sea notions. When they built a ship they embellished her with a more than oriental splendour of gold and fancy work. Read Old Stowe's description of the *Prince Royal*: how she was sumptuously adorned, within and without, with all manner of curious carving, painting, and rich gilding. They had great minds: when they lighted a candle it was a tall one. How nobly they brought home the body of Sir Philip Sydney, "slaine with a musket-shot in his thigh, and deceased at Arnim, beyond seas!" The sails, masts, and yards of his "barke" were black, with black ancient streamers of black silk, and the ship "was hanged all with black bayes, and scorchions thereon on pastboard (with his and his wyfes in pale, helm and crest); in the cabin where he lay was the corpse covered with a pall of black velvet, escochions thereon, his helmet, armes, sworde, and gauntlette on the corpse." In the regality of the names they gave their ships there is a fine aroma of poetry: *Henri-Grace-a-Dieu*, the *Soverayne-of-the-Seas*, the *Elizabeth-Jonah*, the *Jesus-of-Lubeck*, the *Constant-Warwick*! The genius of Shakespeare might be thought to have presided over these christenings if it were not for the circumstance of numberless squadrons of sweetly or royally named ships having been launched before the birth of the immortal Bard; and a list of them harmonised into blank verse would have the organ-sounds delivered by his own great muse.

The visionary gleam has fled; the glory and the dream are over. Yes, and the prosaics of the sea have entered into the sailor's nature and made a somewhat dull and steady fellow of him, though he will shovel you on coals as well as another, and pull and haul as heartily as his forefathers. For where be his old caper qualities? Where be the old high jinks, the Satur

carouse, the pretty forecastle figment of wives and sweethearts, the grinning salts of the theatre-gallery, the sky-larking of liberty days, the masquerading humours, such, for example, as Anson's men indulged themselves in after the sacking of Paita, when the sailors took the clothes which the Spaniards in their flight had left behind them, and put them on—a motley crew!—wearing the glittering habits, covered with yellow embroidery and silver lace, over their own dirty trousers and jackets, clapping tie and bag wigs and laced hats on their heads; going to the length, indeed, of equipping themselves in women's gowns and petticoats; so that, we read, when a party of them thus metamorphosed first appeared before their lieutenant, "he was extremely surprised at the grotesque sight, and could not immediately be satisfied they were his own people." They were a jolly, fearless, humorous, hearty lot, those old mariners, and their like is not amongst us to-day. The sentiment that prevailed amongst them was in the highest degree respectable.

> Yes, seamen, we know are inured to hard gales;
> Determined to stand by each other;
> And the boast of the tar, wheresoever he sails,
> Is the heart that can feel for another!

And has not the passenger degenerated too! Is he as fine and enduring a man as his grandfather? is she as stout-hearted as her grandmother? The life of a voyager in the old days of the sailing ship—I do not include John Company's Indiamen—was almost as hard as that of the mariner. He had very often to fight, to lend a hand aloft, at the pumps, at the running rigging. His fare was an unpleasant kind of preserved fresh meat—I am speaking of fifty years ago—and such salt pork and beef as the sailors ate. His pudding was a dark and heavy compound of coarse flour and briny fat, and in the diary of a passenger at sea in 1820 it is told how the puddings were cooked: "*July* 16.—As a particular favour obtained a piece of old canvas to make a pudding-bag, for all the nightcaps had disappeared. The pudding being finished, away it went to the coppers and at two bells came to table smoking-hot. But a small difficulty presented itself; for then, and not till then, did we discover that the bag was smaller at top than at bottom, so that, in spite of our various attempts to dislodge it, there it stuck like a cork in a bottle, till everyone in the mess had burnt his fingers, and then we thought of cutting away the canvas and liberating the pudding." Such experiences as this made a hardy man of the passenger. There was no coddling. Everything was rough and rude; yet read the typical passenger's writings and you will see he found such poetry and romance in the ocean

and the voyage as must be utterly undiscoverable by the spoilt and languid traveller of to-day, sulkily perspiring over nap or whist in the luxurious smoking-room, or reading the magazine—that outruns its currency by a week only in a voyage to New Zealand—propped up by soft cushions in a ladies' saloon radiant with sunshine and full of flowers. Like the early Jack, the early passenger came comparatively new to the sea and enjoyed its wonders and revelled in its freedom and drank in its inspirations. He was not to be daunted by food, by wet, by delay, by sea-sickness, by coarse rough captains. Why, here before me, in the same passenger's diary in which the above extract occurs, I find the writer distinctly noting the picturesque in that most hideous of maritime calamities, want of water! "*July* 2.—All hands employed catching rain water, the fresh water having given out. 'Twas interesting and romantic to see them running fore and aft with buckets, pitchers, jars, bottles, pots, pans, and kegs, or anything that would hold water. I was quietly enjoying the scene, when the clew of the mainsail above me gave way from the weight of water that had collected there, and I received the whole contents on my devoted head." *Quietly enjoying the scene!* Is not this a very sublimation of the heroic capacity of extracting the Beautiful—not in the Bulwerian sense—out of the Dreadful!

But enough! Just as you seek for the romance and poetry of the ocean in the old books, so must you look there for the jovial tar, the jigging fellow, with his hat on nine hairs and a nose like a carbuncle; for the resolved and manly passenger, for the unaffected heroine, for the pretty masquerading lass, and for a hundred lovely gilded dreams of a delighted imagination roving wild in mid-ocean. The volume is closed; we now carry our helm amidships; it is no longer the captain but the head engineer that we think of and address ourselves to when, disordered by some inward perturbation, we sing:

O, pilot, 'tis a fearful night,
There's danger on the deep.

But *Philosophia stemma non inspicit*; and we must take it that in these days she knows what she is about.

W. CLARK RUSSELL.

GRIMALDIANA.

THE value of jaundiced criticism may be readily summed up in the extraordinary vitality of Grimaldi's Memoirs. Possibly no other book ever "came up smiling" under such a series of dastardly attacks; certainly none ever met with a greater variety of indiscriminative abuse. On the whole, Dickens's connection with it cannot be said to have improved its chance of longevity. Forster relates graphically how, at its first appearance, "a great many critical faults were found; and one point in particular was urged against his handling such a subject, that he (Dickens) could never himself have seen Grimaldi. To this last objection he was moved to reply, and had prepared a letter for the *Miscellany* from 'editor to sub-editor,' which it was thought better to suppress, but of which the opening remark may now be not unamusing: 'I understand that a gentleman unknown is going about this town privately informing ladies and gentlemen of discontented natures, that on a comparison of dates and putting together of many little circumstances which occur to his great sagacity, he has made the profound discovery that I can never have seen Grimaldi, whose life I have edited, and that the book must therefore of necessity be bad. Now, sir, although I was brought up from remote country parts in the dark ages of 1819 and 1820, to behold the splendours of Christmas Pantomimes and the humour of Joe, in whose honour I am informed I clapped my hands with great precocity, and although I even saw him act in the remote times of 1823; yet as I had not then aspired to the dignity of a tail-coat, though forced by a relentless parent into my first pair of boots, I am willing, with the view of saving this honest gentleman further time and trouble, to concede that I had not arrived at man's estate when Grimaldi left the stage, and that my recollections of his acting are, to my loss, but shadowy and imperfect. Which confession I now make publickly and without mental qualification or reserve to all whom it may concern. But the deduction of this pleasant gentleman that, therefore, the Grimaldi book must be bad I take leave to doubt. I don't think to edit a man's biography from his own notes, it is *essential* you should have known him, and I don't believe that Lord

Braybrooke had more than the very slightest acquaintance with the Pepys whose memoirs he edited two centuries after he died.'"

Never did the trite adage concerning a multiplicity of cooks receive better illustration than in the case of this poor book. From time to time the labours of four minds—two at least eminently capable—were expended upon it; and yet after all it is far from satisfactory as a literary production. But the circumstances of its origin are so curious that they merit recapitulation *in extenso*. Grimaldi's final appearance on the stage was made at Drury Lane on Friday, June 27, 1828. The subsequent death at a short interval of his wife and son left him weary and companionless, and increasing debility warning him of his own approaching dissolution, what more natural than that he should while away the tedium of his fading life in writing a voluminous account of his varied experiences? For well-nigh three years did he thus employ himself, concluding his labours on December 18, 1836. At his own personal request the revision of his MSS. was undertaken by Mr. T. Egerton Wilks—a minor dramatist, afterwards to be recognised as the author of "The King's Wager, or the Cottage and the Court," and "Lord Darnley"—who busied himself in his merry game of addition and subtraction until the decease of the clown. The results of the dual labour were then purchased, without stipulation, from Grimaldi's executor, by the Messrs. Bentley, who finally induced the budding "Boz" to edit them for publication. The nature and extent of Dickens's work is fully explained in his characteristically genial preface.

In February, 1838, was issued the first edition[1] of the "Memoirs," with a portrait of Grimaldi and twelve engravings by George Cruikshank—of which one at least ("The Girl Shaving Grimaldi") was afterwards reproduced in oils by the great caricaturist. Bearing in mind the jubilant note which Dickens addressed to his *fidus Achates* in the first week of publication, informing him that "seventeen hundred Grimaldis have been already sold, and the demand increases daily," it is rather surprising to find that the book subsequently hung fire. Doubtless the puerile strictures which evoked the suppressed letter to the editor of the *Miscellany* were not without their effect. A considerable "remainder," it appears, was disposed of to Mr. T. Tegg, then a large buyer in that way, by whom the neglected copies were bound up in *black* cloth covered with grotesque medallions. At first sight one should be inclined to think that the circumstances of the different binding would tend to settle the much

[1] Consisting of 3,000 copies, in two volumes, bound in silky pink cloth, post octavo, price 14*s*.

disputed point as to how the mysterious border in the style of Crowquill came to appear in Cruikshank's plate of the "The Last Song," in some of the 1838 copies. But as a long and well sustained conflict between the Bentleyites and the Teggites in the columns of *Notes and Queries* has virtually left the point *in statu quo*, it would be idle to venture a guess here upon the subject, more especially as this curious interpolation appears to have nonplussed even Dickens himself.

It should here properly be observed that the original edition of the "Memoirs" was devoid of those perpetually recurring footnotes which have a place in most of the subsequent copies—wearisome excrescences in the eyes of the general reader, but forming for the theatrical student one of the most valuable features of the work. Based upon data furnished by Mr. J. H. Burn, these notes came from the pen of that unfortunate genius Charles Whitehead, and were mainly instrumental in correcting many obvious errors of fact committed by Grimaldi, and afterwards slurred by both Egerton Wilks and Charles Dickens. Doubtless had Whitehead ever dreamt that the Grimaldi book would be placed outside the pale by Dickens's enthusiasts, he would not have allowed a mistaken reverence to restrain his hand from setting aright some of the more glaring inaccuracies of the text proper. The notes in question were first appended to a single-volume edition of the "Memoirs," issued in 1846, with all the old features (save the perplexing plate-border), an additional colcured costume portrait of Grimaldi by De Wilde, and a new preface setting forth the wonderful success of the book, and that Mr. Whitehead having intimated to the publishers his ability to furnish an extensive and interesting commentary on Dickens's text, they had promptly secured his services for that purpose. The *raison d'être* of these notes constitutes, in a measure, the severest and most justifiable stricture passed upon the original Wilks-Dickens edition. So painfully careless, indeed, had Dickens been with regard to the data placed in his hands, that a daily paper at the time of his decease sought to cover his shortcomings in the following shuffling manner: "The author, tempted of course by liberal offers, lent his name as 'editor' to books one of which to this day is sold as his production. This was the 'Memoirs of Grimaldi,' a biography on no one page of which is there a sentence that could be mistaken for the writings of Charles Dickens."

"I have seen stated recently," wrote Mr. George Augustus Sala, in immediate denial of this allegation, "that Mr. Dickens only lent his name to the title-page of this publication, and that no line of his original writing appears therein. From this I dissent. The stories of

little Joey giving away the guinea; of the man who had but three fingers to one of his hands, and, in particular, the appalling account of the death of Grimaldi's wayward son, are unmistakably from the hand of the Master."

Curiously enough, the most praiseworthy and only complete analysis of the Grimaldi book came from the pen of M. E. D. Forgues, the admired translator of Wilkie Collins, and made its appearance in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of March 15, 1854. The existence of this well-balanced article is an everlasting reproach to all insular backbiters, and forms, in a way, the most fitting rejoinder to their invertebrate animadversions. It is necessary to remember, however, that Deburau's inimitable Pierrot-miming had wrung such unqualified encomia from Jules Janin and Théophile Gautier that a precedent was at once established among French writers, rendering a grave consideration of the art of Pantomime permissible; with us, this, the humblest of Thespian pursuits, has never been viewed from a serious standpoint. Hence the ponderous tone of Monsieur Forgues' analysis, the keynote of which is struck in the following passage: "The bookseller who had purchased them [the Grimaldi MSS.], profiting by the liberty which the death of the author gave him, carried them at once to Charles Dickens. Charles Dickens in 1838, hardly esteemed under the unknown name, but Boz was already a pseudonym cherished by the public. 'The Sketches' carefully collected from the journals and magazines to whose success they had contributed; the 'Pickwick Papers,' so speedily popular in the two worlds, had laid this reputation in three or four years, which has gained so much since then by 'Nicholas Nickleby,' and the series of novels, already long, that have followed this *aîné de la famille.* The proprietor of Grimaldi's Memoirs had, therefore, every reason to think that he would turn them to excellent account if he engaged, to render their simplicity a little piquant, the genial *bonhomie* which in Dickens unites itself with a profound knowledge of vulgar manners, of popular slang, and low life eccentricities. Dickens, on his part, considered that the theme was a happy one for his pen, and that it would not be derogatory to associate himself with the *souvenirs* of a *clown*, it is true, but of a clown such as had scarcely been seen before; of the 'Garrick of Clowns,' as Theodore Hook, the satirical novelist, had dubbed him; of a clown whose life and talents had well nigh placed him on a pinnacle beside his colleagues in Tragedy and Comedy, whom more than one member of the aristocracy had desired to become acquainted with, and who had been admitted by [redacted] to an

almost friendly intimacy." A powerfully sympathetic peroration commences thuswise: "Thanks to the privileges of his talents, essentially impressive, Dickens, in depicting the domestic miseries of Grimaldi's old age, has recalled to us, now and again, the grand and pathetic figure of King Lear. And must this, by accident, astonish us beyond measure? A worthy clown like Joe, is he not, as the father of Regan and Cordelia, subject to the exhaustions of age—the pangs of despised paternity? The perfectly simple truth and its authentic relation have now and again their effects which submit in no way to the most noble emotions of art. From this point of view, which perchance appears paradoxical and which for all that we do not venture without reflection, the Memoirs of Grimaldi assume a character much more serious than one would be at first inclined to believe of them. The superficial reader cannot see in them anything but the rather vacant chronicle of a despised art; the moralist, better advised, putting aside the purely technical details, the careful recapitulation of the pantomimes played in London during nigh half a century, will commend the novelist for having endeavoured to render interesting the biography of a hard-working and honest mime, rigidly faithful to all his duties amid a career in which it might appear that serious duties were non-existent. The species of sympathy, completely exceptional, which has made him undertake this work, does entire credit to the original author and the editor of these curious Memoirs."

About the latest acquisition to the ranks of those who have deliberately set themselves to write in an irrationally uncharitable manner of this poor unoffending book, solely on account of Dickens's ill-starred association with it, is Professor A. W. Ward,[1] who gives it as his opinion that the great Master "would have been equally unwilling to see mentioned among his literary works the Life of Grimaldi, which he merely edited, *and which must be numbered among forgotten memorials of forgotten greatness.*" Never was vague surmise based upon more unstable groundwork. In part, the assertion is entirely gratuitous, because the publishers of standard and family editions of Dickens's works have long ago ordained it that the Grimaldi book should be placed upon the Index Expurgatorius. As a matter of fact, there are many difficulties to be surmounted before discriminating readers can be induced to believe that Dickens was ashamed of his connection with the Memoirs. Professor Ward's conjecture not only impugns the good faith of the cheery preface to the book,

[1] See his "Dickens" in the *English Men of Letters Series*, Macmillan & Co.

but furthermore implies that he who penned it wrote much otherwise, *when left to himself*, which his head but not his heart dictated. Prior to his reception of the Grimaldi MSS., Dickens had written a whimsical sketch for Bentley's *Miscellany* entitled "The Pantomime of Life," and in "Pickwick" had appeared "The Stroller's Tale," said to have been founded upon the wild career of Joe Grimaldi's only son. There are many allusions, likewise, in his later works which evince a palpable relish for pantomimic performances. Remark, for instance, his "Two Views of a Cheap Theatre" ("Uncommercial Traveller"), in which he gives an incidental description of a pantomime at the Britannia Theatre; or, better still, his sympathetic little paper on "A Christmas Tree," in *Household Words*, December 21, 1850. Dickens was also very partial to a pantomimic simile—generally used in such a manner as to denote the acutest observation. Mr. George, in the 21st Chapter of "Bleak House," shakes his venerable acquaintance until he makes "his head roll like a harlequin's"—a peculiar feat, be it noted, of Bologna, Tom Ellar, and their immediate followers in the *rôle*. Similarly in the 26th Chapter of "Dombey and Son," we learn that "The Major, under cover of the dark room, shut up one eye, rolled his head like a harlequin," &c. &c. Again in "A Tale of Two Cities" (Book II. Chapter 1.) we are informed that "Mr. Cruncher reposed under a patchwork counterpane like a harlequin at home;" and when General Fladdock collapsed in "Martin Chuzzlewit" (Chapter XVII.) "his uniform was so fearfully and wonderfully made that he came up stiff and without a bend in him, like a dead clown."

It is rather unfortunate for the truth of Professor Ward's dictum concerning a "forgotten memorial" that, despite the opposition of a small and narrow-minded clique, the subject matter of the Memoirs still retains such a large measure of interest for middle-class readers that various publishers have from time to time deemed it expedient to reproduce the book in various attractive guises.[1] This abnormal reduplication has not in the least interfered with the steady demand for copies of the original Wilks-Dickens's edition, which are greedily snapped up at prices ranging from five to nine guineas. Mr. Henry Herman's unique copy, sold by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, & Hodge in January, 1885—which was lavishly illustrated with autographs, water-colour drawings, rare portraits and playbills—fetched the high price of £60!

[1] Beginning with the year 1853 many excellent editions have been issued at frequent intervals by the Messrs. Routledge, not to mention innumerable sixpenny copies and penny excerpts from other sources. An American edition has also been published by Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, of Philadelphia.

Most assuredly the "Memoirs" are neither "forgotten" nor unappreciated; and the fame of Grimaldi has not departed out of the land, albeit that the inscription on his tombstone has grown well-nigh illegible from neglect. Yet stay: his fame *has* departed, right across the Big Dampness, to that land whither he never journeyed—to America, where the wearers of the motley are prone nowadays to supplement their own name with that of his. (Fancy, "George H. Adams, the *original* and *only* Grimaldi!") This tribute is rendered all the more remarkable by the fact that, in the widely-loved George Fox, our transatlantic cousins once enjoyed the possession of a home-bred mimic of equal genius and popularity with our own illustrious clown, and who transmitted his distinctive style to those who followed him in that particular walk. Forgotten—pshaw! Possibly, if Professor Ward's eye had alighted on the following newspaper paragraph, referring to an incident which transpired August 27, 1878, he would have restrained his hand in the penning of those rash and unadvised remarks: "Joseph Grimaldi was charged on Tuesday, at the Marylebone Police Court, London, with being drunk. The magistrate said it was a pity that the defendant, *bearing the name of a well-known man, should bring that name into disrepute*, and, rather than that should be the case, he would discharge him on that occasion." Comes timely to our aid, also, the interesting revelation by Mr. H. T. Bell Mackenzie,[1] on the authority of Mr. Hall Caine, that the Grimaldi book was an especial favourite with Dante Rossetti ever since the days of adolescence, and formed for the poet an ever-recurring theme of conversation during his fatal illness.

In connection with the patronymic, it is a fact not generally known that Joseph Grimaldi, whose father originally hailed from Genoa, was a descendant of an illustrious Italian sept, distinguished in bygone times for their staunch adherence to the cause of the Guelphs. Perhaps the enumeration of a few of the many brilliant men who brought honour to the name before the advent of the great clown may not prove uninteresting. Ranieri Grimaldi, a naval commander, served as admiral of France in the year 1314. Of like profession was Antonio Grimaldi, whom the combined fleets of Catalonia and Venice, under Pisani, completely vanquished in 1353. Giovanni Grimaldi, another naval commander, was renowned for a great victory over the Venetian admiral, Nicolo Trevisani, in May, 1431. Domenico Grimaldi, cardinal archbishop and vice-legate of Avignon, distinguished himself at the battle of Lepanto, and departed this life in 1592. Finally, we come to that celebrated Bolognese painter,

[1] *Vide Notes and Queries*, 7th S. II., 456.

G. F. Grimaldi—Caracci's pupil and relative—regarding whose achievements the latest edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" has a good deal to say, whilst unaccountably ignoring the existence of any other Grimaldi whatsoever—our own Joseph included. It is notable, also, that the Genoese Grimaldis were prominently associated from a very early period with the government of Monaco, having, as partisans of the Guelphs, entered into possession of that deadly-lively spot in the year 1328. Even at this early date the little principality had acquired a most dubious reputation. Under the Grimaldi *régime* it speedily became a refuge for all the brigands, pirates, and dishonest bankrupts belonging to neighbouring countries, who, defended by its rocks, did not hesitate to attack the vessels of every Italian state, not excepting those of the Pope and the Venetian Republic. The castle of Monaco, to which Evelyn makes allusion in his diary under date October 11, 1664, remained the seat of the Grimaldis down to the time of Louis XVIII., who created the then reigning representative of the family a peer of France with the title of Duke of Valentinois. Since that period the sovereign of Monaco has proved a thorough absentee, residing habitually in Paris, and generally drawing from his little principality of fifty-two square miles an annual income of £5,000, chiefly obtained from the orange and lemon groves of his beautiful territory. Recking not of the potentates and warriors of old, whose glorious deeds are minutely recorded in the glowing pages of history, the inhabitants of Greater Britain revere the name of Grimaldi solely as that of the greatest exponent of their typical buffoon. Such is the irony of Fate![1]

W. J. LAWRENCE.

[1] Since correcting the proofs of the above I have discovered that Mr. Stacey Grimaldi, F.S.A., of Maize Hill, contributed a succinct account of the origin, rise, and general history of the Genoese Grimaldis to this very magazine some fifty years ago. *Vide* Vol. CII. pt. i. pp. 25-30, and pt. ii. pp. 508-512. Both of Mr. Grimaldi's communications are replete with interest for the curious in genealogical matters; but particular attention may be drawn to the latter, wherein he gives some account of the various bearers of the patronymic who, from time to time, made England their home. Oddly enough, the last on his list is "The Count Grimaldi of Monaco, often called Prince *Joseph Grimaldi*, of Monaco," who was aide-de-camp to the Earl of Moira in his attack on France in 1795, and subsequently married the widow of Major-General Welbore Ellis Doyle of the 53rd Foot. This similarity of name appears

OUR STANDING ARMY.

THE condition and the alleged defects of the British navy have lately been more talked about than those of the British army, and when question has been raised as to the efficiency of our military establishments it has mostly had to do with the fighting gear of our soldiers, their swords, bayonets, and rifles, heavy guns and warlike stores, and so forth, and there has been but little thought about the competency of the human portion of the great machine for the tasks assigned to it. We have a large and costly standing army, consisting of the bravest and best-trained men that can be brought together, and unless we are prepared to increase the numbers and the expense very considerably, it is asked, what more or what else can we wish for? It is because so many, while grumbling about the blunders and shortcomings said to exist in our fighting apparatus of ships, artillery, and other material, are almost satisfied with doing that, and pay so little heed to the state of our army itself, its fitness or unfitness for present needs, and the possibility or expedience of attempting much reform in it, that I venture here to put forward a few facts and opinions on this part of the subject.

Our standing army is only about two and a quarter centuries old; but it is, of course, an outcome of institutions, diverse and varying, which date from the beginning of English history. Originally in our own country, as elsewhere, all men were warriors, more or less. Every able-bodied member of a tribe had to do his share in protecting its common interests from outside dangers, and so many as were needed had to take part, on occasion, in aggressive as well as in defensive war. The trade of a soldier was, strictly speaking, unknown in British, Anglo-Saxon, Anglo-Norman, Plantagenet, or even Tudor times. Farmers, craftsmen, merchants, and even clerics, when it was necessary, had to handle sword and bow. Under the feudal system, each greater or lesser baron, owing fealty to the king, was bound according to his rank to have in readiness a specified number of armed retainers, and to provide, when called upon, a specified quantity of military service, and it was natural and inevit-

able that, just as certain famous barons, fond of warfare, and skilled in it, acquired the dignity of great generals, and led their forces into the field much oftener than was for the public good, so there should grow up under them groups of fighting men, who either preferred soldiering to peaceful occuptions, or were constrained by their special aptitude to this sort of work to make a business of it, and who thus lightened the military burdens of their peaceable neighbours. But soldiership was not a distinct trade or profession among either nobles or commoners, and all were liable to be employed in it. A law of Edward I.'s, six hundred years old, repealing older laws, directs that every man shall have "harness in his house to keep the peace after the ancient assize," graduating the kind and quantity of "harness"—that is, of hauberks, helmets, swords, daggers, and bows—according to his social rank.

This statute of 1285 was in force till 1623, and it was re-enacted times without number. The preamble to one of the re-enactments, dated 1511, tells how, in former days, "by the feats and exercise of the subjects of the realm in shooting in long-bows, there had continually grown and been within the same great numbers and multitudes of good archers, which hath not only defended the nation and the subjects thereof against the cruel malice and designs of their enemies in times past, but also, with little numbers and assistance in regard to their opponents, have done many notable acts and discomfitures of war against the infidels and others, and furthermore reduced divers regions and countries to their due obeisance, to the great honour, fame, and surety of this realm and subjects, and to the terrible dread and fear of all stronger nations," all of which, the document deplores, is altered now, because "archery and shooting in long arrows is but little used, but daily does vanish and decay and abate more and more"; wherefore it is ordered that every man under sixty years of age, not being lame, decrepit, or maimed, a "spiritual man," or a judge, "do use and exercise shooting in long-bows, and also do have a bow and arrows ready continually in his house, and use himself in shooting." Practice in archery was, during the Middle Ages, in the nature of a religious duty. One of the many ordinances of the City of London bearing on this matter directs that "for the avoiding of idleness, all children of six years old and upwards shall on week days be set to school, or some virtuous labour, whereby they may hereafter get an honest living, and on Sundays and holy days they shall come to their parish churches and there abide during the time of divine service, and in the afternoon all the said male children shall be examined in shooting with bows and arrows, for pins and points only; and their parents shall furnish them with

bows and arrows, pins and points for that purpose, according to the statute lately made for the maintenance of shooting in long-bows and arrows, being the ancient defence of the kingdom."

"The ancient defences of the kingdom" slipped into new ways when guns and gunpowder took the place of bows and arrows, and when the break up of the feudal system necessitated a change in the military service of the Crown. Still, however, it was the duty of every citizen, not exempted by his clerical or judicial office, to serve when called upon as a soldier. Something like conscription, not for life or long service, but for the term of whatever enterprise was on hand, was resorted to, and train bands came into vogue. In Queen Elizabeth's reign, for instance, instructions were given in 1573 to the justices of the peace "for general musters and training of all manner of persons liable for the wars, to serve as well on horseback as on foot," and in that year a temporary army of more than 140,000 was raised throughout England and Wales. These sixteenth-century armies, hastily organised for special work and dispersed as soon as that work was over, were—with a good deal of difference—more like the Soudanese forces with which our troops lately had to contend, during each fighting season, on the other side of Egypt, than like our own organised military establishment.

Organisation, on the modern lines, began to be necessitated by the long civil wars between Royalists and Parliamentarians in the middle of the seventeenth century. An army of stalwart veterans, numbering fifteen regiments of horse and twenty-two of foot, most of whom had been in the constant service of the Commonwealth for years, and who had been maintained on legalised assessments of £70,000 a month, had to be disbanded on the restoration of Charles II. in 1660, and it was at first intended that the defence of the kingdom should be left to train-bands of the old kind. More than that, however, was soon deemed necessary, especially as many of the retired veterans, dangerous as warriors out of work, could be trusted to serve as protectors to the king's person if they were re-enlisted. This was done accordingly, and the formation, or re-formation, in 1661, of four regiments of Guards marks the commencement of our standing army. Numbering some 5,000 men at that time, it has been growing ever since.

Under the later Stuarts, and even long afterwards, the existence of this army was regarded as a dangerous innovation, and resented by many who were not disloyal to the Crown. What reason there was for such resentment may be inferred from the historian Clarendon's report of the language used to Charles II. by his reckless

courtiers after the Great Fire of London in 1666. "This," they assured him, "was the greatest blessing that God had ever conferred upon him—his restoration only excepted—for the walls and gates being now burnt and thrown down of that rebellious city, which was always an enemy to the Crown, his Majesty would never suffer them to repair and build them up again, to be a bit in his mouth and a bridle upon his neck, but would keep all open that his troops might enter upon them whenever he thought it necessary for his service, there being no other way to govern that rude multitude but by force."

A very proper fear of the despotic uses to which a standing army might be put by an unpatriotic monarch and his reckless councillors was felt by the champions and promoters of our national liberties, as they understood them two centuries ago; and not the least important of the propositions laid down in the memorable Bill of Rights, after the accession of William III, was that one which declared a standing army to be illegal in time of peace, unless with the consent of Parliament. To that end the first Mutiny Bill was passed in 1689, which limited to a period of twelve months the rules for military discipline, without which the army could not be kept together, and which, brought forward every year ever since, leaves to either House of Parliament full power and constitutional opportunity to discharge and disperse, at short notices, all our fighting forces if it should have reason to suppose that those forces are being used or are likely to be used against the interests of the nation. This power has never been exercised, and for a long time past the annual renewal of the Mutiny Act has been agreed to as a matter of course, and without controversy; but the right of the nation through its representatives to maintain or dispense with the standing army as it chooses is preserved intact, and this "wholesome usage," as Hallam said, "may be considered perhaps the most powerful of those causes which have transferred so much even of the executive power into the management of the two Houses of Parliament."

This is not the place for any review of the history of our standing army, or of the stages of its development. The main conditions under which it has grown to its present size, however, deserve passing notice here. It came into existence, we must remember, as a force for the protection of the king and his immediate interests, not for the defence of the nation or the maintenance of order in it. For these latter purposes the militia was kept up, and the antecedents of our modern police system took shape.

The standing army was the king's army, to give him

strength at home and to enable him to go to war with other monarchs, if he chose and if his subjects supplied him with the means. The army, therefore, though always on the increase, was very variable in its dimensions. Thus, for William III.'s foreign war in 1696, Parliament allowed a force of more than 30,000, which was reduced to about 8,000 in 1698. In 1711, again, at the crisis of Marlborough's campaigning, provision was made for an army of 201,000, but in 1711, after the Peace of Utrecht, only 8,000 were allowed. In George I.'s reign the fixed establishment was raised from 14,000 to 18,000, and at about this time other "arms of the service," the Royal Marines and the Royal Artillery, to be followed by the Royal Engineers, were started. When the American War of Independence was at its height, the English Government claimed to have 180,000 native and colonial soldiers in its service, besides 24,000 foreigners, the numbers being reduced to 54,000 in 1783, to 17,000 in 1784. The total was swelled again, of course, for the long and ruinous wars against Napoleon Bonaparte. Our army of 70,000 in 1802 had swelled to 236,000 in 1814, and sank down to a "peace establishment" of 80,000 in 1818. In 1853, on the eve of the Crimean War, it numbered 102,000, and before the end of that war in 1856 it had risen to 246,000, to be reduced in 1857 to 126,000. This total has not been greatly added to since, except that in 1858, when after the suppression of the Indian Mutiny the management of Indian affairs was taken from the old Company and assigned to the British Crown, 92,000 Anglo-Indian troops were incorporated in the Queen's service.

It will thus be seen that each of our great wars has led not only to temporary but to permanent enlargement of our standing army. The armies of all the other nations of Europe have increased in far greater proportion; but our own army has increased enormously. The increase, however, has not been so much for home employment as for what is regarded as the necessary defence of India and our colonies, and what has over and over again proved to be the inevitable consequence of maintaining large forces in our foreign possessions, the seizure of fresh territories.

Our own island, in fact, is now little more than the training-ground for young soldiers, to be employed, as soon as they are fit, if not before, on foreign service, and the asylum to which they are to be brought home when they are sick or wounded and awaiting their discharge. We have, of course, a volunteer establishment of about 225,000 men, with a militia of 120,000 and a yeomanry force of about 12,000; and the army reserves number nearly 50,000. But of

the 200,000 men composing our standing army, there were, when the latest official "Return of the British Army" was compiled, barely more than 70,000 in Great Britain. Of the rest, there were in Ireland nearly 24,000; in our various colonies or travelling about, 26,000; in Egypt, 18,000; and in India, 62,000—these last being British troops, and in addition to the force of about 150,000 native soldiers. These figures, being about a year old, are not quite correct for the present time, but they are near enough as a general indication of the way in which our military forces are distributed. Of these forces, including the native Indian regiments, only a fifth, or less, is actually employed in Great Britain; or, if we reckon Ireland as still a home province, and neither a subject colony nor a foreign possession, our home forces are only about a fourth of the whole.

This arrangement, and its bearings on the question of army reform or army administration, should be better understood by many advocates of reform and improved administration. Much has been attempted, and something has been done, in these ways during the past few years. At the instigation of Lord Wolseley and others, what is known as the short-service system was introduced under Lord Cardwell's Army Enlistment Act, in 1870, and with it, as also subsequently, several well-meant plans for raising "the tone" of the army. Let due honour be rendered to Lord Cardwell, Lord Wolseley, and the other reformers for their efforts in this direction. By means of their innovations, our army is now recruited, in large measure, by a better sort of men—better as citizens, that is—than formerly stocked it. Young men, often very young, are tempted to enlist for a period of seven years. Their pay is still absurdly small, and, when all the prescribed "stoppages" have been made, leaves them only such a trifle of pocket-money as most schoolboys would despise. But, as a rule, and if rules are duly acted upon, they are better housed and clothed and fed, better nursed during illness, and better entertained when in health, than were their predecessors. Good schools are provided for their advancement in general education, and their military training is more ambitious. They are also encouraged to learn and practise various trades, such as boot-making, tailoring, carpentering, and tinkering, so that, when their seven years' service is over, they may, unless they choose to re-enlist, be in what is considered a better condition for settling down in life as respectable citizens, subject only to their liability to be called out on emergency for a short spell of active service during the years in which they are passing through "the reserves."

All this looks admirable on paper, and it is in some respects, so far as it goes, an improvement on the German system of military service, by which it was avowedly suggested. In Germany every man is bound to go through a period of military training, and after that to be available for any fighting work required of him; and the country is thus provided with a standing army of about 450,000 "on a peace footing," and of nearly 1,500,000 "on a war footing," at less cost than that of our own much smaller army. But it is generally forgotten, or purposely ignored, that the German Empire, which alone the German army has to defend or fight for across the frontiers, huge as it is, is a compact aggregate of 45,000,000 persons, of whom nearly every able-bodied man is compelled to take his share in military service, but is never long, and seldom far, away from home; and that the whole German system is, with the essential difference that the service is compulsory instead of voluntary, much more like a great elaboration of our volunteer system than like our regular army. The British army, whatever may be said to the contrary, exists mainly for the defence, not of Great Britain but of the British Empire, which is a very different thing, alike from Great Britain and from the German Empire. Besides our insular population, we have in India and our colonies at least six times as many people to look after and domineer over, and make a pretence of protecting, as all the inhabitants of Germany put together, and while we continue to take these responsibilities on ourselves, it is idle and mischievous to attempt any approximation of our military system to that of Germany.

How do the army reforms which Lord Wolseley has the chief credit of initiating really work? Let a few more figures be quoted from the Blue Book already referred to. Among the 39,971 recruits who in 1885 entered the army, not reckoning the Indian and Colonial forces, 1,060 were boys under seventeen years of age, 13,685 were between seventeen and nineteen years of age, 14,767 were between nineteen and twenty-one; that is, nearly three-fourths, though "infants" only in the eye of the law, were too young to do more than learn the trade of soldiership during the first year or two of their service, and, their seven years being over when the oldest of them were not yet twenty-eight, would only then be on the verge of the hardiest period of manhood. A great many, however, never began to be soldiers at all. Within three months of joining, a few had died, 1,353 had deserted, and 2,234 had been discharged as invalids, as inefficients, or for other causes, thus reducing the 39,971 to 35,854, a loss of nine per cent. to start with. After they have

been in the army for three months, recruits are lumped with the other soldiers, and we have not information as to their separate careers. But how rapidly men now drop out of the ranks may be gathered from the facts that, in 1885, 2,975 soldiers deserted, besides 1,885 who rejoined after desertion; that, besides the men transferred to the army reserves, 12,726 were discharged for various causes, 1,210 being dismissed for unpardonable offences, and 3,581 being invalided; and most significant of all, seeing there was no real fighting done in that year, that 2,588 had died. When in times of peace, out of every hundred soldiers, who would not be allowed to become soldiers unless they were in sound health, and whose average age is only between twenty-four and twenty-five, more than three either die or are got rid of as hopeless invalids, matters must be indeed in a bad state.

To summarise in another way the evidence of our Blue Book, while in 1885 we added nearly 40,000 men to our army, we lost more than 20,000 from death, sickness, desertion, and dismissal for gross misconduct, showing a clear waste, very costly and very injurious to the nation, of at least 50 per cent. of the fighting material recruited under the short-service system, which was designed to provide us with more and worthier soldiers, better in every respect than those we had before.

The worst results of that system, however, are such as cannot be tabulated in figures. Our recent campaigning in Egypt and the Soudan, reprehensible as it may have been from a political point of view, grossly at fault as were its commissariat and other arrangements, and undeserved as were most of the praises bestowed on the strategists who directed it, exhibited some splendid heroism on the part of many of the troops who were employed in it; and not the least heroic were the "boy-soldiers," who fought with the coolness and precision of veterans in every engagement they took part in. But it is notorious that these "boy-soldiers" suffered terribly, and far more than veterans would have done, from the hardships to which they were exposed. No European under five-and-twenty, it is said, can keep his health, except in the most favoured spots and in the milder season of the year, in these tropical regions; but what proportion of our troops in Egypt and the Soudan were over twenty-five? Special efforts were made to send out as many matured adults as possible for Egyptian service, yet everyone knows how appalling was the sick list, and how ugly the death-roll of the striplings we employed to do men's work in those arid deserts and by those pestilential shores. And Egypt is no worse a place than some others, in India and el-

constantly garrison and periodically desolate, and in which our soldiers, if we put them there at all, should be hardened men, not boys.

Our provisions for re-engaging men who wish to remain in the army, with a slight increase of pay, leaves a sprinkling of middle-aged soldiers in the ranks, but these are not many and the number is lessening every year. The fact that there are so few re-enlistments is, of course, adduced as an argument in favour of the short-service system. As nearly every soldier, if he lives or remains in the army so long as the seven years, is then anxious to get out of it, it is urged that we ought not to require him to remain any longer. There would be more force in this plea if we really made it worth the soldier's while to remain in the army, and to this point I shall presently refer. First, however, let us consider whether a short-service man, leaving the army at say twenty-seven or twenty-eight years of age, is either benefited himself or beneficial to the community to any such extent as the admirers of the short-service system allege. On the most favourable assumption, he comes out of the army a better man, both as a citizen and as a soldier, than he was when he entered it. He may have improved his education, he may have kept sober and acquired the self-command that will help him on in the world, he may have learnt a trade that will enable him to settle down as an artisan or a small shopkeeper in a town, instead of being an unskilled labourer. As a rule, his condition and prospects are by no means so good; but, at the best, what are his chances? However much his training in the army may have helped him in some respects, it cannot have improved him in others. He has to make a fresh start in life at an age when he is five, or it may be, ten years older than most of those with whom he has to compete. If he has not been clandestinely married long ago, he wants to marry at once, and he has to face a grown-up man's responsibilities with the inexperience—apart from the routine of his military life—of a boy. Whether he has been clandestinely married or not, moreover, he has acquired bachelor's ways, with the additional licence that is inevitable to a so-called celibate life, which do not increase his qualifications for orderly citizenship. And among other hindrances to his successful career as an orderly citizen will be the fact that he is still saddled with military obligations. So long as he remains in the reserves he is liable to be called away at short notice from any business in which he is engaged, and this liability cripples him far more, both in seeking steady employment from others and in steadily pursuing any line of life on which he has embarked, than he is at all likely to have foreseen.

It stands to reason that, in the case of a man who has not been a good soldier, even though his conduct may have been so far tolerable that he has not been ignominiously discharged, and also in the case of a man who, however well he may have behaved, has lost his health in the army, the outlook is far worse than under the conditions just mentioned. All such men, from the citizens' view-point, would have had better chances of getting on, or less chances of failure and disgrace, had they never gone into the army at all, but, as soon as they were old enough, made a beginning in any walk of life they chose or found open to them. There may be exceptions that prove the rule; but it cannot but be a mistake for any one who has his way to make in the world, to devote seven years of late youth and early manhood to one career, and then to betake himself to another.

Men who are bad soldiers, through physical infirmity or moral defects, are not wanted in the army; but all such are got rid of by their desertion or by premature discharge, and though the long-service system increases the number of undesirable recruits, it is uncalled for as a device for weeding the army of its unfit members. Its only effect is to greatly facilitate the retirement of men who can ill be spared. A soldier, especially if he has enlisted at the age now usual, is barely at his prime when his seven years' term of service is over, and by that time his maintenance and training have cost the nation at least £1,000: that is, nearer ten than five times as much as would be needed by a judicious development of our volunteer system, or thorough reconstruction of our militia, to put a civilian, without serious disturbance of his civilian avocations, into as good fighting trim, for strictly defensive purposes, as is the average seven years' service man when he is transferred to the army reserves. The monstrous extravagance that is thus incurred is surely inexcusable, whatever may be the sort of national army we desire to have.

The extravagance is only part of the evil incident to the confused notions that are abroad as to the object and functions of a national army, and to the attempts that have lately been made at a compromise between at least two distinct ideals. We vaguely talk about the necessity of keeping up our standing army, and improving it in every way we can, in order that it may be the auxiliary of our navy in defending the United Kingdom from foreign aggression, or, if need be, in protecting its rights and interests by warfare abroad. It is quite time, however, that the English people held sounder opinions than are consistent with that vague talk as to the capacity of our

standing army for such warfare as we should have to engage in nowadays, if we engaged in it at all, with any of our European neighbours. It is possible that we might, on great emergency, and after long preparation, place an army of some 30,000 men upon the field in Europe, about as many, that is, as Wellington had at Waterloo; but, while our own military strength has been slightly increased since 1815, its growth has been trivial in comparison to that of each and all of the great Continental nations. An English army of 30,000, or even of 50,000 men, would be insignificant among the million or more of foreign soldiers who could be put in fighting trim at a few weeks' notice. Such slight increase as has been made in our military strength during the past generation or two, moreover, has been more than matched by the greatly augmented strain upon it from the growth of our Indian and colonial possessions. Our abortive invasion of the Soudan could not have been carried on without the Indian troops that we brought over to co-operate with the English regiments; and, as it was, the English depôts were drained almost to the utmost to meet the demand, the reserves being called out for the garrison duty which the raw recruits and cripples left in them were not sufficient to perform. The sooner we understand that we no longer have the military strength requisite for participation by England in any European war that may break out next spring or afterwards, the better it will be for our national safety.

The plain truth is that, whatever our navy may be able to do upon the seas, we have no land-forces with which, should we be so foolish as to wish it, we can engage against Russia or Germany, Austria, France or Italy. Our whole army is required for the defence of our possessions abroad, and for such crusading as we choose to enter upon or as is forced upon us by the heavy responsibilities we have assumed in Egypt and the Soudan, South Africa, Afghanistan, Burmah and elsewhere. This being so, it behoves us to see that our army is so constituted as to be most fit for the tasks that devolve upon it. It is a fighting machine that we want, not for home use or ornament, but suitable for overawing our Indian and other fellow-subjects abroad, for frightening Egyptian fellahs, Soudanese Arabs, Zulu Kaffirs, Afghan Russophils, Burmese "dacoits," and so forth, and, provided we think it incumbent upon us to keep up this fighting machine and to find work for it to do, it is clearly our duty to fashion and construct it in such scientific ways as will render it most efficient for the business, good or bad, for which it is really intended, and which alone it can be capable of performing.

When wiser counsels than we now hear much of prevail, the

English people may discover that it is neither for its own nor for other people's advantage that this fighting machine should be maintained, that neither India or any other possession is worth holding at the sword's point, and that all "imperialism" is a sham, and worse, if it cannot subsist without military despotism. But we must wait some time for that blessed day to arrive; and while our present "imperial" policy prevails, so long as we take upon ourselves responsibilities abroad which necessitate the keeping up of a standing army for foreign service, it is incumbent upon us to make our standing army as suitable as it can be for that service, and not allow it to be weakened or spoilt through humanitarian or philanthropic considerations. It *is* so weakened now; and, more than that, the philanthropic and humanitarian efforts that weaken it are in reality the reverse of philanthropic and humanitarian. Well meant as they are, they actually produce a vast deal of unnecessary injury both to the army itself and to the nation at large.

If we had an army in which the average length of service, instead of being about five years (allowing for deaths, desertions, and dismissals) was nearer five-and-twenty years, as it was in the old days, we should reduce by four-fifths the drain from the civil population for the manufacture and maintenance of our fighting machine, and this fighting machine would be very much fitter for its work. Its material would be hardy and hardened soldiers instead of striplings and young men not yet grown to maturity. The recruits might be as young as they now are, but we could then afford to keep them on garrison duty at home for four or five years, during which they could be thoroughly trained in military discipline—with a fair amount of general education combined with it if we chose, but trained specially to be good soldiers; and there would remain a term of twenty years or more in which they could, as capable men in the prime of life, be employed on foreign service, with such occasional shifting from one station or region to another, of course, as would be advantageous both to their own health and to their efficiency as soldiers possessed of varied experience.

Our chief object, in fact, interfered with by no other object, should be to make of them as perfect a body of fighting men as we can possibly contrive. Not a few of the philanthropic and humanitarian objects aimed at by the new school of reformers, would, under proper management, conduce to, instead of interfering with, that chief object. All the intelligence we can develop in our soldiers, all the happiness we can secure to them by encouraging habits of sobriety and worthy living, all we can do towards providing t[1]

wholesome pastime when in health, and with kindly nursing during sickness, and so forth, would be distinctly to their benefit as soldiers. But our aim should be to make them thoroughly good soldiers, and nothing else—strong, brave, honest men, able to endure all the hardships inevitable to a soldier's life, even in peace-time, and such as could be trusted, with the least discomfort to themselves and the greatest profit to their employers, to go through all the heavier hardships, to face all the perils, and to meet all the emergencies of a campaign. Were this aim achieved, every soldier in our army would be worth twice, or considerably more than twice, as much as the average soldier of to-day. He might cost a little more—though that is hardly likely when we reckon in the stupendous losses we now incur by clogging our army with young fellows, who leave it before we have got a shilling's-worth of real soldier's work out of them in return for the hundreds of pounds we have laid out. But whatever increase there might be in the cost per man, there would be immense economy; for, if we are satisfied with our present military strength, we could maintain it with a very much smaller force; or, if we want that strength increased, we could double it without adding a single man to the total.

That, I venture to think, is the ideal—or part of it—which our army reformers ought to aim at, and not the namby-pamby, slipshod, half-and-half, would-be kind but really cruel, would-be cheap but really costly, device of the present short-service system. It would materially reduce the number of men required to make up our army of some 200,000, and it would be in every way better for the men themselves.

In opposition to that last statement, it may be urged, as was mentioned above, that, under the short-service system very few men, entering for seven years, avail themselves of the advantages offered to them if they re-engage for longer periods during that term, or re-enlist after it. There are two sufficient answers to this argument. For one thing, the youths who now enlist generally do so without much or any thought of making a real trade of soldiership; their notion is that by so doing they can tide over some temporary difficulty and retire from the army while they are still young enough to strike out new ways of life; their views are quite different from those of the youths who are apprenticed to other trades or started in other avocations; and in many cases, from the time of enlistment till their discharge they are as eager as is the ordinary schoolboy for his school-life to be over. (This, be it noted, is in itself a great element of weakness in the army.) For another thing, and this is the more important of the two, life in the

army—notwithstanding all that the humanitarians and philanthropists have lately done or attempted—is by no means so satisfactory to the men who embark in it as it might be and should be. Many of the men who behave best in it and could be easily converted into good soldiers for life, are most anxious to get out of it as soon as they can. The pay is too low—for men of mature age, at any rate; and the chances of promotion are too small. If we want to get a really good standing army, we must mend matters in both respects. If we do mend them properly, we shall find that we have saved a great deal of money, and have gained much besides.

The questions of pay and promotion hang together. The nominal pay of a common soldier is a shilling a day, varying up to twenty-one pence a day for men in the household cavalry. But when the prescribed stoppages have been made towards the cost of his "keep," very little indeed is left to him in the way of pocket money. He may not fare badly, as compared with men of his own rank in life who are not soldiers, while he is in his teens or for a few years after. Soon, however, he wants more, and is worth more—if he is worth anything—and the bribe of twopence a day, rising to threepence, for re-engagement, is not enough for his requirements or his deserts. He may, of course, advance to be a corporal, a sergeant, or even a sergeant-major, receiving as much as five, or in the Royal Engineers, six shillings a day; nay, it is now possible for him to be promoted altogether out of the ranks and to become "an officer and a gentleman." But these latter promotions are very rare, and, though there are doubtless quite as many non-commissioned officers as there is room or need for in a regiment, enough scope is not thus afforded for the reward of good conduct and long service which the great mass of our soldiers have a right to expect. Surely, it would be to the general advantage, and not really expensive, if such a progressive scale of pay were adopted as would enable a private, if through no fault of his own he continued to be a private all through his career, to have when he was forty or fifty years old much larger remuneration than the balance left to him, after stoppages, from a nominal wage of fifteen-pence a day. The addition of a penny a day to every soldier's pay would amount to nearly £300,000 a year; but as we surrender with every soldier whom we discharge after seven years' service the value of something like £1,000, there would be no expense whatever, if we kept that one thousand pounds' worth of soldiership in the army, in using the money to recompense our trained men for continuing in our service.

But more than that is wanted. The few and grudgingly accor-

promotions from the ranks which now occasionally take place are a bold innovation, for which we have to thank the military reformers; and the innovation is still too fresh for it to work very satisfactorily. The promoted men are usually so-called "gentlemen," whose whims or necessities may have led them to enlist as "common soldiers," but who are "gentlemen" still, and are, therefore, thought admissible to the society of other "gentlemen" in the mess-room. When a non-commissioned officer not of such genteel origin happens to be promoted, he runs the risk of being looked down upon and insulted in the ungentlemanly ways that some "gentlemen" excel in. This, however, is, or should only be, the passing phase of the revolution already started, which, to be an effective or useful revolution, should go a great deal further than its present limits allow. There are some branches of military service, the Royal Engineers especially, in which it may always be necessary that those holding high rank and large responsibilities should have had such long and special training as members of the artizan or small trading classes could not acquire. But there is no reason why, with few exceptions, the whole British army should not be officered from the ranks, and there are weighty reasons why it should.

Our gentlemen-officers complain, and not without cause, that their pay is not sufficient to cover the expenses to which they are put in keeping up the luxurious standard of life now imposed upon them, not by their military duties, but by their social surroundings. We have no reason to find fault with these gentlemen-officers, at any rate when they are actively employed in their profession, and have something better to do than follow the hounds, shoot pigeons, or hares, or pheasants, or deer, attend race-meetings, or make business for the Divorce Court. But, with the few exceptions allowed for, there is no military work done by the aristocratic or middle-class officers which could not be done quite as well, perhaps better, by plebeian officers. The officering of the British army is far more expensive than that of any other European army, everyone of which is far more democratic in its constitution. Now that we have taken two important steps in the direction of reform—one by the abolition of purchase, the other by facilitating promotion from the ranks—the way is clear for making promotion from the ranks not the exception but the rule. It would give us a cheaper army and a better army. It would effect a stupendous change in the character and quality of our military institutions. It would raise the tone of the whole force. It would, in brief, convert our standing army into an efficient and compact organisation, in which every recruit would

have a fair chance of rising to any rank he was capable of filling, and the entire establishment would be improved in strength as well as in dignity.

All this that has just been said, however, is on the assumption that we want our standing army to be as serviceable as it can be, and as it ought to be if it exists at all, for work abroad—in India, our colonies, or any other part of the world in which we think that fighting and military crusading are incumbent upon us. That, as I have said, is all the work that really devolves on our standing army at present. In the way of military work at home it does next to nothing, save that our garrisons are used as schools for the training of raw recruits, and as hospitals for invalids, and that our streets can now and then be paraded by a few regiments for ornamental purposes. Happily we get on passably well in England without the presence of any large and capable part of our standing army at home, or none the worse for its absence; and we must continue to do so. In the unlikely event of our country being invaded, we could bring back very few regiments from abroad, if indeed we did not find it necessary to strengthen them for the protection of our foreign possessions, and thus to utilise all the reserves we could call out. In fact, our militia and volunteers would be nearly all we should have to fall back upon.

That, however, is perhaps as it should be, if only our militia and volunteers were rendered fit, as they might easily be, for the work devolving upon them. Our militia is not nowadays in very high repute, and the present fighting strength of our volunteers may be exaggerated. Both these outside branches of our military establishment are thought meanly of by the Horse Guards authorities, and the money needed for making them efficient is grudged by Parliament. In them, however, we have the material for the sort of army, if we call it an army, that ought to suffice, and be made adequate, for all purposes of home defence. It would be easy and inexpensive—it would also be merely a return, with improvements, to the state of things amid which our forefathers found themselves provided with all the fighting strength they required during a thousand years before a standing army was thought of—for our volunteer force, with which the militia might be incorporated, to be developed into an institution corresponding to the German landwehr. While our militia, numbering about 120,000 men, and costing about £1,400,000 a year, is as mismanaged as at present, and while our volunteers, numbering about 225,000, and costing the country about £800,000, have themselves to defray most of their expenses in learning to

soldiers, it cannot be expected that either force will be very zealous or by any means as strong as it purports to be. But if the nation, which makes hardly any demur to spending £15,000,000 or more a year on the 140,000 or thereabouts of its regular soldiers who are not paid for by the Indian Government, were to take upon itself the burden of training these irregular forces, and of making fair compensation to the men while they were thus engaged, it might have a really serviceable defensive army of 300,000 or more, at a charge which should be considerably less than £5,000,000, or only about double the amount now more or less wasted upon it. With such a body of men available for every duty and every necessity that could arise as regards the protection of our own country, our standing army, as at present, could be reduced to such dimensions as were deemed sufficient for its use, the only use for which it is now available, as a fighting machine abroad. And not the least of the advantages that might be looked for from this arrangement, perhaps, would be that, the eyes of the British public being opened to the fact that it does spend £15,000,000 or more in clumsily keeping up a fighting machine for use abroad, it would all the sooner see the wisdom of spending its money in some better way.

H. R. FOX-BOURNE.

THE DEAD CITIES OF BELGIUM.

MANY travellers in Belgium content themselves with visiting the regular show-cities—Bruges, Ghent, Liège, Antwerp—whose churches and other buildings, kept in admirable order, are exhibited by their custodians. Under all conditions a Flemish town is an ever-welcome entertainment, and though improved, enlarged, and even in part demolished, the *joinings* between new and old portions are skilfully contrived, and there is no violent disturbance of the old continuity. Thus the *Place* of the Town Hall at Brussels, with its old richly wrought and highly emblazoned Spanish houses, still looks almost as it did in the days of Alva; and it requires little exertion of the imagination to people it with crowds of burghers, pouring in from the narrow lanes adjoining, to encounter the yellow-jerkined Spanish soldiery. Indeed, every monument seems to speak or suggest something in the most romantic way. There is one feeling in particular whose infinite force and variety custom and repetition seem never to "stale." As the traveller at early morn comes on the deck of one of the excellent steamers of the Great Eastern Railway, pursuing her winding way up the Scheldt, he sees the airy spire of Antwerp Cathedral rising afar off before him. From the flat plain no town is yet visible; that distant lonely spire seems to speak with an infinite significance and poetry. We know that it betokens the great and old city now invisible, whose wondrous and dramatic history it has witnessed. Most cities reveal themselves from a distance; the spire or dome rises from the clustered houses and streets at the base; but there is something strangely *significant* and thrilling in this solitary character of this elegant spire thus gradually drawing near us with a sort of sadness even, most difficult to account for. That progress up the winding river never seems to lose its poetry by repetition. One is tempted even to brave the discomforts of a rough passage for this hour or two of deepening impressions. Nor are they weakened as the city slowly begins to expand upon us, and we glide along the spacious piers and docks, the tall red-tiled houses crowding in picturesque confusion, while only a hundred yards away soars above us the noble elaborate spire, giving welcome greeting to the traveller.

There are here none of the prosaic associations which herald the approach of the great commercial city—the meaner outskirts, the fringe of poor shabby tenements and settlements, which often spread for miles. The exquisite spire has been the admiration of the world for centuries in all its bright and delicate beauty. We think that thus was it seen by Charles V. and his Spaniards, and by the English. It has borne all the batterings and buffetings of wars and insurrections, and there it still rises in its calm beauty from out of the lonely plain. There are also the associations with Napoleon—the magnificent docks and port which lie at its very feet—his stupendous and ambitious work. The most ignorant of the herd of tourists who crowd the deck feel this mysterious influence which they cannot account for, and find themselves looking out wistfully at the white solitary object, to which they are gradually winding nearer, which has its world to itself—and so strangely expresses the whole significance of the city to which it belongs.

My last visit was on an appropriate Sunday morning—a bright day; amid the prosaic associations of luggage, cabs, and Custom, the poetry of the scene asserted itself: the chimes were busy, the organ was heard from within, and the crowds were pouring out from the Gothic doorways.

Strictly speaking, Antwerp has nothing to do with the Dead Cities, and flourishes exceedingly. But commercial as it is, it gives the key-note; and as one wanders from Dead City to Dead City, many of which were once as prosperous, it is with an awe, wonder, and regret that we gaze on these interesting sepulchres.

This suggestiveness of a tower or spire—owing to the peculiar emphasis and purpose given to it, is constantly felt in the old Belgian cities. We see one, large, stately, and solemn, as at Ghent, standing apart. It instantly suggests its own antique purpose. It was the defence of the burghers, the watchful sentinel whence the alarm clanged out on danger, the sound piercing from that eerie to the remotest lane, and bringing the valiant citizens rushing up to the great central square. It is impossible to look up at one of these monuments without feeling the spirit of Belgian history—Philip von Artevelde and the Ghentish troubles.

In the smaller cities the presence of this significant landmark is almost invariable. There is ever the lone and lorn tower, belfry, or spire, painted in dark sad colours, seen from afar off, rising from the decayed little town below. These are often of some antique, original shape, that pleases, and yet with a gloomy misanthropical air, as of total abandonment. They are rusted and abrased. From their

ancient jaws we hear the husky, jangling chimes, musical and melancholy, the disorderly rambling notes and tunes of a gigantic musical box. Towards the close of some summer evening, as the train flies on, we see the sun setting on the grim walls, and afar note the clustered houses. Within the walls and the formal rows of trees planted in regimental order which fringe and shelter them, there rises the dark, copper-coloured tower, often unfinished and ragged, but solemn and funereal, or else capped by some quaint lantern, from whose jaws presently issue the muffled tones of the chimes, halting and broken, and hoarse and wheezy with centuries of work. Often we pass on. Sometimes we descend, and walk up to the little town and wander through its deserted streets. We are struck with wonder at some vast and noble church, cathedral-like in its proportions, and nearly always original, such variety is there in these antique Belgian fanes, and facing it some rustic mouldering town hall of surprising beauty. There are a few little shops, a few old houses, but the generality have their doors closed. There is hardly a soul to be seen, certainly not a cart. There are innumerable Dead Cities of this pattern in Belgium.

It was almost at dead of night—at least, in the darkness of dawn—that I made acquaintance, as it were, with one of these significant old belfries. It had been a chilly night, with snatches of slumber in the train, and the dull roar in the ear as of the whirr of machinery. We had stopped to "bait" the engine. Looking thence was a cold reddish streak across the sky—day was about to break, and a short way off rose out of the plain what seemed an antique town such as one sees in the "cuts" of Albert Dürer, with spires and towers exactly of the pattern of those in the Nuremberg scene in the Lyceum "Faust." This was Tournay, a common place, past which the traveller flies, being eager to get to Brussels or to London, but which he rarely descends to visit. At this hour—somewhere about 5 A.M., I descended—all seemed asleep or defunct at the station—and slowly walked up the open road to the old dead town.

There was an extraordinary and original feeling in this approach: the old fortifications, or what remained of them, rising before me; the gloom, the mystery, the widening streak of day, the perfect solitariness. Admiring the shadowy belfry which rose so supreme and asserted itself among the spires, there broke out of a sudden a wonderful *charivari* of bells—jangling, chiming, rioting, from various churches, while amid all was conspicuous a deep solemn BOOM, boom, like the slow bay of a hound. This solemn, deep-voiced

melodious note came hoarse and prolonged from the square-headed tower aforesaid.

Coming up to the deserted *place*, the grand and famous cathedral rose before me, with its mediæval spires and curious pinnacles and gables, of that rusted, crusted, and even dilapidated pattern which showed that the restorers had not yet begun their work. Beside it kept watch and guard the ancient belfry—still booming on. Now from the dark lanes and approaches came stepping muffled figures with head wrapped in the picturesque Flemish hoods and cloaks, and making for the open doors of the cathedral. They seemed to flit across the space and be lost again in the shadow. Lights flickered through the open door. All which made up a tranquil, picturesque scene, and somehow brought one "into touch" with the old Belgian history.

I went in with the rest. The gloomy shadows of the dawn hung over the corners of the great church; its wonderful architecture—combination of many styles—Norman and Gothic arches, straggling irregular aisles, were strangely impressive and picturesque. How much more satisfactory, I thought, was this mode of seeing a building, than the professional one of being taken round, "bear-led," by the guide or showman. In a side aisle, or chapel, were grouped, in scattered order and kneeling on their *prie-dieu*, the honest burghers, women and men, the former arrayed in the comfortable and not unpicturesque black Flemish cloaks with the silk hoods—handsome and effective garments, and almost universal. The devotional rite of that Mass, deeply impressive, was over in twenty minutes, and all trooped away to their daily work. There was a suggestion here, in this modest, unpretending exercise, in contrast to the great fane itself, of the undeveloped power which would expand, as it were, on Sundays and feast-days, when the cathedral would display all its resources, and its huge area be crowded to the doors with worshippers, and the great rites be celebrated in all their full magnificence.

About twelve miles from Ostend is found a curious little forsaken old town, NIEUPORT, to which a convenient steam tramway brings the traveller. Nothing can be prettier than the approach, when it is seen drawing nearer and nearer, a nest of greenery comfortably sheltered by trees, and rising out of fat green pastures. A number of great canals converge here, and there is a rather elaborate system of controlling these waters. The walls have been long since levelled, but the place retains its square form, ruled out with mathematical precision, much as the contents of a cask would do when the hoops and staves have been removed. This poor spot, *with its squalid* village-like streets, has often been battered and

levelled by foreign armies; so very little is to be expected. But there still remain the two attractive objects—the old church and the market-house. I yet recall the astonishment and delight with which I came upon the latter—a small building of cream-coloured brick, with its elegant arcade storeys below, and its graceful tower. But it was crumbling, and on the next visit I found that the restorers had taken it in hand—had actually levelled and then rebuilt it, all save the tower. In a shady corner was the unique old church. This was of a complete Spanish cast, displaying a tower of enormous breadth, short and bulky, and garnished outside with a vast display of royal arms and escutcheons—Spanish, as well as could be made out. Deserted as the place was, for hardly a soul was to be seen, the delicious chimes made company enough. Those busy performers seemed never to relax for a moment, being at work at every quarter, and after; to say nothing of special and lengthy performances at important divisions of the day. The tunes of their *répertoire* were most melodious and brisk. The effect as one approaches is always extraordinary and ever novel in spite of constant repetition. It has a sort of fascination—something supernatural—for the playing has all the purpose and intelligence of a sentient being, and there is something mysterious in the abrupt stoppage, the sudden repose, when the industrious musician halts to recover breath, as it were. He seems to have the happy spontaneousness of a bird singing to please itself.

Entering this gloomy fane, the first feeling is of astonishment at the beauty and originality, and the antique rich magnificence of such an interior, in what is little better than a miserable village. The whole has a Spanish cast, and the Spanish note is even struck in the florid tablets that line the walls near the door, all recording the glories and virtues of "Don Gonzales," Donna Mercedes, &c.—mostly memorials of high Spanish officials. What a show and gathering of quaint architecture and rich original things—all gathered in this mean little town! But it is so with most of the dead Belgian cities. A fine old stained or rococo organ; a beautiful screen of varied marble arches; fine gilt grilles, and at the *side* of the altar a spire-shaped tabernacle of wonderful and elaborate workmanship. There were carved confessionals, statues, and an Eastern wealth of rich and rare objects, all well cared for, fresh, bright, in perfect order and preservation. It was wonderful to emerge from this treasury into the open air and look up at the bulky copper-coloured tower, so grim and mournful, while its restless chimes, suddenly breaking out into activity, seemed to play away "for their bare life," most musical and melodious. It was a deserted and forsaken little town.

could walk round on its encompassing high banks, remnant of the fortification, and return to the starting-point in ten minutes or a quarter of an hour.

Not very far from Nieuport stands yet another Dead City of the highest interest—FURNES. It has, as usual, its note and landmark seen afar, in a melancholy yet piquant spire or belfry, airy and elegant. Here again we wander up from the station—for these seem always at a distance from the town—and emerge upon a dainty *place*. All here seems deserted and even squalid—no shops save of the huckstering kind, such as we see in the suburbs of the poorest towns. Hence the surprise and pleasing incongruity of what we find on the *place*. To the right a grim Venetian-looking building, dungeon-like and pierced with small and few windows, yet full of rich architecture; a grand overpowering sombreness, but all grimed and decayed, it must be said, with infinite gain of effect. It seemed to be occupied by squalid lodgers and "let out in tenements." It is a sad question what is eventually to become of these innumerable monuments in the decaying Dead Cities; for local resources would be quite unequal to the strain of restoring them, and the support of Government would be vainly looked for. Beyond was a noble fragment, a huge choir and tower, an ambitious monument left unfinished, the jagged ends, as it were, broken off. There is a sort of picturesque significance in this. Then, facing us, a charming and truly elegant town hall in miniature, its corners rounded off by *tourelles*, a central and airy lantern-like tower. Beside it is another building, in direct contrast and of a Spanish pattern apparently, with arches and gables; while facing it on the other side of the *place* is the grim and gloomy old parish church with its rather wheezy chimes. Altogether a group of buildings charming in their variety and originality, and a perfect surprise and entertainment to the traveller who expects nothing or little.

Perhaps the most astounding and bewildering impression left by any of the Dead Cities was that produced by the grand old city of YPRES. After passing through a long monotonous waste of flat country of the same eternal sage green, the little occasional settlements of a group of red-tiled houses, with the church spire, as usual, asserting itself boldly, the snowy towers, in odd contrast to the unvarying grim blackness, of Ypres revealed themselves rising from what seemed a crowded and prosperous city. It had much the effect of some English cathedral town perched on some gentle rise, as seen from the railway. Here, at least, the sentimental traveller says to himself, we shall have life and bustle in company with this wonderful monument, believed to be the grandest and most over-

powering of all Belgian monuments. Here, people must live and thrive—here there will be no mere *culte des ruines* as in other places. I walked up. The approach was encouraging. A grand sweep faced me of old walls, crusted, but stout and vigorous, with corner towers rising out of a moat ; a spacious bridge, leading into a wide, encouraging-looking street of sound handsome houses. But, strange ! not a single cab, restaurant, or hotel, nay, hardly a soul to be seen, save a few rustics in their blouses ! It was all dead ! I walked on, and at an abrupt turn emerged on the huge expanse of the *place*.

Now, of all the sights that I have ever seen, it must be confessed that this offered the greatest surprise and astonishment. It was bewildering ; for on the left spread away, almost a city itself, the vast, the enormous town hall—a perspective of countless arches and windows, its roof dotted with windows, and so deep, expansive, and capacious that it alone might have lodged an army. In the centre rose the enormous square tower—massive—a rock—launching itself aloft into Gothic spires and towers. All along was a perspective of statues and carvings. This astonishing work would take some minutes of brisk stepping to walk down from end to end. It is really a Wonder of the World, and, in the common phrase applied to very ordinary things, seems to take your breath away. It is the largest, longest, most massive, solid, and enduring thing that can be conceived. It has been restored with wonderful care and delicacy. By one of the bizarre arrangements—not uncommon in Flanders—a building of another kind, half Italian, with a round arched arcade, has been added on at the corner, and the effect is odd and yet pleasing, while from behind rises a grim crag of a cathedral—solemn and mysterious—adding to the effect of this imposing combination, a sort of gloomy shadow overhanging all. The church, on entering, is found overpowering and original of its kind, with its vast arches and massive roof of groined stone. Truly an astonishing monument ! The worst of such visits is that only a faint impression is left. To gather the full import of such a monument one should stay for a few days at least, and grow familiar with it. Otherwise all is strange. Every portion claims attention at once ; but after a few visits the grim old monument seems to relax and become accessible—lets you see his good points and treasures by degrees. But who could live in a Dead City, even for a day ? For, having seen these two wonders, I began to explore the place, which took time and much walking, but nothing else was to be found. Its streets all wide, and the houses handsome—a few necessary shops—no cabs—no tramway—no carts ever and very few people to be seen. It was dead—all dead from e-

end. The strangest sign of mortality, however, was that not a single restaurant or house of refection was to be seen, not even on the spacious and so called *grande place*! One might have starved or famished without relief. Nay, there was hardly a public-house or drinking-shop.

However, the great monument itself more than supplied the absence of vitality. One seemed never weary of surveying its overpowering proportions, its nobility, its unshaken strength, and flourishing air. Yet how curious to think that it was quite purposeless, had no meaning or use! It is over four hundred feet long, and was once the seat of bustle and thriving business, for which the building itself was not too large. The Hall on the ground seems to stretch from end to end, and here was the great mart for linens—the *toiles flamandes*—once celebrated over Europe. Now desolate is the dwelling of Morna! A few little local offices transact the stunted shrunken local business of the place; the post, the municipal offices, each filling up two or three of the arches, in ludicrous contrast to the unemployed vastness of the rest. It has been fancifully supposed that the name Diaper, as applied to linens, was supplied by this town—the seat of the trade, and *Toile d'Ypres* might be supposed, speciously enough, to have some connection with the place.

Yet a further stretch and I am away to yet another of the Dead Cities, LOUVAIN. Here one expects something. There was a flourishing ecclesiastical university; there were the old traditions in old musty vellum-bound volumes; the old scholars, Justus, Lipsius, and others, and the imprint so often found in the little volume redeemed from the stalls: "LOVANII—apud," &c. Above all, there was one of the gems of Belgium—the town hall. Yet it proved to be a sad, dispiriting place, that somehow suggested Sandwich, that most forsaken of the Cinque Ports. A narrow, "slummy" street led up to a small, poorish sort of *place*, where arose this wonderful monument. The old town hall, a piece of elaborate workmanship, suggests some highly-wrought casket, or, more forcibly still, one of those reliquaries placed below the altars in Catholic churches. This is one of the most astonishing pieces of stone embroidery—all pinnacles, statues, and fretwork—which, though "restored" and renewed in the most thorough way, is still blackened, and looks ancient enough. Wandering on, I came to a gloomy, prison-like edifice, the old market or *Halles*, now turned into a Catholic university. But here nothing seemed doing; perhaps it was vacation. There was no one to be seen, and the whole was a disappointment.

I could tell of other cities dead as the rest. Of Dixmude, with its solemn imposing church, its gigantic and glorious *jubé* or screen, which architects know of, and which is, in its way, one of the glories of Belgium. This elaborate, elegant, and striking piece of work is in itself a monument, from the richness of detail, which yet does not overpower the bold striking outlines of its three ogival arches.

I could tell of Audenarde, or Oudenarde, and its gem of a town hall—this, however, is dead like the rest. But I shall close now with a pretty picture of a genuine Flemish place, though under French jurisdiction, which is of another *genre*. It is remarkable, by the way, that Franco-Flemish cities are all alive and bustling, and not in the least dead—to the credit of our so-called "lively," or rather bustling and energetic neighbours.

Old fortified towns, particularly such as have been protected by "the great Vauban," are found to be a serious nuisance to the inhabitants, however picturesque they may seem to the tourist; for the place, constricted and wrapped in bandages, as it were, cannot expand its lungs or stretch out its arms. Of late years the suffering natives have risen against this oppression; and in many districts the massive brick walls and keeps, grown hard, caked, and impenetrable as iron, have been levelled, the ditches filled up, and the drawbridges swept away. Almost at once the town begins to spread out into the country; air and light enter, the inhabitants enjoy quite a new sense of freedom and prosperity. After all, there is a feeling of servility in having to go out or enter through a guarded gate, and to live under shadow of a wall, or, worse constraint still, find the gates closed till morning, say during the hours after ten o'clock. Many of the old fortressed towns, such as Ostend, Courtrai, Calais, have recently demolished their fortifications at great cost and with much benefit to themselves.

The traveller, however, will always lament their loss. There is something picturesque and original in the first sight of a place like Arras, or St. Omer, with the rich and lavish greenery, luxuriant trees, banks of grass by which the "fosse" and grim walls are masked. Through these are seen peeping pretty gateways, often of a stately monumental character, built of a snowy-looking stone, while the spires and gables peep from their snug shelter within. Others are of a grim and hostile character, and show their teeth, as it were. One of the most effective for the gratification of the tourist is St. Malo, with its mouldering but picturesque towers, battlements, and other defences.

Dunkirk, a fortress of the "first class," fortified on the modern

system, and therefore to the careless spectator scarcely appearing to be fortified at all—is a place of such extreme platitude, that the belated wayfarer wishes to escape almost as soon as he arrives. There is literally nothing to be seen. But a few miles away, there is to be found a place which will indemnify the disgusted visitor, viz., BERGUES. As the train slackens speed you begin to take note of rich green banks with abundant trees planted in files, such as Uncle Toby would have relished in his garden. There is the sound as of passing over a military bridge, with other tokens of the fortified town approaching. There it lies, close to the station, while the invariable belfry and heavy church rise from the centre, in friendly companionship. There always seems an air of sadness in these lone, lorn monuments, which perhaps arises from the sense of their vast age and all they have looked down upon. Men and women, and houses, dynasties and invaders, and burgomasters, have all passed away in endless succession, but *they* remain, and have borne the buffetings of storms and gales and wars and tumults. As we turn out of the station, a small avenue lined with trees leads straight to the entrance. The bright snowy-looking *place* seems to bask in the sun, while just the tops of the red-tiled roofs seem to peep at us over the walls. At the end of the avenue the sturdy gateway greets us cheerfully, labelled "Porte de Biene," flanked by two short and burly towers that rise out of the water; while right and left, the old brick walls, red and rusted, stretch away, flanked by corner towers. We enter, and then see what a tiny compact little place it is—a perfect miniature town with many streets, one running round the walls; all the houses sound and compact and no higher than two storeys, so as to keep snug and sheltered under the walls, and not draw the enemy's fire. The whole seems to be about the size of the Green Park at home, and you can walk right across, from gate to gate, in about three minutes. It is bright, and clean "as a new pin," and there are red-legged soldiers drumming and otherwise employed.

Almost at once we come on the *place*, and here we are rewarded with something that is worth travelling even from Dover to see. There stands the old church, grim, rusted, and weather-beaten, rising in gloomy pride, huge enough to serve a great town, while facing it is the belfry before alluded to, one of the most elegant, coquettish, and original of these always interesting structures. The amateur of Flemish architecture is ever prepared for something pleasing in this direction, for the variety of the belfries is infinite; but this specimen fills one with special delight. It rises to a great height in the usual square tower-shape, but, at each corner, is flanked

by a quaint, old-fashioned *tourelle* or towerlet, while in the centre is an airy elegant lantern of wood, where a most musical peal of bells, hung in rows, chimes all day long in a most melodious way. Each of these towers is capped by a long, graceful peak or minaret. This graceful structure has always been justly admired by the architect, and in the wonderful folio of etchings by Coney, done more than fifty years ago, will be found a picturesque and accurate sketch.

It seemed a City of the Dead. But now chimed out this music of the chimes which never flag, as in all Flemish cities, day or night. This supplies the lack of company, and has a comforting effect for the solitary man. From afar off comes occasionally the sound of the drum or the bugle, fit accompaniment for such surroundings. At the foot of the belfry was an antique building in another style, with a small open colonnade, which, though out of harmony, was still not inappropriate. The only thing jarring was a pretentious modern town hall, in the style of one of our own vestry buildings, "erected out of the rates," and which must have cost a huge sum. It was of a genteel Italian aspect, so it is plain that French local administrators are, in matters of taste, pretty much as they are with us. One could have lingered long here, looking up at this charming and graceful work, which its surroundings became quite as much as it did its surroundings.

While engaged in admiring this work it was curious to find that not a soul crossed the *place*. Indeed, during my whole sojourn in the town, a period of about half an hour, I did not see a dozen people. There were a few shops; yet all was bright, sound, in good condition. There was no sign of decay or decaying; all seemed to sleep. It was a French "Dead City." But it surely lives and will live, by its remarkable bell tower, which at this moment is chiming away, with a melodious huskiness, gay tunes, repeated every quarter of an hour, while as the hour comes round there is a general clamorous *charivari*.

These may seem very unpretending sights and shows for the traveller; but it is worth considering what an amount of thoughtful enjoyment is thus obtained, at but little pains and expense. There is, above all, the old antique sense; the revival of the past, and the delightful feeling of being undisturbed by the rush of tourists and starers.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

MASTER RANDOLPH'S FANTASY.

ABOUT the middle of May, 1566, Robert Melvill was despatched by Mary Queen of Scots as a special envoy to the English Court. The ostensible purpose of his mission was to request Queen Elizabeth to stand godmother to the royal infant whose birth was shortly expected.[1] And it was, indeed, with this object that his journey had, in the first instance, been resolved upon. But, three or four days before the time originally fixed for his departure,[2] he had been hastily summoned to Holyrood and ordered to set out at once, and with all speed, on an errand of a very different kind. According to the tenor of his later instructions, he was the bearer not of a friendly message from Mary Stuart to her loving cousin, but of a bitter complaint from the Queen of Scotland to the English sovereign. Mary had been informed by one of her agents at Berwick that "there was a booke wrytten agaynst her, of her lyf and govermente."[3] Though possessing no actual knowledge of the contents of the obnoxious libel and acquainted with its general tone and purport only, she had "taken it so grevouslye as nothyge of longe time had come so neare her hearte."[4] Not only did she resent the insult as a sovereign, but she also felt the outrage as a woman, and expressed her fear lest, having come to her so suddenly and at so critical a time, the unwelcome intelligence "sholde breed daynger to her byrthe or hurte to her selfe."[5] And Melvill had been hurried off to London to inform Elizabeth of the crime committed by one of her subjects, "that in tyme this worke mighte be suppressed and,"[6] more important still, "condign punishment taken upon the wryter;" for by this means alone, the indignant Queen declared, could it be made apparent that he was not "mayntayned against her, not only by advise

[1] Earl of Morton to the Earl of Bedford, May 24, 1566.
[2] Thomas Randolph to Sir William Cecil, May 26, 1566.
[3] Ibid. [4] Ibid. [5] Ibid. [6] Ibid.

and counsell to move her subiects agaynste her, but also by defamations and falce reports mayke her odious to the werlde."[1]

The work at which such grievous offence had been taken was entitled "Maister Randolphe's Fantasie," and the informant who had given Mary notice of its publication had also assured her that it was in reality what it purported to be, the production of the agent who, till within a short time previously, had represented England at the Scottish Court. She accepted the charge without question and without doubt. In her mind Thomas Randolph was associated with all the intrigues which had culminated in the open defection and organised opposition of the most powerful of her nobles, and she felt conscious of having treated him with a harshness calculated to add an ardent desire for revenge to the malevolent intentions by which she believed him to be actuated. During the last six months of his residence in Edinburgh he had been subjected to a series of petty vexations, of personal attacks and of open accusations, which even his avowed partisanship could not justify, and which were not less discreditable to the instigators of them than insulting to the sovereign whom he represented. On the formation of the league to which Mary's marriage with Darnley had given rise he had been threatened with punishment "for practising with the Queen's rebels."[2] Mary herself had shown her displeasure in so marked a manner that Randolph had sent to England a formal complaint of the difficulties thrown into his way by her refusal to give him access to her presence, even on official business.[3] When at last she did grant him an audience, it was not for purposes of political negotiation, but solely to upbraid him "for his many evil offices" towards her.[4] The dread of immediate imprisonment,[5] and the personal violence to which he was actually subjected,[6] had rendered his position so intolerable that he petitioned for permission to retire to Berwick.[7] His request was denied him; but the consequences of the refusal soon showed how ill-advised had been the action of those who had insisted upon his continuance in functions for which he now lacked the essential conditions of favour and security. In the beginning of the following year he was summoned before the Queen in Council, and publicly accused of abetting

[1] Thomas Randolph to Sir William Cecil, May 26, 1566.
[2] Ibid. Aug. 20, 1565.
[3] Ibid. Sept. 9, 1565.
[4] Ibid. Dec. 15, 1565.
[5] Thomas Randolph to the Earl of Bedford, Sept. 30, 1565.
[6] "Instructions for certain persons to be sent into Scotland to commune respecting . . . assaults upon Thomas Randolph."—*State Papers.*
[7] Thomas Randolph to the Earl of Leicester, Oct.

the Earl of Murray in his treasonable designs, and supplying him with funds to carry them out.[1] In spite of his direct and explicit denial of a charge which was in reality without foundation, he was ignominiously ordered to leave the country.[2] Anxious as he had been to be relieved from duties which had become as dangerous as they were difficult, Randolph nevertheless refused to obey. He appealed from Mary and her Lords to Elizabeth, to the sovereign to whom he owed his allegiance, and was answerable for his conduct, by whose favour he had been appointed to a position of confidence and honour, and at whose command alone he would consent to surrender his trust. On hearing the slight which had been put upon her accredited representative, the Queen of England took up his cause with characteristic promptitude and energy. She at once despatched a letter to the Queen of Scots complaining "of her strange and uncourteous treatment of Mr. Randolph,"[3] and informing her that his departure from Edinburgh would be the signal for the dismissal of the Scottish agent from the English Court. In spite of Elizabeth's remonstrances, and in the face of a threat which was so far from being idly meant that it was peremptorily carried out less than a fortnight later,[4] Randolph's expulsion was insisted upon. After having twice again received orders from the Lords,[5] he at length yielded to necessity and retired across the Border to Berwick.

That Randolph, smarting under such treatment, should have made use of his enforced leisure and of the knowledge which he had had special opportunities for acquiring to write a book by which he hoped to injure her cause and tarnish her reputation, doubtless seemed to Mary to be so natural that she deemed it unnecessary to institute further inquiries into the truth of the charge brought against him. His guilt was assumed as soon as the accusation was made, and, by a singular coincidence, if, indeed, it was not of set purpose, the same Minister whose dismissal had followed his own disgrace was sent back to Elizabeth to demand his punishment.

Randolph's reply was not delayed. He was at Berwick when Melvill passed through it on his way to London, and learnt directly from his own lips all the particulars of the alleged libel, of the Queen's anger, and of her determination to bring down exemplary chastisement upon the offender's head. At once availing himself of the advantage which this early information afforded him, he drew up

[1] Thomas Randolph to Sir W. Cecil, Feb. 19, 1566; the Queen of Scots to Queen Elizabeth, Feb. 20, 1566. [2] Ibid.

[3] Queen Elizabeth to the Queen of Scots, March 3, 1566.

[4] Ibid. March 15, 1566.

[5] Thomas Randolph to Sir W. Cecil, March 6, 1566.

an emphatic and indignant denial of the whole indictment and a firm vindication of his conduct at the Scottish Court. He wrote with a manly frankness and dignity which are not always characteristic of his correspondence, adding considerable weight to his solemn protestations of innocence by the candid avowal of the suspicion with which he viewed the Queen's policy, and to which he had more than once given expression in his official communications to the home Government. "I coulde hardelye have beleved,"[1] he said, "that anye suche reporte coulde have come owte of this towne to that Q: or that her g. wolde upon so slender information so suddaynlie agayne gyve credit to anye suche report, in specaill that she wolde so hastelye w^th^owte farther assurance thus grevouslye accuse me to my Soveraign. The remẽbrance hereof hathe some what greved me, but beinge so well hable to purge my selfe of anye suche crime, and knowinge before whom I shal be accused and hearde with suche indifferencie as I neade not to dowte of anye partialitie, and pardoned to stonde stiflye in defence of my honestie, I condeñe my selfe that I sholde tayke anye such care as almoste to pass what is sayde of me by suche, as throughe blamynge of me wolde culler suche Iniuries as I have knowne and daylye see done to my mestres, to my Soveraign and Countrie, to w^ch^ I am borne, w^ch^ I will serve w^th^ boddie and lyf trewlye, and carles what becoñethe of me, more desierus to leave behynde me the name of a trewe servante then to possesse greate wealthe. I, therfore, in the presence of God and by my allegens to my Soveraign, affirme trewlye and advisedlye, that I never wrote booke agaynste her, or gave my consent or advise to anye that ever was wrytten, nor at this hower do knowe of anye that ever was set forthe to her defamation or dyshonour, or yet ever lyked of anye suche that ever dyd the lyke. And that this is trewe, yt shalbe mayntayned and defended as becoñethe one that oughte to have greater regarde of his honestie and trothe then he doth regarde what becoñethe of his lyf. I knowe that vnto your h: I have wrytten divers tymes maynie thynges straynge to be hearde of in a princesse that boore so greate a brute and fame of honour and vertu, as longe tyme she dyd. I confesse a mislykinge of her doings towards my mestres. I feared ever that w^ch^ still I stonde in dowte of, les over myche credit sholde be given whear lyttle is mente that is spoken. I wolde not that anye waye my mestres sholde be

[1] Thomas Randolph to Sir William Cecil, May 26, 1566. All the documents quoted in this paper being here published for the first time, it has been thought proper to reproduce them without either changing the orthography or filling in the abbreviations.

abused, wch made me wryte in greater vehemencie and more ernestlye then in matters of les consequence; but yf yt be ever provyd that I ever falcelye imagined anye thinge agaynste her, or untrewlye reported yt wch I have hearde willinglye, or dyd reveele that wch I do knowe to anye man, savinge to suche as I am bounde ether for deuties sake, or by comandemente, I am contente to tayke this crime upon me, and to be defamed for a villayne, never to be better thought of then as mover of sedition and breeder of dyscorde betwene princes, as her g: hathe termed me. Of that wch I have wrytten to yor h: I am sure ther is nothynge come to her eares; wch was so farre from my mynde to put in a booke, that I have byne maynie tymes sorrie to wryte yt vnto yor h: from whome I knowe that I ought to keape nothynge whearby the Q. Matie myght vnderstonde this Q: state, or be assured what is her mynde towards her. Yf in this accusation I be founde giltles bothe in deade and thoughte (thoughe more be to be desyered of a gentleman that livethe onlye by the princes credit, and seekethe no other estimation then is wone by faythefull and trewe service) yet I will fynde my selfe satisfied, myche honered by the Q: Matie and bounde vnto yor h: that such triall maye be had of this matter that yt maye be knowne wch way and by whome in this towne anye suche reporte sholde come to her g: eares; wch I require more for the daynger that maye growe vnto this place to have suche persones in it, then I desyer my selfe anye revenge, or, in so falce matters do mayke greate accompte what anye man saythe or howe theis reporte of me, for that I am assured that more shame and dyshonor shalbe theirs in their falce accusations, then ther cane be blamed towards me in my well doynge."

In the face of this unqualified disclaimer, it would have required not merely suspicion founded on the unsupported assertion of a nameless informer, but the most direct and irrefutable evidence, to substantiate the charge brought against Randolph. His letter bore its own confirmation on the face of it. It was not meant for the public, who might perhaps have been put off by high-sounding phrases and protestations; neither was it intended for the Scottish Queen, who, though better informed, had no special facilities for testing the statements which it contained. It was addressed to Cecil, to the Minister with whom Randolph had been in constant correspondence for years, to whom he had communicated the trifling events of each day—incidents of Court life and scraps of Court gossip—who knew the extent of his experience of Scottish affairs, and was as familiar with his views as with his peculiarities of style and diction in expressing them; to the last man, in short, whom it

would have been possible to hoodwink as to the authorship of a work bearing traces of either the hand or the inspiration of his subordinate.

But, if Randolph had been the author of the poem bearing his name, besides being deterred from any attempt at deception by the almost certainty of failure, he would doubtless have remembered that Cecil was one of the bitterest enemies of the Queen of Scots, and that, at the pitch which party animosity had reached, even though, for the sake of appearances, some indignation might be simulated, no serious offence was likely to be taken at a work tending to vilify the rival with whom, in spite of the hollow show of friendship still maintained, an open rupture was imminent, whose difficulties, far from calling forth sympathy, were the subject of thinly-veiled exultation, whose indiscretions were distorted into faults, and whose errors were magnified into crimes. Had he been concerned in the production of the "Fantasy," he possessed sufficient shrewdness to know that his wisest and safest course did not lie in a denial of which the falsehood could not escape exposure, but in a confession which, whilst attended with no real danger, might actually tend to his credit.

Cecil accepted Randolph's disclaimer without demur, and in a manner which left no doubt that he was thoroughly convinced of its absolute truth. It was deemed of sufficient importance to be answered with no further delay than was rendered necessary by the slow means of communication of the time. To his letter of May 26 Randolph received a reply as early as the 6th of the following month. It has, unfortunately, not been preserved; but, though it is impossible to reproduce the language in which it was couched, it is easy to judge of its purport and of the tone which pervaded it. These may be gathered from the grateful acknowledgment which it called forth from Randolph. "Yt may please yo^{r} H:," he wrote in a letter dated from Berwick on June 7, "that yesterdaye I receaved yo^{r} letter of the thyrde of this instant for w^{ch} I do most humblye thanke you and have therby receaved maynie thyngs to my cõtentation. In speciall for the wrytinge of that fantasie or dreame called by my name, that I am thought fawltles, as in deade I am, but still greeved that I am so charged, but that waye seeke no farther to please then with my deutie maye stonde. Yf M^{r} Melvill remayne so well satysfied that he thinke me cleare, I truste that he will performe no les then he promised, that the reporter bycawse he is in this towne shalbe knowne, at the leaste yf not to me, I wolde yo^{r} h: were warned of such."[1]

A few days after the receipt by Randolph of Cecil's letter,

[1] Thomas Randolph to Sir William Cecil, Berwick June 7, 1566.

Elizabeth despatched from Greenwich an answer to the complaints of which Melvill had been the bearer. It was a singular document in which words were skilfully used to veil the writer's meaning, and irony disguised beneath the fairest show of sympathy. While seeming to promise complete satisfaction, it contained no expression but might be explained away, and it carefully refrained from putting forth any opinion with regard to Randolph's guilt or innocence. It began by assuring the Queen of Scots that she was not the only one who had been moved to anger on hearing of "Randolph's Fantasy," and by asserting, with feigned indignation, that even to dream treason was held to be a crime worthy of banishment from England, where subjects were required to be loyal not in their words merely, but in their very thoughts also; it bade her rest satisfied that, for the investigation of the subject complained of, such means should be used as would let the whole world know in what esteem her reputation was held; and it concluded by hinting at no less a punishment than death when the truth was found out: "Mais quant je lisois la fascherye en quoy vous estiez pour avoir ouy du songe de Randolphe"—so ran the letter—"je vous prometz que nestiez seule en cholere. Sy est ce que l'opinion que les songes de la nuit sont les denonciations des pensées iournelles fussent verefyez en luy, s'il n'en eust que songé et non point escript, je ne le penserois digne de Logis en mon Royaulme. Car non seulement veul je que mes subiectz ne disent mal des princes, mais que moins est, de n'en penser sinon honorablement. Et sois asseurée que pense tellement traicter ceste cause, que tout le monde verra en quel estyme je tiens vre renomée, et useray de telz moyens pour en cognoistre la vérité, qu'il ne tiendra a moy sy je ne la scache. Et la trouvant, je la laisseray a vre jugement si la pugnition ne soyt digne pour telle faulte, combien que je croy que la vye d'aulcun n'en pourra bonnement equivaller la cryme."[1]

Whatever may have been Mary's opinion as to the true spirit of this reply, she saw that its language left no ground for further remonstrance. Perhaps, too, doubts may have entered her own mind as to the authenticity of the obnoxious poem. At any rate she seems to have thought it wise to urge the matter no further. It dropped and died away; no reference to it again occurs in the correspondence of the period.

It would be vain to search the literature of the sixteenth century for any trace of "Master Randolph's Fantasy." No mention of it is

[1] Queen Elizabeth to the Queen of Scots, Greenwich, June 13, 1566.

to be found even in the most minute and detailed of contemporary chroniclers. In modern histories its very name is unknown. No copy of it is preserved in our great libraries,[1] and if a stray one should have escaped the summary suppression which the angry Queen demanded of Elizabeth,[2] it must be lying hidden amongst pamphlets and broadsides on the shelves of some private collection. But, by some strange chance, though the printed work has disappeared, the manuscript has survived; and we are still able to satisfy our curiosity with regard to the contents of the obnoxious satire which gave such grave offence to the Queen of Scots.

In the manuscript copy preserved amongst the documents of the Record Office,[3] "Maister Randolphe fantasey"—the sub-title of which conveys the information that it is "a breffe calgulacion of the procedinge in Scotlande from the first of Julie to the last of December"—is prefaced by an "Epistle dedicatorie" addressed "to the right worshipfull M^r^ Thomas Randolphe esquyre Resident for the Quenes Ma^ties^ affaires in Scotlande." The author begins this quaint, diffuse, and at times obscure production by setting forth the reasons which have led him to look for "some ripe and grave patronage" for his "small travell." He pleads the precedent of "eloqent wryters" who, "albeit there excellent works learnedlie compiled, needed no patronage, not onelie appeled to others learned, but sought th'awctorytie of the gravest men, to sheld them from th'arrogant curyous and impewdent reprehendors." With much rhetorical amplification he then proceeds to enumerate the qualifications which seem more particularly to designate Randolph as a fitting patron and protector. "Well may I, knowinge yo^r^ zelous nature and inclynacion to letters attempt to royst under the protexion of yo^r^ name. Who can better judge of theis whole procedings then you? Who can so well wyttnes it as yo^r^ dailie attendaunce? Who may better defende it then yo^r^ learned experience? Who so well deserves the memorye hereof then yo^r^ long and wearye service, especiallie sithence the troblesome broiles and monstrouous eschange in this transformed and blundred comon-weale? Who may so well auctoryshe the vnlearned aucto^r^ as yo^r^ w: to whom justlie awaytinge yo^r^ succor, simplie I retyre." From this apostrophe he passes on to a justifica-

[1] This was ascertained by inquiries made at the British Museum, the Bodleian Library, the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, and the Glasgow University Library. A letter on the subject was also addressed to the Librarian of the University Library, Cambridge, but was not honoured with a reply.

[2] Randolph to Cecil, May 26, 1566.

[3] *State Papers. Scotland—Elizabeth*, vol. xi., Dec. 31, 1565.

tion of his poem, in which he claims to have "delt franklie" and, "as God shall be his judge, not pertiallie," and which he has produced solely in compliance with the earnest and repeated solicitations of influential friends. "I had not compiled this tragidye, as iustlie I may terme it," he writes, "yf some my contremen, resolved of muche better then I can or ought conceyve of my selffe, by there sundrye letters and meanes entreated me to wryte what I sawe, w^ch^ chefflie by there procurement I have doen, who, havinge care of my well doinge, perswaded me howe profytable and necessarye it was to vse my terme and travell, and imploy that talent that might tend to my great comodytie and avale. Theis indenyable requestes and ffrendlie reasons did so charme me, albeit longe deaffe at there enchantments, that I cold not refuse to susteane this charge, that nowe enforcethe my well meanynge to run post (I knowe) to some vnwelcome gwides, that w^th^ twyned mynde will intercept my meanynge. Thus tranede and, as it were, bewytched w^th^ this vnweldye charge of request, I pushe forthe this vnpolished phantasey, a breffe calgulacion of theis procedinges." Though confessedly anxious to reap any reward which his poetical venture may be thought to deserve, the author does not appear to be equally willing to monopolise the "blame and infamye, yf any there bee." On the contrary, he is careful to point out—"to make his blames more excusable for there importunytie"—that they who have urged him to write are "accessaryes yf not principalls in his unwillinge cryme," and that it would be a cruel hardship, indeed, were he doomed "to thole ignomynye" and "live a condempned byarde," for the sake of "cleringe others." It is with the evident intention of giving force to this plea that, whilst seeming to prefer a humble request that Randolph "will not refuse to surname" the offspring of his "restless Mewse," he takes the opportunity of pointing him out "as the cheffe parent thereof." With what success this questionable device was attended Mary's complaint to Elizabeth has already set forth.

After having fenced himself round, in his dedication, with all these rhetorical safeguards, the author turns to the reader with a poetical appeal to "arrest his judgement," and then addresses himself to the task of recording the "proceedings" of the eventful six months which followed Mary's ill-advised marriage with Darnley.

The first part of the "Phantasey" opens with a poetical sketch, in which the author represents himself as sunk in melancholy meditation, and endeavouring to find relief from the heavy burthen which the intrigues and disappointments of Court life have cast upon him:

ffor weriéd [1] with cares and sorrowes source suppresst,
and worldlie woos of sharpe repulse that bredes vnquyet rest,
confus'd with courtlie cares, a seate of slipper [2] stay,
that yeldes the draught of bitter swete to such as drawes that way,
in silent sort I sought unwist of any wight
to attempt some meane howe well I cold my heavy burden light.

Whilst he is thus revolving "what fyttest were for feble myndes," his conflicting thoughts, personified as "Desire," "Tyme," "Fansye," and "Reason," appear before him and volunteer, in turn, such advice as seems best suited to the situation. "Desire," whose opinion is naturally the first to find expression, suggests that he should seek "such rest as may revive his pensive thought, with sorrow so opprest." "Tyme," however, interposes with a reminder that "feldishe sports be now exempt," and that the season is not "mete" for the amusements that might delight his spirits. This affords "Fansye" an opportunity of making herself heard:

assay yf that thie Mevses trades may ought dissolve thie care,
pervse [3] some pleasunte stile that may delight the brayne
and prove by practyse of the pen to file thie wyttes agayne.

But this advice does not meet with the approval of "Reason." She points out to the poet that

Devyne Camenes never cold with Mavors' rage agree,
Ne yet Minerva mewse with skill was depelie scande [4]
When as [5] Bellona did decree [6] with bloody sworde in hande;

and that, if he should allow himself to be hurried by his sympathies into championing every cause and "wrastling in eche wrong," the result must be as useless as though "he shold stope the streame, or sporne against the sone." Bidding him be ruled by her, she counsels him to "mesure by myrthe some meane that may his grieves disgest," to "solace the rage of hevmayne cares within a gladsome brest," and to follow the safer course of "sojourning with silence," unless, indeed, he should be able to find "a frend on whom he may repose the secretes of his mynde." But "rareness of suche one" suggests moral reflections on the dangers of flattery, with its "sewgred speech," and on the fickleness of friendship, "a flyinge birde with wings of often change." These, and a further recommendation to prudent silence, which, though it "do allay no rage of stormy thoughte," is at least preferable to the "bankroote gest" distrust, bring Reason's harangue to a close.

[1] *ffor weriéd*, wearied out.
[2] *slipper*, slippery.
[3] *pervse*, employ, have recourse to.
[4] *scande*, attended to.
[5] *When as*, whilst.
[6] *decree*, hold sway.

In a passage of some merit, but so singularly out of place that it suggests an error of transcription, the poet proceeds to describe the dreary season to which Fancy has already made reference:

It was when Awtum had fild full the barnes with corne
And he that eats and emtyes all away had Awtum worne,
And wynter windes approcht that doth ibayre the trene,
And Saturne's frosts, that steanes the earth had perst the tender grene,
And dampishe mystes discendes when tempests work much harme,
And force of stormes do make all cold that somer had made warme,
whose lustie hewe dispoiled cold not possess the place,
ne yet abide Boreas' blasts that althings dothe deface.

After this digression Reason's advice is taken into consideration. Recognising its wisdom, the poet at first "seeks by solitarye meanes to recreate his minde." The attempt is not, however, crowned with success. He experiences that, "as the sowthfast sayen," "solytarynes" is but "hewe of dispaire, ffoo to his weale, and frendlie to ech payne," and that slender indeed "are the greves that silence do unlade." In his solitude the evils of his own position crowd up before him, he "beats his branes with bitter bale and woos of worldlie force," he recalls the "painful years" which he has "lingered forth" in Scotland, with the sole reward of seeing "his credyt crak the string with those with whome in faythfull league he long before had bene," and himself "rolled out of Fortune's lappe." By a natural transition he passes from his own grievances to a consideration of the political events which have produced them; his "bewsye heade" calls up the "sowre change," the "sodaine fall" of the realme "from weale to woo, from welthe to wast, and worce if ought might be."

The cue for it being thus given, there follows a recapitulation of the "proceedings" which are the real subject of the "Fantasy." "I saw," the poet says—

I saw the Quene whose will occurant with her yeres
was wone[1] to worke oft that she wold by counsaile of her peres.
It was the winged boy had perst[2] her tender thought,
and Venus' joyes so tickled her that force avaled nought;
on Darlie did she dote who equall in this mase[3]
sought to assalt the forte of fame defenst with yeas and nayes,
which for a while repulst and had no passage in;
but still porsewt did rase the seige[4] that might the fortresse wyne,
who, stronglie thus beseiged with battry rounde aboute,
at last was forst to yeld the keis, she cold not holde hym owte,
but rendered sacke and spoile unto the victor's grace.
so ritch a pray did not the Greks by Helen's meanes possesse.

[1] *wone*, wont. [2] *perst*, pierced. [3] *mase*, wild fancy.
[4] *rase the seige*, carry on the siege with increased vigour.

To regall charge of rule she did advaunce his state,
and gave the sworde into his hand that bred civill debate:
This was affection force that blewe this gale of winde;
this regestreth the found pretence [1] within a woman's mynde
this calls us to reporte [2] and proves the proverbe trewe,
that wemens wills are sonest wone in that they after rewe.
This brede a brutyshe broile and causèd cankred spight
to move the myndes of suche as did envy a stranger's might;
vnder wch shade was shrowde an other fyrme intente,
and so, by color of that change to doe what he was bente,
wch made muche myserye and wrought this realme to wracke,
and sturde [3] a stiveling sture [4] amongst the muffled contre-packe [5]
that mustrèd eche where [6] in forme and force of warre,
and clapt on armor for the feld as the comannded warre.

Here the poet, who seems anxious to lose no opportunity of pointing a moral, interrupts for a while his sombre description of the state of Scotland under this "reckles rule," to introduce his own reflections upon "the slipper state of worldlie wealth that heare on earth we finde." Resuming his lamentation, he records the undeserved disgrace of "those whose grave advice in judgement semed vpright," and the unwise promotion to offices of trust of those "which grated [7] but for gayne and gropt for private pray," who presumptuously attempted to "gwide a shipe against the storme," though they "had not the skill in calm to stire a barge."

Lest the application of the general statement should remain doubtful, it is illustrated by reference to the leading men of the Queen's party. To each of them a couplet is dedicated, the symmetry being broken in favour of Maxwell alone, who is thought worthy of a double share of satire. Unfortunately, however, the allusions are so vague and the language in many cases so obscure, that it is difficult to catch more than the drift of what is intended to characterize the conduct and unveil the motives of each individual:

I sawe Adthole abridge with craft to conquere cost,
and forge that fact by forraigne foos that his discent might bost;
I sawe what Merton ment by shufflinge for his share,
imbrasinge those that shrowdes the shame of his possessed care;
I sawe howe Cassells crowcht affirmynge yea and na,
as redyest when chaunce brings chang to drive and drawe that way;
I saw Crawforde encroche on slipperie renowne,
that curre favell [8] in the court might retche to higher rowme; [9]

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[1] *regestreth the found pretence*, shows the infatuation. [2] *reporte*, quote.
[3] *sturde*, stirred up. [4] *stiveling sture*, stifling passion.
[5] *muffled contre-packe*, secret opposition-party. [6] *eche where*, everywhere.
[7] *grated*, sought with importunity. [8] *curre favell*, curried favour.
[9] *rowme*, position.

I sawe howe Lyddington did powder it[1] with pen,
and fyled so his sewgred speche as wone the wills of men;
I sawe howe Lyndsey lurkt vnconstant of his trade,[2]
alludinge[3] by his duble meanes that might his lust vnlade;[4]
I sawe howe Hume in hope did hoist the sale aloft,
and howe he anker weighed with those that most for credyt sought;
I sawe howe Ruthven reigned as one of Gnator's[5] kinde,
and howe he first preffer'd his ple respondent to his mynde.
I sawe what Maxwell mente in kindlinge the flame,
and after howe he sought newe meanes to choke the smoke agayne,
whose dowble dealinge did argewe vnconstant fayth,
and shamefull wayes blowes forthe the brute[6] that may record his death;
with feble force I sawe howe Leonox did entende,
as thriftie of a princelie rewle to regestre his ende;
I saw the weake advise that Darlie did aforde,
as yonge in wytt as fewe of yeres to weld the regall sworde;
and sodainelie I saw howe Bulforde credyt sought,
and howe from nought he start aloft to bear the freey in court.[7]

The political correspondence and historical records of the period allow us to remove, in some slight degree, the obscurity which veils this passage, and supply concerning the conduct of some of the characters alluded to in it such particulars as may help us to understand, if not the special point of the poet's satire, at least the general reasons which aroused his indignation and drew forth his censure.

It would have been difficult for the most bitter opponent of the royal cause to find in Athole's conduct during the period here referred to anything to justify an attack on his personal character. There is consequently no matter for astonishment in the fact that the satirist—if our interpretation of the couplet be the correct one—has no more heinous offence to reproach him with than fidelity to his trust and loyalty to his Queen. These, it is true, he manifested on more than one critical occasion. It was to Athole's house in Dunkeld that Mary, knowing herself to be surrounded with spies in Perth, determined to retire after the memorable convention at which the intended marriage with Darnley was made known. When, a few days later, intelligence was brought by Lindsay of Dowhill of a plot formed by the confederate Lords to seize the Queen's person at Parenwell, to tear her intended husband and his father from her side, and to slay

[1] *powder it*, create bustle or pother.
[2] *trade*, course.
[3] *alludinge*, deceiving.
[4] *vnlade*, give free scope to.
[5] *Gnator*—If this be not meant for *nature*, the only explanation that suggests itself is a reference to Gnatho, a flatterer, in Terence, between whom and the fierce and intractable Ruthven, however, but little resemblance is perceptible.
[6] *brute*, report.
[7] *to bear the freey in court*—this expression, which is evidently intended to convey the idea of influence or exalted position, may be connected with the French *faire les frais*.

all who offered resistance to the deed of violence, it was with Athole that Mary concerted measures to frustrate the lawless attempt, and it was by his exertions that a body of two hundred loyal gentlemen was raised to serve as an escort for her. At the public solemnisation of the Queen's marriage it was Athole who, in recognition of his faithful service, led both bride and bridegroom to the altar, and who, at the banquet which followed, acted as her carver. That these marks of favour were not the only rewards bestowed upon his loyal attachment is shown by Randolph in a letter which he wrote to Cecil a few months later,[1] and in which he states the Earl of Athole's influence to be paramount, greater even than Bothwell's. If we be right in interpreting the charge of "abridging with craft to conquer cost" to mean that Athole endeavoured to husband the resources of the kingdom, it was a course which the state of the Queen's finances more than justified. The pecuniary difficulties in which she was involved are repeatedly alluded to in Randolph's despatches. On July 4 we find him informing Cecil of the arrival of a chest supposed to contain supplies of money, and significantly adding that "if that way the Queen and Darnley have either means or credit, it is so much the worse."[2] A fortnight later[3] he refers more plainly still to the desperate condition of the royal exchequer, and states that Mary "is so poor at present that ready money she hath very little and credit none at all." In August[4] he announces that "she hath borrowed money of divers, and yet hath not wherewith to pay so many soldiers as are levied for two months." If, under these circumstances, Athole set himself the arduous and thankless task of narrowly watching over the expenditure of funds which it was so difficult to raise, and even if the allusion contained in the enigmatical accusation of "forging that fact by forrayne foos" should point to any part taken by him in obtaining "about fifteen hundred francs which had been sent out of France," no impartial judge can behold in this a proof of anything but loyalty to his kinswoman and Queen.

The charge of "shufflinge for his share," the only intelligible count in the indictment contained in the couplet devoted to Morton, is fully justified by the able but unscrupulous statesman's conduct during the period of civil strife to which the "Phantasey" refers. On the formation of the league for which Mary's intentions towards her cousin had afforded a pretence, Morton had joined the ranks of the confederate Lords. Before long, however, his opposition to the marriage was overcome and his services secured for the royal cause by the sacrifice

[1] Randolph to Cecil, Oct. 31, 1565.
[2] Ibid. July 4, 1565.
[3] Ibid. July 19, 1565.
[4] Cecil's Journal.

on the part of Lennox and Darnley of their claims to the honours and estates of Angus. Though his motives were very far from being disinterested, his conduct was for a while in strict conformity with the pledge which had been bought from him, and he successfully exerted his influence to conciliate some of the bitterest opponents to the royal marriage. Such as it was, however, his loyalty was but short-lived. He took umbrage at the part assigned to Lennox in the command of the army which marched out to encounter the confederates. In the month of October his treasonable designs were so far from being a secret that Randolph described him as "only making fair weather with the Queen till he could espy his time."[1] But by her prompt and energetic action in compelling him to surrender the Castle of Tantallon to the Earl of Athole,[2] the Queen obliged him to declare himself sooner than he had intended, and before his treachery could do any material injury to her cause.

Like his kinsman Morton, Ruthven, though serving in the royal army, was in league with the rebels. Between him and Mary there had never existed any great sympathy, though, out of consideration for Lennox, whose intimate associate he was, she admitted him for a while to her favour and confidence. As early as the beginning of July, however, it was reported that "the Lord of Ruthven had entered into suspicion,"[3] and three months later he was also mentioned amongst those who were "only making fair weather with the Queen."[4] His final defection took place at the same time and for the same cause as Morton's, the "plee" which he "preffered"—that is, the claim which he also laid to a part of the Angus estates, in right of Janet Douglas, his wife—having been set aside by the royal order which made over Tantallon to Athole.

The lines directed against Lennox and Darnley require neither explanation nor comment. The ambition of the one and the boyish weakness and vanity of the other are well known. In selecting these as the objects of his satirical allusions, the poet has not treated them with greater severity than they deserved, nor, indeed, than they have met with at the hands of both contemporary and subsequent historians.

As regards Maxwell, it is not difficult to account for the prominence given to him, nor for the "unconstant fayth and shamefull ways" with which he is reproached. At the outbreak of hostilities he held the office of Warden of the Western Border. The confidence placed in him, however, he betrayed, not only by allowing the insurgents to remain unmolested within the district under his keeping,

[1] Randolph to Cecil, Oct. 12, 1565.
[2] Diurnal of Occurrents.
[3] *Randolph to Cecil, July 2, 1565.*
[4] Diurnal of Occurrents.

and actually giving them entertainment, but also by subscribing with them [1] and devoting a thousand pounds which he had received from England to the equipment of a troop of horse for service against his sovereign. Mary took his treason so greatly to heart that, in a letter to Beton, Archbishop of Glasgow, she inveighed in terms seldom to be met with in her correspondence against "the traitor Maxwell, who, to his great disgrace, had basely violated his faith to her, and sent his son as his pledge to England, undeterred by the remembrance of the treatment to which his other boy was exposed, of which he had told her himself." [2] After the Queen's bloodless victory over her rebellious nobles, and the retreat of Moray and his associates from their last city of refuge in Scotland, Maxwell, fearful of the consequences of his own treasonable conduct, begged to be allowed to return to his allegiance. Three days after Mary's arrival at Dumfries, he was brought before her by Bothwell and some of the loyal lords who offered to become sureties for his fidelity. He was received with generous kindness by his sovereign, who not only granted him a free pardon, but carried her magnanimity so far as to accept the hospitality of his castle of Lochmaben, where she remained until her return to Edinburgh.

The couplet in which the satirist tells us how Ledington "did powder it with pen, and fyled so his sewgred speech as wone the wills of men," pithily characterises the secretary's conduct, not merely on the special occasion to which allusion is here made, but throughout the whole of his eventful career. The other names introduced into the passage are known to be those of noblemen who embraced the Queen's cause, but the records of the period make no reference to any acts of theirs of sufficient importance to call for either praise or censure, though the subsequent defection of some of their number seems to justify the doubt cast on the sincerity of their motives. With regard to the last of these names, that of Bulford, a careful search has failed to discover any mention of it. The chaotic orthography of the whole "Phantasey" warrants us in supposing that it is merely a corrupted form of some more familiar appellation. It may possibly be intended to designate Sir James Balfour, who, with Rizzio, was one of the Queen's secretaries, and who about this time acquired considerable influence at Court.[3]

With this black list of those who "prowld for private pray," the poet contrasts the confederate Lords by whom "right was erect

[1] Knox's *History of the Reformation.*

[2] Queen Mary to Archbishop Beton, Oct. 1, 1565.

[3] Capt. Cokbourn to Sir W. Cecil, Jan. 8, 1566.

and wilfull wronge supprest," whose "judgements ever vncontrolde did floryshe with the best," who "sought by civill meanes for to advaunce the realme," but who were "chast away" because "the Quene wold not abide there grave advise that counsaled her to watch a better tide." The names held up to special reverence are those of Murray, Hamilton, Argyle, Rothose, Glencairn, Boyd, Ochiltree, and Grange, and it is open to question whether their action, in revolting from their sovereign and entering into negotiations with Elizabeth and her agents, warrants the praise bestowed upon them in the following lines :

ffor Murray's constant fayth and ardent zeale to truthe
had not the grace to fordge and feane that worldlie wytts pursewthe;
nor Hamilton cold have no hope to hold his seate;
nor yet Argile to abide the court the pirrye [1] was to greate;
Rothose might not resyst that stedfastnes profest;
nor Glencarne cold averde with wrong that rigor had incest; [2]
nor Boide wold not attempt the trades [3] of no mystrust;
nor Ogletree concure with such as rewlèd but for lust;
Grange wold not grate for grace, no burden he wold beare
whose horye head expert in warrs did bred the courtyers feare.

Having thus recorded the relative strength and merits of the contending parties, the poet completes his picture of the lamentable state to which the kingdom has been reduced by civil discord; then, with his natural inclination to give prominence to his own troubles, bewails the "unrest" which embitters his life and is "powdering the heires upon his head." For solace he "retyres unto his booke a space," there to contemplate, "with rufull eye, what bale is incident in everie estate where tirants do prevale," and to gather "examples that bloodye feicts dothe aske vengiance and thrists for bloode againe." Cyrus, Tomiris, Cambyses, Brutus, Cassius, Bessus, Alexander, and Dionysius are called up "to represent the fine of tirants' force," and to show "howe the gwiltles bloode that is vniustlie shede dothe crave revenge." Sheer weariness, however, puts an end to the dismal meditation, and as the poet sinks into "swete slepe" it seems to him that a messenger is "thrust in at the doore" to inform him that the Queen herself is at hand. Hereupon Mary enters, and without further preface begins "her tale," to which the second part of the "Phantasey" is devoted.

The opening words of the Queen's confession, for such is the form into which her "complante" is thrown, assume that she is acquainted with Randolph's purpose of recording the events of which

[1] *pirrye*, peril. [2] *incest*, given rise to. [3] *trades*, course of action.

he has been a witness, and are a request that he will "inwrape her woos within his carefull clewe, that when the recorde is spread everywhere, the state of her comber first may appear." Her grief, however, as she at once explains, is not for herself—there is no cause why she should repine, for all things have succeeded according to her will—it is for the miserable state to which her headstrong resistance to the advice of those who counselled wise and moderate government has reduced her realm. But, before entering fully into her subject, by a clever paralepsy she digresses into an account of her birth and accomplishments. Written as it is by a professed enemy of Mary Stuart's the passage is of considerable interest, and may help to settle the disputed question of her personal gifts :

I hold it nedles to bragg of my birthe,
by loyall dascent endowed a quene ;
my ffather doth wyttnes it even to his death,
who in this weale most noblie did reigne ;
and that halffe a Gwyssian [1] by birth I bene,
and howe the Frenshe Kinge in marag did endowe
me with royall right, a madlie [2] widowe.

But I cold bost of bewtie with the best,
in skilfull poincts of princelie attire,
and of the golden gwiftes of nature's behest
who filed my face of favor freshe and fayre ;
my bewtie shynes like Phebus in the ayre,
and nature formed my feater beside
in such proport [3] as advanseth my pride.

Thus fame affatethe [4] my state to the stares,
enfeoft with the gwyftes of nature's devise,
that soundes the retreat to others princes eares
whollie to resigne me the chefest price ;
but what doth it avale to vant in this wyse ?
for as the sowre sent the swete tast do spill
so are the good gwyftes corrupted with ill.

Foremost amongst the defects that mar the high gifts of nature she mentions the "Gwyssian" temper which she has received from her mother, and by which she has been led to take the first false step "to wedd as she wold, suche a one as she demed wold serve her lust rather then might her weale well upholde." The fatal marriage being thus introduced, she naturally refers to its results, to the opposition of those who, having "ever tendered her state, cold not abyde to see this myscheffe," and whom, in her ungovernable temper, in her "rigour and hate," she "sought to subject to the sword." This is

[1] *Gwyssian*, belonging to the Guise family. [2] *madlie*, maidenly.
[3] *proport*, proportion. [4] *affatethe*, proclaims.

followed by the names of her chief opponents, the list being augmented by a few names which do not appear in the first part. Here a passage of singular significance even at the present day is unexpectedly brought in, in connection with the Duke of Argyle. It is a description of the Irish. They are stigmatised "a bloody crewe that whoso they take they helples downe hewe," and their barbarous manner of carrying on war and inhuman treatment of the enemy is thus set forth :

> This savage kinde, they knowe no lawe of armes,
> they make not warrs as other do assay,
> they deale not deathe by [*without*] dredfull harmes,
> yeld or not yeld whoso they take they slay,
> they save no prysonners for ransome nor for pay,
> they hold it hopeles of the bodye dead
> except they see hym cut shorter by the heade.

From this point the Queen's "complante" becomes a narrative —interspersed with moral reflections on the dangers of despotic government and the horrors of civil wars—of the victorious though bloodless expedition against the confederate Lords. It is noteworthy that, however depreciatory the judgment which she is made to pass upon her own conduct, her energy and courage are repeatedly insisted upon in terms of unqualified praise: "The dread of no enemy cold me appaile, nor yett no travell endaunte my entent; . . . I dreaded no daunger of death to ensewe, no stormy blasts cold make me retyre." Indeed, in one stanza she actually likens herself to Tomiris, and though, from the fact that it appears to be made by herself, the comparison at first strikes us as unnatural and exaggerated, looked at in its proper light, as the testimony of an avowed enemy, it is undoubtedly a high tribute of admiration to her indomitable spirit:

> Amidde w^{ch} rowte, yf thou thie selffe had bene,
> and seen howe I my matters did contryve,
> thou woldest have reckened me the lustyest Quene
> that ever Europe fostred heare to live ;
> yea, if Tomiris her selffe had bene alive,
> who dreaded great hosts with her tyrannye,
> cold not shewe herself more valiant then I.

The first episode referred to by the Queen is the pitching of her camp near Glasgow, for the purpose of intercepting the rebels who had taken up their position near Paisley, but who, dismayed at the rapid march of the royal army, hastily retired towards Edinburgh. This was on August 31. The poetical narrative is as follows:

> In Glasco towne I entrenched my bandes,
> and they in Paselee, not far distant from thence,

where erelie on the morrowe, west by the sande,[1]
they gave me larum with warlicke pretence ;
we were in armes but they were gone thence,
to the ffeldes we marcht in battell array,
expectinge our foos, but they were awaye.

. . . . .

when fame had brought that the Llords were gone
to Edenbrough towne to wage[2] men of warre,
to supplie there force, and make them more stronge
of expert trayns[3] to joyne in this jarre,
I hasted forwarde to interrupt them there,
but by the way I harde they were gone
from Edenbroughe, and had clene left the towne.

In a stanza following immediately upon this, and descriptive of the course adopted by Mary on her arrival in Edinburgh, we find the confirmation of a statement made by Captain Cockburn,[4] but indignantly denied as a shameless fabrication by those historians whose aim it has been to clear the Queen from every imputation. He asserts, not only that she imposed a fine of £20,000 on certain of the burgesses of Edinburgh after the termination of the expedition, but also that previously to this she had extorted 14,000 marks from them for the support of her army. It is the latter part of this statement which has been challenged, but which undoubtedly receives strong support from the following verses :

And some that had incurred my blame,
by worde or wronge or other like meane,
for redye coigne I compounded with them,
that I might better my soulgiers maynteyne,
th'unwonted charge that I did susteane
was thus considered in everie dome[5]
to surpasse the yerelie revenue of my crowne.

Passing over the Queen's expedition into Fifeshire and the capture of Castle Campbell, "the castle of gloom," a formidable stronghold belonging to her rebel brother-in-law, the Duke of Argyle, the historical part of the narrative hastens on to the final act, the march to

[1] Probably *Sandyford*, close to the river Cart, between Paisley and Renfrew. A tradition, still current in the neighbourhood, asserts that Mary once slept at Crookston Castle, then belonging to the Lennox family. It may have been on this occasion, documentary evidence of any other opportunity for a visit to the Castle not being extant.

[2] *to wage*, to raise. [3] *trayns*, bands. [4] Capt. Cokbourn.

[5] *dome*, judgment, opinion.

Dumfries and the Lords' retreat across the Border. The inglorious termination of the rebellion has been pithily summed up by Sir James Melville in his Memoirs: "Her Majesty again convened forces to pursue the rebels, till at length they were compelled to flee into England for refuge, to her who promised by her ambassadors to wear her crown in their defence, in case they were driven to any strait for their opposition unto the marriage." The poet is scarcely less concise in his record of an event which he could neither hide nor gloss over, but upon which he evidently had no wish to dwell:

> We came to Domfreis to attempt our might,
> but all was in vane, our foos were awaie;
> there was none there that wold us resiste,
> nor yett affirme that I did gainesaye.
> . . . . . .
> They unable to abide or resist my might
> entred perforce into th'inglishe pale.
> In Carlile they all were constrayned to light,
> where the Lord Scrowpe entreated them all;
> and th'Erle of Bedforde leivetenante generall
> of th'inglish northe, whose fervent affection
> I ever dreaded to deale in this action,
> whose noble hart enflamed with ruthe
> to see theis Llords driven to dystresse,
> sought the meanes he could to advance the truthe.
> . . . . . .
> What racke, Randolphe? Thou thie selffe knowes
> I retorned a victore without any blows.

Though this seemed to indicate a point where the "Phantasey" might come to a fitting close, it is drawn out for fully a hundred lines in order that the moral of the whole narrative may be duly brought home to the reader. So far as Mary herself is concerned, the gist of her long homily may be given in her concluding words:

> 'Tis fittest for a prince,
> and such as have the regyments of realmes,
> there subjects hartes with myldnes to convince,
> and justice mixt, avoydinge all extremes;
> ffor like as Phebus with his cherefull beames
> do freshlie force the flagrant flowers to floryshe,
> so rulers' mildness subjects love do noryshe.

The poet's own moralising, with which, as with an epilogue, the whole poem is brought to an end, is wider in its application. The dangers which beset greatness and the advantages which accompany "golden mediocrity" are its leading theme, and are set forth with considerable force and originality in a passage which brings together

a number of illustrations drawn from inanimate nature, and which may be quoted as a specimen of the author's best manner:

I then said to myself methinkes this may assure
all those that clyme to honor's seate there state may not endure;
the hills of highest hight are sonest perskt with sone,
the silver streames with somer's drowght are letten oft to rone,
the loftiest trees and groves are ryfest rent with winde,
the brushe and breres that thickest grow the flame will sonest finde,
the loftie rerynge towers there fall the ffeller bee,
most ferse dothe fulgent lyghtnyng lyght where furthest we may see,
the gorgyous pallace deckt and reared vp to the skye
are sonner shokt with wynter stormes then meaner buildings bee,
vpon the highest mounts the stormy wynds do blowe,
the sewer seate and quyet lief is in the vale belowe;
by reason I regawrde the mean estate most sure,
that wayteth on the golden meane & harmles may endure;
the man that wyselie works in welthe doth feare no tide,
when fortune failes dispeareth not but stedfastlie abide,
for He that sendeth stormes with windes and wynter blasts,
and steanes with hale the wynter face & fils ech soile with frosts
He slaks the force of cold he sends the somer hote,
he causethe bayle to stormy harts of joy the spring & rote.
Reader regawrde this well as I of force nowe must,
appoinct thie mewse to merke my verse thus ruffled up in rust,
and lerne this last of me: Imbrace thie porpose prest,
and lett no storme to blowe the blasts to lose the port of rest;
and tho the gale be great & frowarde fortune fayle,
againe when wynde do serve at will hoist not to hye the saile
ffor prowffe may toche the stone to prove this firme and plaine,
that no estate may countervale the gyld or golden meane.

Both the poem and the epistle dedicatory bear a signature, but it unfortunately affords no clue to the poet's identity. Publications, records, chronicles, and documents of every kind have been searched in vain for a name bearing even a remote resemblance to that of "Thomas Jenye." If, however, a guess may be hazarded, we would point to Thomas Churchyard, the writer of "Scraps from Scotland," as the possible author of "Master Randolph's Fantasy."

LOUIS BARBÉ.

SCIENCE NOTES.

The Pioneers of Sanitary Progress.

At the Opening Meeting of the 133rd Session of the Society of Arts, an admirable address was delivered by the Chairman of the Council, Captain Douglas Galton. His chief theme was the sanitary progress of the nation during the reign of Queen Victoria. The contrast between the health and happiness of her subjects at the beginning and at the Jubilee of this great epoch of our history is strongly displayed by the facts and figures that he has so carefully sifted, and so judiciously and truthfully arrayed.

Nevertheless, I cannot refrain from pointing to one serious defect in the personal history of this bright picture of our national progress. Many names of men who deserve high honour for their contributions to this progress are mentioned, and their work is worthily praised; but the two men who rank above them all as the pioneers of sanitary reform are not named at all, nor even referred to in passing allusion.

I refer to the two brothers, George and Andrew Combe. When all the insanitary abominations preceding the Victorian era were rampant, when science was dumb and legislation impotent in reference to such evils, these two men were working with supreme earnestness, devotion and most remarkable efficiency, in preaching the holy duty and the advantages of obedience to the laws of health; and not only urging and exhorting to such obedience, but expounding in scientific and practical detail what are those laws and how such obedience should be carried out.

I have before me a copy of the eighth edition of "The Constitution of Man," that was given to me by the great and good man who wrote it. This was published in 1847; the first edition appeared in June 1828. Up to 1847, 80,500 copies of this work had been circulated. I am not acquainted with the latest figures, but may roughly estimate them at nearly double this number. It has had a still greater circulation in America, and has been translated into French, German, Swedish, and other languages.

The section on the "Evils that befall mankind from infringement of the Organic Laws," should be read by those who may think that my estimate of George Combe's contribution to the work in question is too high. All his other works are consistent with this, are extensions of the fundamental principle it teaches.

Dr. Andrew Combe followed up the work of his brother by publishing in 1834 the first edition of "The Principles of Physiology applied to the Preservation of Health and to the Improvement of Physical and Mental Education." Referring to my copy of the 12th edition, edited by his nephew, Sir James Coxe, M.D., in 1852, I find that 33,000 copies had then been sold in the United Kingdom, and about 100,000 copies in America. This work was followed in 1842 by a supplementary treatise on "The Physiology of Digestion considered with relation to the Principles of Dietetics," and "A Treatise on the Physical and Moral Management of Infancy."

All these widely-circulated books are written—as such books should be, but rarely are, written—with the utmost popular simplicity and scientific accuracy, and without any pedantic display of the author's own learning, or any assumption of patronage to his popular readers. Every scientific fact is worked out to its practical applications, and all these books still remain the best popular treatises that have been written on their respective subjects. They are of little or no use as examination crams, but to the earnest student of the divinity of nature they are invaluable.

Every step in the fifty years' progress which Captain Galton has recorded was simply an act of obedience, both in principle and detail, to the instructions enforced in the books of the two Combes.

So devoted were these brothers to their work that the principles they taught became to them a religion which they devoutly believed and most sincerely practised. I had not the privilege of directly knowing Dr. Andrew Combe. He died shortly before my acquaintance with the family commenced, but speaking from intimate knowledge I affirm that George Combe was the most profoundly and truly religious man I have ever known. His religion consisted in strict obedience to the "Natural Laws," based on reverential submission to the will of the Lawmaker. "He lived his gospel" most consistently.

Those who would contemplate a most crushing satire on contemporary orthodoxy should *now* read "The Constitution of Man," remembering that its author was actively and painfully persecuted in his native city as an enemy to religion and morality on account of what he there taught. Modern scientists now condemn this same teaching as pious extravagance.

Captain Galton justly describes H.R.H. the Prince Consort as one of the first pioneers of sanitary progress. I may now, without any breach of confidence, inform my readers that Albert the Good was a student of the works of both the Combes, and honoured them with his personal friendship. He consulted George Combe on many important matters connected with the education of his children. I have little doubt that the memory of the Scotch philosopher is sincerely respected by every member of the Royal Family.

Pedants and Charlatans.

IN "An October Study" of Medical Affairs ("The Asclepiad," 4th quarter, 1886) Dr. B. W. Richardson says: "We complain often that the world is ignorant, because it does not comprehend our learned speech. The wonder truly is how the world tolerates us at all in this respect, or gives us patient hearing; and there is a greater wonder still: how we ourselves manage to master the terms we use so glibly. Certainly we are forced to devote more brain-work to the acquisition of mere useless terms than to all the practical facts we know and can put together."

He then proceeds to illustrate the "systematically barbarous" character of the language of descriptive anatomy and other branches of medical study, adding that "at last we turn to chemistry, as the most fixed of our studies, and except that there is some method in its madness, the madness of the language of chemistry is the maddest of all."

Those who have read what I have written in this magazine of October 1880, December 1886, and in other places, on the subject of chemical nomenclature will understand how heartily I agree with Dr. Richardson's advocacy of a "revision in language."

Everybody should distinctly recognise the head-mark of a charlatan, whether in medical or any other branch of science. It is simple enough. Science is knowledge, and the function of scientific language is to communicate knowledge. Therefore any man who, pretending to science, wilfully uses language which mystifies instead of enlightening his hearers is a charlatan, an impostor. The use of technical terms may be necessary and their free use among experts who understand them is very advantageous, but in addressing people who do not understand them, and are known not to understand, it is a farce to use them at all without adequate explanation.

Everybody should know that medical charlatanism is not limited to the vendors of advertised quack medicines. There is a supply of medical charlatans in and around Harley Street, W., some even

among those who have succeeded in appending to their names the fashionable physician's much coveted trade-mark of F.R.S.

If patients or the friends of patients were to insist upon demanding of their medical attendant an intelligible explanation of every technical term he uses in speaking to them, the charlatanic practice of making professional capital by wilful pedantic mystification would be effectively checked. Whoever pays a fee for medical information and advice has a right to demand that the terms in which such information and advice are given shall be intelligible.

Novel Science.

THE following is amusing, but not at all unusual :

Penang, Straits Settlements,
December 15, 1886.

SIR,—Permit me to protest through the medium of the *Gentleman's Magazine* against the liberties which fiction has recently taken with our respectable satellite, the Moon. I do not mean such flights of fancy as those in which Jules Verne has indulged where the departures from truth are of the very essence of the fiction. But, passing by Mrs. Riddell's heroine who watches the rising of the crescent moon (in "The World in the Church"), I should like to know how Mr. Haggard can explain the conduct of the moon, in his most delightful "King Solomon's Mines;" on page 136, "The sun sank and the world was wreathed in shadows. But not for long, for see in the east there is a glow, then a bent edge of silver light, and at last the full *bow of the crescent moon peeps above the plain*," &c. Page 172 (two days later), "June 4, total eclipse of the sun. . . . For *half an hour or more* there should be *total darkness*." Page 196 (the night after the total eclipse of the sun), "as far as was possible by the moonlight all preparations were continued. . . . About *an hour after midnight* . . . spears gleamed out in the moonlight," &c. The activity of the moon in rushing to hide the sun and rushing back again to shine until after midnight, is scarcely more wonderful than its remaining for half an hour in such a position as to produce complete darkness by an eclipse.

LOUIS COUTIER BIGGS,
Chaplain of Penang.

It would be unreasonable to demand profound scientific attainments among the qualifications of novel writers, but it might be supposed that they are observant of common natural phenomena. Such observation would surely teach that the bow of the crescent moon is only seen on or near the horizon a little after sunset, and then it is setting also. It would be unreasonable to expect any observations on the bow of the waning moon, as they demand very early rising. Neither can be seen other than near to the sun, either setting a little after or rising a little before him.

It is the full moon only that rises in the east while the sun is setting in the west, or the nearly full moon that rises shortly after

sunset. Everybody knows that the moon shines by reflected sunlight, and therefore it is evident that, if the sun is in the west and the moon in the east, the side towards both ourselves and the sun must be fully illuminated, unless the earth gets so directly in the way of the sunbeams as to throw its shadow on the moon and eclipse it; an event only possible at the time of full moon.

It is equally evident that the moon can only eclipse the sun when it comes between us and the sun—that is, when the moon is new, with its dark side towards us—and that a full fortnight must elapse before the moon can again be full, some days before even the crescent bow becomes visible.

I have but little time for novel-reading, and scant respect for such literature; therefore, with the exception of Dickens and Scott, my excursions are limited to one specimen of each of the more eminent writers, and I usually find that quite sufficient.

My sample of Charles Reade (selected because the shortest at hand) was "Griffith Gaunt." In this I found that the incident forming the axis round which the climax of the story rotates is described as follows. A man has been drowned, and "the greedy pike had cleared, not the features only, but the entire flesh off the face; had left the hair and the tight skin of the forehead, though their teeth had raked this last. The remnants they had left made what they had mutilated doubly horrible; since now it was not a skull; not a skeleton; but a face and a man gnawed down to the bones and hair and feet."

It seems incredible that such a man as Charles Reade should have written this, and that his many reviewers should have failed to notice its absurdity. This and the instance quoted by Mr. Biggs are, however, very instructive. They show how greatly we need to reform our methods of school education, which at present include little more than words, words, words, leaving the faculties of observation and reflection miserably untrained. Had Charles Reade been taught to observe things as well as to learn words, and to reflect on what he observed, he could not possibly have written the above after seeing the mouth of a pike, or even a picture of one. He would have observed that it has no gnawing teeth, no possible means of picking bones; that its mouth contains a great number of sharp spines, that merely do the work of grasping its slippery prey, which it swallows whole; that such teeth are incapable of masticating food even when it is inside the mouth, still less of gnawing anything that is outside. The mouth of such a fish, like the bill of a bird, is simply a food-grasping organ.

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TABLE TALK.

The New "Locksley Hall."

THAT some disappointment should be felt at the apparent apostasy of the Laureate from the creed he put forth sixty years ago in "Locksley Hall"[1] furnishes, perhaps, no occasion for surprise. It is none the less unphilosophical. Sixty years is not only a long period in the life of an individual—it is a long time in national growth. A shorter period, after the departure of James II., served to witness the total extinction of Jacobite hopes and the reconciliation to Hanoverian rule of all but a few "obstinate recusants." In French history, since the Revolution, what events have not sixty years witnessed? Think of the change from the Directory to the Consulate and the Empire; the restoration of Bourbon rule; its collapse on "the three days of September"; the ultimate extinction of royalty; the Second Republic and the Second Empire—all of which events are comprised in the period between 1792 and 1852 inclusive. When history marches at so rapid a rate there is little cause for wonder if weak-kneed optimists back out of the fight and prophesy evil from the hills of refuge. I have myself known men the mention of whose names bred something like panic in Courts, who have ended in a philosophical acceptance of views hardly to be distinguished from Conservatism. The party of progress at least will always be led by the young, and the few veterans who can keep pace with them are men of wholly exceptional energy and endowment.

Struggle and Repose.

IN the case of most men the analogy between social life and political holds good. Activity itself in youth is enjoyment, and the mere prospect of a struggle sets the blood in motion. A change all but inevitable comes with augmenting years. Conscious of stiffening joints and failing vigour, the man of ripe years hesitates to mingle actively in the life that was once all excitement. He waits for a pause in the traffic before he crosses a street, across which a few years ago he bounded under the heads of horses and almost under the wheels of the vehicles. When older still, he not seldom becomes

[1] London: Macmillan & Co.

frightened of the noise around him, and elects to retire where he can spend the remainder of his years in comparative calm. So with politics. In the new order of things for which the thoughts of men and the conditions of property are alike preparing the way, the young man sees his opportunity. On one side or other he will plunge into the fight, the very notion of which attracts him. The old men, on the contrary, wring palsied hands and predict evil. At this stage the Laureate has arrived. He has always shrunk from crowds, and has dwelt in leisurely serenity among appreciative friends, feeling even a slight shiver of dissatisfaction at the wind of criticism or even the presence of an indifferent one. To expect from him now pæans in honour of coming struggles is childish. It is no more just, however, to censure him for being less sanguine in faith than for being less active in movement. He is of his time—that is all. Meantime, in literary merit much of his work is admirable, and there are many passages in the new version of "Locksley Hall" which in vigour of style and in music are worthy of the best.

A New Phase of the Collins-Gosse Controversy.

A CONTROVERSY which might well have been dead and buried, and which has scarcely a feature it is pleasant to contemplate, assumes an aspect with regard to which a few more words must be spoken. Since I last spoke in disapproval of the apparent animus of Mr. Churton Collins in his attack upon Mr. Gosse, some partial vindication of the theory on which his censure is based has been supplied. Curious proof has been at least afforded of the necessity there is for absolute accuracy in the statements of a man occupying a position as lecturer to a University. Dr. Gardiner, the historian of "England from the Accession of James I.," has just issued the first volume of his "History of the Great Civil War."[1] Having to deal in this with the character of Edmund Waller, Dr. Gardiner says: "The causes which made him one of the most striking of the literary precursors of that style which is usually known as that of the Restoration made him also a precursor of Restoration morals and of Restoration politics." In Dr. Gardiner's careful, accurate, and trustworthy book this is perhaps the most oppugnable statement. Some passages which follow and deal with the change from "the wild exuberances of the Elizabethan literature" to the more restrained forms of succeeding days, are avowedly drawn from Mr. Gosse's book. Owning to an extremely slight knowledge of the history of poetic form, Dr. Gardiner turns to an authority. He

naturally takes to the latest book on the subject which comes to him with academic sanction. This, of course, is the proper principle. Whether his authority is right or wrong is now hardly to the point. The fact that scholars in a certain line have to turn to the works of others for information on matters outside their own province is proven, and in this the strongest possible motive to painstaking accuracy and the sacrifice of "viciousness" to truth is afforded. Supposing, for the sake of argument, Dr. Gardiner to be misled by Mr. Gosse, a serious wrong is done. At the present moment a man may go to works of highest reputation in England, to stock authorities, such even as the latest edition of the Encyclopædia, and find on some subjects information which is not only inadequate but fearfully and flagrantly misleading.

Poet versus Metaphysician.

TO the controversy concerning English literature at the Universities, to which I have more than once referred, Professor Dowden contributes a few reflections, which open out an important question. He speaks of what he calls the "belles lettres heresy," and advocates the claims of metaphysics to superiority. "The study of literature," he says, "English or other, is not a study solely of what is graceful, attractive, and pleasure-giving in books; it attempts to understand the great thoughts of the great thinkers. To know Greek literature we must know Aristotle, to know French literature we must know Descartes. In English literature of the eighteenth century Berkeley and Butler and Hume are greater names than Gray and Collins." The opening sentences of Professor Dowden may be unreservedly accepted; the latter portion, though true in itself, is likely to be misleading. Hume is a greater man than Collins, let it be granted. Collins, however, though a delightful poet, is a man of slight pretensions. In what other century is such a parallel possible? Against Dante and Chaucer in mediæval times, against Shakespeare in later days, what man is there to advance? Is Descartes even as potent an influence as Molière, or Condorcet, or Voltaire? The question, indeed, narrows itself to this: Are not the greatest thoughts that fructify in the world attributable primarily to the poet? Professor Dowden does not directly raise this question. It is none the less an outcome of his argument. The world is against him. For an occasional treatise on the metaphysicians we have an entire literature concerning poets. Few private libraries are extensive enough to include all the comment upon men such as *Shakespeare* and Dante.

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CHIN-CHIN-WA.

BY CHARLES HANNAN.

CHAPTER I.

CHINESE is not a language to be learned in a day, nor, on the other hand, as is generally supposed, is it impossible for a European to acquire a knowledge of its strange sounds.

I grant that it is in its intricacies and numberless sounds the most complex tongue upon earth, for the dialects are many; those of the South differing almost entirely from those of the North, and those of the poor being distinctly alien from those of the higher class. For these reasons, few, even amongst the Chinese themselves, can be said to truly know the tongue they use, or the variety of its numberless expressions.

I am somewhat conceited of my knowledge and mastery of so intricate a language: a pardonable pride, perhaps, when it is remembered how many years it took me before I knew myself to be conversant even with its rudiments. Do not think that I would boast of my knowledge! If I am to tell my tale you must overlook a little egotism at the outset when I mention my solitary accomplishment.

I was but a young man when I landed at Hong Kong. As a boy I had been unlucky at school. To tell the truth—why should I hide it?—I was expelled. Not that I was an inapt scholar, but because of the wild spirit of lawlessness which led me to commit deeds of folly which I need not dwell upon.

My parents died when I was very young. I was thus dependent upon the charity of an uncle, who grumbled when the holidays came round and scowled when the school fees fell due. He had taken me to his house on my father's death. I was then [illegible] years old, incapable of judging for myself, else, sur

rebelled against the power of the cold hard man who deemed it his duty to treat his brother's orphan as the unworthy object of a charity undeserved. It hardened my nature, filled me with wicked thoughts, and strengthened my force of will, perhaps, that I was brought in contact with no gentler influences than those of my uncle's home.

The climax came. I was expelled—disgraced—hardened to such a pitch by boyish resolve to bear whatever was to come, that there was little else left but the resource of sending me abroad. So it was that I landed, a few days before my nineteenth birthday, on the Praya at Hong Kong.

Employment was already laid out for me. This much, at least, I must say for my uncle. At home I had left nothing; here, it might be, I should find something to give me the interest in life which I did not possess.

It had come as a surprise to me that my uncle should have cared for me. Perhaps he felt that in saying farewell to the youth who had been left to his charge he could not do else than give him an opening in the world of commerce, as it lay within his power to do so. And thus I had been engaged through his influence as a junior in one of the commercial offices of Hong Kong.

And now, as I stepped from the sampan that had brought me to the shore from the vessel which for weeks had been my home, I felt (boy as I was) that in this new clime I should become something, perhaps, in the after days. To my uncle I had bidden farewell. He knew that I spoke the truth when I said to him, "You will never hear of me again," ere I left England for ever.

To pass briefly over my first experiences of the Chinese and of the English colony of Hong Kong, I need only say that in a fortnight's time I had begun to feel almost at home amongst my strange new surroundings and duties. For more than a year, I believe that my work gave every satisfaction. I laid myself out with all the zeal of a novice to please and to ingratiate myself with my employers by steadfast hard work. Then I began to learn the ways of the East, to notice that my fellow-clerks (all much older than myself) took life in a considerably easier way, with much the same result, and I began to find that my eagerness to push my way was, in a certain sense, a drawback, in that my immediate superiors were the more jealous and anxious to retard my progress the more I endeavoured to push on. I began to understand that over-sharpness and an appearance of too great ability and readiness for work was in a boy of my years rather against than in favour of my rapid progression to success. In one particular, I had already discovered I should soon excel those above me in the firm,

namely, in the language, which no one apparently cared to study or to learn. To me it was a pastime, this study of an unknown tongue, and surely, I thought, it would be better to speak Chinese than to use the silly forms of expressing our tongue to the few Chinese who could understand the so-called Pigeon English.

I continued to live, as I had done during the first twelve months after my arrival, in the house of one of the two partners of the firm, till he informed me one day that he was called to England, and that the young fellow who had been his other boarder and myself must, during the next month or two, fix upon some other place of residence against his departure. My co-boarder was my direct senior in the firm. It was now that I discovered to the full how much I was disliked amongst my fellow-clerks. Never having taken the trouble to make special friends with anyone, I found myself cast out in the cold. He politely refused to lodge with me and to throw in his lot with mine. "He had already," he said with a sinister smile, "made his arrangements."

In the emergency I scarcely knew what to do. I knew but few in Hong Kong and none intimately, for I had devoted myself up to this time to an endless routine of work in which relaxation ever came as an annoying and unnecessary interruption.

But I was in part careless of my future, knowing I should easily find some place where I might dwell, and if the worst should come to the worst there was always the hotel. So the days dragged on, and the time for the departure of my chief drew near.

I did not know till within a week of his departure that I had a single friend in Hong Kong. It was but a chance that I ever discovered it. And who do you think it was who proved my friend? A Chinaman, the compradore of the firm. In all European firms in Hong Kong it becomes a necessity to have a Chinaman to act as 'go-between' for the English seller and the Chinese buyer. This man enters the firm as a paid clerk. He is generally fairly educated and must be able to converse in Pigeon English. Through his means all bargains are completed, as the Englishman cannot speak Chinese nor can the Chinese dealer converse in English. These compradores, as they are called, are wealthy and responsible men. In some cases they belong to families ranking among the highest classes. They are wealthy, nay, fabulously wealthy, some of them, and supposed to be honest men. When they arrange a purchase for the firm in whose employment they may be, they become responsible for the payment of the amount in question. If the purchase fails they have to pay. So it will be seen that the post of compradore is no sinecure, and

that it is of supreme importance for a commercial firm to secure the services of one at the same time wealthy, honest, and reliable.

Our compradore was a middle-aged man and believed to possess the three qualities which I have just named. I alone knew him to be else than honest.

It is astonishing how large a part of the Chinese mind is filled with avarice and greed. Even the best amongst them would sacrifice almost anything for an addition to wealth however rich he may already be. Honour is a commodity little known as we know it : they have their code of honour, but it is a code strangely differing from ours, for their natures are ever filled with deeply hidden treachery, cruelty, and selfishness.

I detected through my study and knowledge of the Chinese language—small though it was at this time—the deceits of which our compradore was capable. For some months after my arrival I had little or nothing to do with him, but I could hear him arguing with the dealers as I sat writing, and I laid myself out to catch the sounds which I gradually began to understand. I was studying Chinese for pleasure, as I have said, and it was a source of great gratification to perceive that I was rapidly becoming capable of understanding the drift of the arguments between dealer and compradore. So it happened that one day being called by chance into the outer room where my chief was endeavouring to negotiate through the compradore an important contract, I distinctly heard, in the tongue which I was not known to understand, an underhand discussion between the purchaser and the compradore relating to a large sum to be paid the latter for carrying the business through. I grasped the falsity of the position. My chief was standing by listening to what he could not understand, whilst the two Chinamen arranged matters between themselves. Surprised and startled by what I heard, I stopped to listen. The compradore's eye caught mine. He divined immediately the danger he was in! Did he cease his argument? You little know the Chinese nature. What cannot be done by stealth is done by bravado. My presence and the knowledge that I might know more than I should know caused a momentary pause—that was all.

And yet by a word I might have ruined that man as compradore with all the firms in Hong Kong.

I did not speak that word. I worked on through the days and weeks which followed, untrue to the firm whose servant I was, seeing clearly, now that my eyes were opened, the underhand commissions —no inconsiderable sums—which fell with each transaction into the *hands of the already* wealthy Chinaman. I may have done wrong. I *grant I did do wrong.* Had I done else than hold my peace my life

would have been otherwise than it has been, and I had not this tale to tell.

I had meditated much upon my course of action. All compradores must be alike. I had seen enough of the Chinese already to perceive that, one and all, they had in common the characteristics of untruth. Therefore, a change of compradore could effect but little. On the other hand, were I to disclose my knowledge of peculations, which many may have guessed at though none could prove, I should create for myself a Chinese enemy, no light thought for one of my years.

A Chinese enmity, if it be sincere, is one of the most haunting things on earth. How could I live with treachery ever on my path, with the hidden, silent fear of a vengeance certain to come, following my steps from day to day?

So I thought and so I chose. I said nothing to the compradore, for I would have concealed even from him the fact that I knew of aught he would not have had me know. I buried within myself the worming secret that, eating many ways, was even now torturing my very soul with fear and strange dread, and I spoke to none of a secret knowledge I would have given much to have never possessed.

So I was silent and time went slowly on.

Chapter II.

I was staying at the hotel. Hong Kong is a different place now from what it was then. Now there is a constant flow of visitors coming and going. Then there were but few new faces in the little colony as the months went by. The hotel was almost empty and I felt it strangely dull and quiet at times.

With the departure of my chief I lost the only one whom I had ever regarded as friendly in the slightest degree to my welfare. I knew too that there would now arise around me a new state of affairs in the firm, in which I would speedily be thrust backwards. Is it to be wondered at that with my small experience of home life, hard as it had been, and with the envy and dislike of my fellow-clerks, now ever before me, I grew cynical and cold and began to conceive a hatred for my race that soon sank deeply into my heart?

It was at this juncture that I learnt that I possessed a friend.

I was surprised one evening, when sitting in my room thoroughly sick of life and occupied with bitter thoughts against my fellow-men, by a visit from the compradore.

He was in my room almo[illegible] A[illegible]

visitor, or to wonder why

things I might have felt afraid that what I had once foreseen was now about to come to pass. As it was I rose, impelled by the instinct of politeness, to offer my Chinese visitor a seat. The act seemed to please him, and he commenced to speak. Not in his own tongue, for he knew that as yet I was but ill versed in Chinese, but in the common Pigeon English so childish and yet so easy to understand.

The interview surprised me. I learnt many things that gave me food for thought that evening. Firstly, the compradore was my friend, so at least he said. By no reference did he give me to understand the reason of his liking for myself. I could only feel that much of it lay in the strict silence I had preserved with regard to his hidden mode of life. He said he admired me because of my youth. He told me that in the firm I stood alone, with none but enemies around me, and he assured me that he would help me and stand by me if he could, for that it would not be long before I required a friend. Many little incidents of which he told me I knew must be true, but why he had come to see me at such a time I could not understand. It was contrary to the Chinese nature that this man should do anything for nothing. Was my silence regarding what I knew enough to bring him to me as a friend? Could a Chinaman be my friend? There was as much chance of that, it seemed, as that I might ever have an English friend. In any case he told me that he knew I stood alone in Hong Kong, and he suggested that I should throw in my lot with the Chinese. This was a strange idea. If this man were indeed my friend I would accept my lot. The novelty of the situation struck me. I accepted his hand of fellowship, and he left me once more alone. Had I or had I not done well? Should I leave my own race and cast myself in with a nation which, in his person, had given me the first kindly greeting I had known? To leave my fellows—to remodel my life, to assume the garb, the manners, and the customs of an adopted land, and to rise in that land to a position of enviable power!

A strange ambition, if you will, but it grew upon me as I thought. I pondered long, debating much within myself, and I ended by accepting the strange circumstance of a friendship which might yet prove to be a lie, and by determining that, come what might, I should throw in my lot with China and the Chinese, to rise if it might be in their land, and as one of them, to a greatness but few could know.

Ambition carries a young man away in a whirlwind of wild impetuosity. It had thus seized upon me. I had chosen my fate and I should, through all misfortunes, abide by that which I had *chosen*.

From that time forward I set to work to cultivate the friendship offered me by the compradore. His name was Yung Lao. I spent my evenings in his society, and, indeed, spoke as little as was necessary (even in the office) of any language but Chinese. My chief had departed. Already I noticed the change in my position in the firm. Mushroom-like, all those above me had sprouted up in a night. I alone was left, as I had been the junior of the concern for which I worked.

The end soon came; that is to say, some two months after the time I commenced my life at the hotel. Before it came, however, I was prepared, for I had linked myself with the nation whose fortunes I meant to follow as my own. With Yung Lao, the compradore, my entire spare time was spent. By him I was introduced to the highest Chinese society in Hong Kong, a small community at the best, and from him I learned to partake of Chinese food—to eat that which at first sickened my inmost soul—and to imitate the manners and customs of the race to which I was henceforth to belong.

Then it came out one day. I was known to have frequented the house of the compradore—for what purpose? Was it in the interest of the firm? if not, then in whose? Impertinently questioned as to my actions and as to my friendliness with certain Chinamen, I refused to give an answer. The opportunity was hastily made use of, and I found myself an outcast in Hong Kong, without profession or trade; without anything save the acquaintanceship of the few Chinese whom I had come to know.

Yung Lao was my confidant. His position in the firm was secure, he was too valuable a compradore to lose, and he was not afraid that they should know he still befriended me when I was cast aside. Our intimacy rather strengthened than diminished. I had saved sufficient from my meagre salary to support me for a little time to come. When that little was gone I scarce knew what I should do. I put the problem before my Chinese friend. "Go to Canton at once," was his answer; he was a Canton man himself. His family, one of the wealthy and higher class, still dwelt there. It was to them, or rather, I should say, to his father, he meant I should go.

So it came that in two days from that time he and I were on board a Chinese junk bound for his native city, to which he had finally determined to accompany me. It was many moons, he said, since he had seen his aged father; so he took his holiday and came with me, to introduce me to scenes I had never dreamt of, and to start me on the new footing I had decided to take up. I pass over our journey in the junk. I was already living as the Chinese lived,

and already clad in the garb of my adopted land. Had you seen me even then, with a cap to hide the absence of the pigtail, you would scarcely have guessed that it was other than a Chinaman who sat, acted, and tried to speak as those around him.

A pigtail of silk—many of the highest in the land have none other—was an addition it could trouble me little to make.

We duly reached Canton. It was my first experience of a Chinese city, and I came to it as a Chinaman, or, at least, I would have brought myself to that belief.

It is a vast city—a city of narrow streets, of wonderful and manifold industries, of vast learning and ingenuity, and of hideous stenches which pollute the fetid air.

Yung Lao's home lay some way inland, across the river from the main part of the city proper, that is to say, on the Honam side, where the temple of that name stands.

He introduced me to his home, stayed with me in Canton for some days, and then left me to the charity and dependent upon the goodwill of his father, for my little stock of money was running down.

Yung Lao's influence in his native city was considerable. There he was a different man from the compradore at Hong Kong. Instead of being the servant, his class and wealth seemed to entitle him to respect, and I soon found that it was enough for Yung Lao to say of me, "I have taken this man up," to guarantee friendliness on all sides, rather than the hostility which I had at one time feared might meet my entrance and intrusion amongst the people whom I wished to join.

Chapter III.

I had been in Canton nearly three months, and I was still the guest—shall I not rather say the adopted son?—of one who was indeed a father to me, the parent of Yung Lao, Quen-tsa-ting.

Quen-tsa-ting gave me much good advice. By what I learned from his counsel I was daily accomplishing my object, and, as time went by, gradually becoming more of a Chinaman, even in my methods of thought. To many in Canton I was an object of curiosity. Some thought me mad. Others admired my efforts to join their race; but on all sides I was kindly met, and the sea seemed calm and smooth before me.

There was one thing, however, which Quen-tsa-ting would have

had me decide to do, which I could not. In a word, he desired me to marry. In his eyes that, and that alone, could unite me for ever to the Chinese. What matter that I had even adopted their idolic faiths if I did not consummate the whole by marrying a Chinese?

I was still young, however, and I felt that I must be free, else I should never rise. In my eyes the type of Chinese features, even of the highest I had seen, was, in the female shape, positively odious. How then could I marry one whom I could never regard save as a stone tied round my neck? Yes! Quen-tsa-ting was right, there was an obstacle to my thorough assimilation with my adopted race.

I had a Chinese name, it is true, for I was called Chin-chin-wa, which in Chinese phraseology meant "The Welcome One." This name had been given me by Quen-tsa-ting shortly after my arrival in Canton. Literally it means "The How-do-you-do man," symbolical to the Chinese mind with the idea of welcome or friendly greeting of their kind.

I had done all that lay within my power to sever myself from the old race and to join me to the new. It was my wish to forget the past—to bury all recollection of my European origin, and to grow into the belief, if it were possible, that I was the Chinaman I would fain have become. So alone, it seemed to me, that I could rise.

Were my very thoughts not entirely devoted to the new interests and absorbed in the present and future life I meant to lead, how could I ever become great amongst men whose intellects it were no mean thing to excel? During my short stay in Canton I had determined on my course of action. I had insisted on handing to my benefactor the entire remainder of my savings. It would astonish you upon what infinitesimal sums life may be maintained. Rich beyond what I could ever hope to be, I knew of no extravagance in which Quen-tsa-ting indulged save the various teas which gave him such delight, and upon which he spent considerable sums. As for eating and the other necessaries of life, little was required to keep the simple establishment fully supplied.

With my ability for acquiring languages, I could now read, and in a small degree write, my adopted tongue. Do not think that I was idle during the earlier days of my new life. You do not know what I had set myself to do, how frequent were the mistakes I made, how much there was to learn, for I had decided upon the way in which I should attempt to rise—the only way, as far as I could see, to eminence and success. I should enter the list of students (all men of high class and deep understanding), who contended through years of toil and labour for the honours the State alone could give. This was my decision, that

I should study as the Chinese studied, learn as they learned, and compete with the most accomplished of the race at the Government Examinations with the view of excelling one and all. Years of toil, of unremitting study, and severe application lay before me. Think you I hesitated on that account? My spirit was aroused. What was there I might not accomplish if I willed it so? Determination would effect much—I was not dull nor stupid, my brains would effect more—and an indomitable will, which I swore would never own defeat, made me feel I could not fail.

Quen-tsa-ting approved of my resolution; and thus it came about that for nearly six years from the time I left Hong Kong I remained under his roof studying as few have studied in that terrible sultry heat such things as are unknown to any but Chinese. Why should I weary you with details as to my life during these six years? One day was like another. I went to Chinese schools. I studied by myself, and I lived, as I had determined I should live, the life of a Chinaman, eating their food, worshipping their gods, and ever chasing from me any recollection that might spring to my mind of a hateful past. During these six years in Canton I saw but few Europeans. To none did I speak. From head to foot, in body and in soul, I had become Chinese. Only I lacked one thing—a Chinese wife. So often did Quen-tsa-ting press me on this subject that I finally gave in, making him a solemn promise that if I should, after the Examination for which I intended to enter in due season in Canton, find myself successful, I should then marry as he desired. Solemnly did I promise and swear by all that to a Chinaman is sacred that this would be fulfilled, provided that till the Examination was over Quen-tsa-ting should worry me no more about my marriage. The bargain was struck. I was left to work as I might list.

To delay my tale in descriptions of life in Canton and of that city itself were here somewhat out of place; therefore, I shall proceed with the little I have to tell, passing over as unimportant the time which I devoted to toil, and only mentioning, ere I do so, a single fact that bears upon my after-life.

In my course of studies I had met a young Chinese of about my own years, who I found had laid out his life in pretty much the same lines as myself. He was clever, undoubtedly so, and bound to rise, but he had not the same difficulties to force his will to the front as I, and, therefore, perhaps did not yield to his studies the entire strength of his manhood as I endeavoured to do. He was of wealthy and honourable family. His name was Fa-to-man. Some time after I *had first met him,* I learned that instead of being his friend I had

become his hated rival. It was enough for him that he and I stood out as the scholars of the district; this alone was sufficient to cause his hatred. I was his rival, therefore his deadly enemy. And so once more I found myself thrust against my will into a contest with a fellow-creature which I would sooner have avoided had it been possible to do so.

But the Chinese do not know—or, if they do know, they must hide—any sense of fear. So I took my stand as firmly as he, ready for the contest at the coming Examination, when he and I should, with hundreds of others, be matched in the great battle of life.

Time moves slowly. It moved too quickly for me. Vast as had been my studies, and admirable Chinese student as I knew myself to be, I saw fresh fields for inquiry and for severe application before me every day; and when I stood at length with my scroll, entitling me to admission to the Hall, amongst the great crowd waiting the opening of the gates, I still felt, with all my knowledge, as if I were only half prepared. The important morning had come. Quen-tsa-ting was with me to the last, to encourage me by kindly words and good advice ere he lost sight of me for fifteen days to come. In one hand I had my scroll, the little sheet of paper so important as giving me the right to enter with the others who had come, like myself, to examination, in the other I held a cloth containing a dish, my chopsticks, and food to sustain me for days to come. It was a large bundle with enough to support me.

There were men of all races waiting anxiously (with the appearance of callousness we Chinese all assume) for the opening of the gates. Men from the South—men from the North—men from the Interior, and men from the Coast—but, one and all, men of deep learning and understanding. How could I hope to cope successfully with these? Ha! You cannot conceive what Will and constant effort of the mind towards one set goal can do in six years' time.

The scene of Examination was not new to me. Any visitor to Canton can see it now, as he can that in Pekin, with little trouble. The two halls are almost identical. There is the temple at the gate, through which you pass to stand within the Hall. There is no roof to confine the whole; a great open space runs as an avenue from end to end. On either side are the boxes laid off for the students. When you enter the Hall only the ends of small brick buildings meet the eye, each of them bearing a Chinese signature, and each evenly separated from the next, all being alike in height and shape.

As you step forward it becomes apparent that these buildings are severally but the termination of a line of some fifty small separate compartments which run down the openings at right angles to the main avenue of the Hall. In the main avenue the Guardians or Examiners spend their day, gazing up and down the spaces on either side from time to time, in order that no communication may be held between the students in the various compartments there.

I should think some two or three thousand students may occupy the Hall at one time. I never ascertained exactly. In this Hall, shut off from his fellows in a small compartment, the student has to sleep, eat, and work for fifteen days. There is no intermission given to his labours. He may rest a little if he wish, or do exactly as he please, save hold communication with any mortal during these fifteen days.

In Europe and America the student thinks a Degree Examination a labour of no small account. Can you compare its severity, for one moment, with the strain placed upon the solitary mind, under the heat of a tropical sun, without interlude for fifteen days, as in the case of the Examinations of the Chinese?

To be shut up for fifteen days and fourteen nights with nothing but the review of knowledge, already laboriously gained, to occupy the mind, with nothing to relieve the strain. Is not this almost enough to bring madness on the heavily weighted brain?

I did not know—could not have guessed—the awful torture of those days had I not come through it as I have. It was almost more than I could stand. At times, indeed, I felt my brain give way and my thoughts become a hopeless mingled mass. But I advance too quickly, if I would have you see a part of what I have come through.

Quen-tsa-ting had come with me to the gate. He waited till the last, bidding me be of good cheer. At length my time came and I was alone amidst the hundreds who, like myself, had found admittance to the Hall. A great babel was going on around. The Guardians, tall, severe-looking men, were endeavouring to separate out the students and to take them singly to their severally appointed places. Many sought out of their own accord the signatures which indicated the various districts from which they came. With the mass the confusion grew greater as they continued trooping in from the entrance.

I was watching the curious scene with mingled interest and amusement when I was myself seized upon by one of the authorities. Questioning me rapidly, he bade me follow him, and I found myself in a *few seconds more* out of sight of the confusion and bestowed in a

box containing a rough desk or shelf and a wooden seat, with the knowledge that this was to be my home for many days to come. Thence I must not stir, unless, under the guardianship of one of the authorities, I might sometimes be permitted to enter the main avenue for the cooking of my food. Most of my viands were already cooked, however, save those which I intended to eat raw. I had arranged this purposely to save my time, little knowing how I should come to welcome any little interlude, any excuse to leave my box, in the days to come, as the thirsty grass might hail the pearly dew. He placed me in my box and left me. Everything was laid out in readiness. I might commence work as soon as I chose.

There were hundreds of papers in the corner, on the shelf before me, some one size, some another. These I knew contained a portion of the work set out.

A large jar of water stood upon the floor to last me throughout the examination. By the papers on the shelf were writing materials, plain paper in quantity, and some twelve brushes, which the Chinese use in the place of pens, together with a small pot and slab of ink. These I did not require, however, for I had my own writing materials with me. For the rest there was the wooden bench or seat whereon I must lie by night and sit by day. It was hard, very hard, as I soon found, but then, in China, one soon learns to use nothing bnt hard seats. So I thought as I looked at it, little thinking how that cruel wood was to eat its way into my very flesh during the next fifteen days.

I was free to act as I might please. I knew I should not be disturbed, for I had been examined so far as was necessary as I entered the Hall by stupidly suspicious Professors and their men. My very food had been overhauled. In fact, I had done well at that time to keep my eyes on the alert, else I might have lost a portion of my store—a young dog nicely browned, the last delicate gift of Quen-tsa-ting ere I left my home—which the mean wretch who overturned my food endeavoured to abstract, as I fancy, for his own future use.

You may imagine my first act when alone was to seize the bundle of papers before me, and rapidly to scan the contents. It is a bad plan this of glancing ahead at work to be done, as it is apt to discourage at the outset, but I could not help myself. The papers I held dealt chiefly with the sciences and with religion in its higher branches. I saw immediately that I did not as yet possess all or nearly all the papers for examination. Nor could I tell how long would be given me to discuss those I had. As yet I only held a small part. When would these be taken from me and replaced? I

must ask one of the Examiners. But then I knew that I must not leave my box, and it might be hours before one of them came past my way. Even when he did so, he might be gone before I had time to stop him and ask my question. What was I to do? The distant noise was still continuing. All the students were not yet bestowed. None had passed by me as yet. This was not difficult to understand, for my box stood near the end of the row, but surely one or more must pass me shortly accompanied by a Professor. I was right; even as I was determining to wait for this chance, I heard footsteps approach. They came and passed, the Examiner and the student, and I waited anxiously till the few seconds should elapse ere the former returned.

Chapter IV.

"Most high, most learned Professor!" I commenced, rising to arrest his attention. He stopped me with a gesture, directing my eyes to some words on a paper upon the wall which I had not yet observed. I glanced at it, but did not wait to read, for he was already moving on, and I saw my opportunity rapidly disappearing.

"Most high, most learned!" I hurriedly ejaculated, but he was gone.

I sat down in dejection on my hard bench, wondering what I should do, forgetful in the absorption of the moment that I had not yet read the words upon the wall. What a remarkably neat little cane the Professor carried in his hand! Should I seize hold of it and insist on delaying him till he had answered me? It was too risky. One thing was certain. I must on no account leave my box unless at such times as an Examiner should come and say (as he would do once each day Quen-tsa-ting had told me) "Follow me."

I was hastily reviewing the situation and growing desperate in my anxiety to know how long I was to be allowed to finish the papers by my side, when he passed again. On his return I addressed him, rushing abruptly to the question which I never finished, seated as I was on my bench.

"Most High, for how long a time——?" He turned angrily upon me. Before I knew what was his cowardly intention, he had raised the little cane which had been the object of my admiration and brought it down with cruel relentless force upon my head, stinging my every sense into revolt with pain and anger in a moment. I sprang to my feet. He was away immediately, almost before I had time to

do so. What restrained me from following I scarcely know. Only the knowledge that in a moment I might lose the result of years of toil could have influenced me! Yet it must have been that I was half-stunned, else surely the anger of my nature had not been thus easily conquered. It was a hard struggle momentary as it was, but prudence won the day. Conjecture my feelings! Powerless to move or act, I was here at the mercy of a Chinaman who had already severely wounded me about the head. A great weal was rising on my poor cranium and down the side of my face, and my soul was in arms at the thought of his cowardly attack. He who knew me to be so tied down, that were I to stir from my appointed place—much more to attack him—my life as a student in China would be for ever ruined!

And thus it was I commenced my first day in the Examination Hall of Canton. My anger continued to well up within me, and yet what could I do? Certainly as an incentive to work, anger is of but little worth. How could I work whilst my head was still throbbing with pain, and with my mind inflamed with all the worst feelings in man's nature?

My eye lighted once more on the words he had pointed out, written upon the wall. I read them rapidly—they ran as follows. I translate as literally as I may be able, consistently with sense:

RULES.

No man must leave his place!

No man must speak!

No man must stop a guardian!

No guardian must stop unless commanded to bring one to cook his food!

No man must disobey!

This was what I read, and this had been the cause of the cruelty which I now saw was brought about partly by my own fault. To disobey one of these rules might have meant expulsion from the Hall. As it was, I had broken not one alone! and I had cause indeed to thank Buddha that my punishment had been no greater than the sharp maddening stroke, whose trace upon my skin was all too rapidly becoming more apparent. A grain of consolation came to me in this—that in a fortnight's time there would be no trace of that which at present disfigured my beauty, and for that space of time I should see no one but my brutal Examiner!

It was a bad beginning, but I might have made it worse. All

that now remained was that I should conquer the pain and anger that I felt, and commence to work. I seized the papers once more, and commenced my examination forthwith. Throwing myself heart and soul into the work set me, I forgot everything in the outside world. My thoughts were engrossed in what lay before me and in what I was writing, the more so as I found myself in a position to answer, and to answer clearly, rapidly, and well, everything in the papers which had been left me. Nor did I hurry. I was desirous of showing and bringing to the front all the information I possessed regarding each individual point. I grew interested in what I was doing. Time passed by unheeded, and I wrote on like one possessed. Little conception had I of the task which I had set myself.

I seemed to wake from out my studies to find that it was already night—that the sun was sinking—that I had been the whole day at work, and toiling in such a way as I had never yet toiled, and that as yet nearly half my papers lay unanswered! I awoke besides to the fact that I was tired out mentally and physically, and to find the reaction of my steady application set in with a suddenness I could scarcely realise. I was hungry and required a rest, so I opened my bundle of food. Study gives one an appetite, and besides I had missed the usual time of my midday meal.

I was just finishing and indeed drawing my chop-sticks through my lips preparatory to laying them aside, when the Examiner appeared.

"Follow me," he said sternly.

I was myself now, for I had well-nigh forgotten the bruise upon my skull, and I rose to obey. He conducted me along the narrow passage to the main Hall. As I passed I saw my fellow-students at work. Some were writing, some lounging with a paper before them and their fans idly playing to and fro. Others were eating.

Judging from what I saw, it became evident to me that I had not done less work, at any rate, than most of those alongside of me. Two of the boxes were empty, their occupants having been conducted to the main Hall or avenue, where I speedily found myself. Here many of the students were occupied in cookery. The Examiner led me to a fire, which he gave me to understand I might use had I not already dined. I scarcely dared to open my lips fearing I should commit some unpardonable breach of etiquette. Finding shortly that I had no intention of using the fire placed at my disposal, he reconducted me to my box and left me for the night. I commenced my work once more, but soon was obliged to give up for the time being, darkness having fallen around. I had an earthenware

bottle of saki, the Chinese wine, amongst my effects, and with that and my pipe I soon lulled myself into a delightfully drowsy state of mind, in which condition I bestowed my person as well as possible upon my bench and soon fell fast asleep. Exhausted as I was, I did not wake till the bright light of the early morning glanced in upon me, calling me to resume my labours from that hour. My bruised head was very painful, and my back was stiff and sore with the hardness of my narrow couch, but it was of little use to think of such matters as these. I had come to go through the Examination, and to go through it successfully, and I must not yield to such paltry thoughts as these.

I breakfasted off the remnants of the dog which I had so narrowly saved from being stolen from me, and hastened to set to work. It is the only way to make a success in an Examination to do as I was doing now; that is to say, to so bury yourself in the work that it becomes for the time being a part of you. For myself, I have always had a singular faculty which enables me to bury myself in such a way that I forget the past in the great all-absorbing present, and that faculty stood me in good stead now. It was considerably after noon ere I paused in my work. By that time I had completed the first part of my task, for I had answered all the papers I had as yet received. Partaking of some food, I proceeded to revise what I had done. The Examiner passed once or twice; nothing else occurred to interrupt me, and I had time before darkness came to go over, revise, and correct all that I had written. All that I could now do was to wait till fresh work should be laid before me. As on the previous night, I was conducted to the Hall, but as I had no food that I wished to cook, I was not permitted a lengthy stay. Even that small walk to and fro was a great relief to the strained mind.

On the following day fresh papers were handed to me: they dealt with history, with astronomy, and with mathematics. After these came abstruse political papers, papers concerning Chinese law, concerning medicine, and many branches too numerous to mention. All these things I had learnt in China and with the Chinese. To the European my ignorance on many points might have appeared great, to the Chinaman my knowledge must appear vast, for I had gathered much of all they knew.

And so hour followed hour uneventfully, save that as each day went by I grew more exhausted. My bones grew more aching. The sun began to tell upon me. The wood of my bench seemed to be eating its way into my very bones, and I had become so accustomed to this round of work in the small co[illegible] that I

had almost grown to be a part of the whole and to work mechanically.

Day after day of this strange unearthly trial of endurance had passed by and still found me working away like a madman. My jar of water had been refilled twice; food had been given me four times in the great Hall when I had again refused to cook what I should have had ready for the fire in my bundle. But, indeed, my own supply was well-nigh exhausted. I doubted if it would last me another two days. I cannot fully detail the agonies and horrors of the time I spent as a prisoner in company with, and yet removed from, hundreds of my adopted race. You may understand now perhaps a little of the force of the will I once possessed, which carried me through so severe a trial as this.

Why should I linger on the memory of a space of time which I would sooner banish from my mind—of a fortnight that drove me from combined causes almost mad ere I stepped once more a free man—staggering and half stupid into the streets of Canton?

From the severest application to nothingness! from solitude to a crowded house (for Quen-tsa-ting had a feast prepared to welcome me)—it was more than I could stand! The severity of the strain snapped the cord. In mind and body I was a complete wreck—and I was alone (it came upon me with fearful distinctness now), away from my people and severed for ever from my race in my Chinese home.

Chapter V.

Quen-tsa-ting nursed me through the illness that ensued. Was it brain fever? I cannot tell you. Suffice it that I survived. Treated as Quen-tsa-ting would himself have been treated, I overcame my illness. Of that illness I can say nothing, save that for weeks I knew little of what went on around me. At times (perhaps for a long time) I was delirious; in the end I weathered the storm.

My convalescence was a pleasant time. I used to sit with Quen-tsa-ting and his friends in the evening, in the little tea-house, drinking his choicest teas, whilst I listened, taking little part in the conversation myself, to the anecdotes which one after another would relate. Then my old friend Yung Lao, the compradore, having learned of my illness, stole a day or two to come and visit his father and myself. It was the fourth time he had been with us since he and I had come to together Canton. I always enjoyed his visits.

It may be because he told me of Hong Kong, and of the race which, perhaps, in my inmost soul, I still loved.

Quen-tsa-ting had taken away from me all appearances of study. I knew he was right. Whether I had failed or been in part successful I could not tell. In any case my work must have a rest. So I waited idly (gradually growing to be my old self again), for the day when I should know the worst, or, it might be, the best.

Six months from the time of the Examination Quen-tsa-ting and I were ready on the appointed day to join the crowd to whom the result should be told in the Hall itself. By that time my health was re-established, and I felt strong enough to face the deepest disappointment, though I could not think, I scarcely knew why, that it could be possible that I had failed.

The question of my marriage had been broached more than once I had succeeded in evading it till now, by pleading ill-health, and Quen-tsa-ting good-naturedly agreed not to press me till after the result of the Examination was made known. He had a wife in pickle for me, I felt sure. He had not said so in so many words, but I quite foresaw some trouble in the future. I had given him my oath that I should marry as he wished were I successful in the State Examination, and I could not but anticipate an unpleasant issue either way, when I looked the matter in the face. If I was successful, then I must marry; if otherwise, I might escape, for none would marry me. So it cut both ways; but still, of the two, I would have rather taken success with the dim chance of avoiding the fulfilment of my vow.

The choice, however, no longer lay in my hands. My rival, Fa-to-man, and myself had excelled the hundreds with whom we had to compete. Three of us stood pre-eminently first, and had been judged the cleverest students of the year in Southern China. Of the third man, Cho-fao, I knew nothing. It was enough for me that our names stood thus in order, my own heading the list—

1st With all honour . CHIN-CHIN-WA.
2nd With honour . FA-TO-MAN.
3rd With honour . CHO-FAO.

I had beaten my rival, and I stood first student of the year! I, a foreigner adopted by the Chinese race, had excelled in the studies of my adopted land the deepest thinkers of the time! Forgive me that I gloried in my triumph. I scarcely knew what I did. Success had turned my brain.

Quen-tsa-ting was even more excited than I, but he had reason left to hurry me from the spot before I was

crowd, for he well knew that the excitement of the success was, for me (weak as I still was), as much as I could bear, without the praise and honour which would have been thrust upon me by those around had the first student been found amongst them.

So we left Fa-to-man and Cho-fao to be carried through the streets, borne above the noisy and exultant crowd, whilst we quietly stole away by back ways and across the river to the old home at Honam. I had not yet realised what my success meant. Quen-tsa-ting told me briefly that I might be appointed to the post of assistant to the governor of a province; I might be placed in some high rank in the Chinese army, or I might be called to Pekin to undergo further examination ere I took a high civil post in the government of the vast empire of China. Quen-tsa-ting was not one who could give me definite information, however. All he said was merely surmise. He might be seriously overestimating matters. Indeed, you can understand, I scarcely knew what to think.

It seemed impossible that I should be first upon the list. I could scarcely believe it to be true, although I had heard it with my own ears and seen it printed on the lengthy list with my own eyes.

Yes, it was worth years of study! Worth that fortnight of ceaseless restlessness and toil!! and worth the illness from which I had just recovered!!! that I should stand foremost on the list.

For days congratulations poured in upon me from all sides, days of endless gaiety; for Quen-tsa-ting determined that my success should be marked as one of the great events of his life, and we feasted from morn till eve, keeping open house for all friends who might come.

A deputation had come to me some days after the declaration of the result—a deputation from his Most High Majesty the governor of the Southern Provinces, to command my presence with him a moon hence.

And at the appointed time I stood within his court.

He was an old withered-looking specimen. I never knew exactly the why and the wherefore of my call to his court, save that it may be the custom. The interview was a disappointment to me: I was questioned, and being questioned, dismissed. Probably my answers sealed my fate. I had been asked, amongst other things, if it were my wish to accept what office the Government might in good time bestow upon me, or if it was my desire to enter further studies with a view to entering the Pekin Court. My answer was ready on my lips. "If it might please the great powers I would seek Pekin." My fate had long ago been made. Now, to go to Pekin meant that

(though I should be there at Government expense) I must pass through another examination, higher and more difficult than that of Canton, ere I should rank in the same position in the North as I might now do in the South. At the same time it must be remembered that if successful in the North I should be nearer the Supreme Court, that is to say, I should be under the rule of that Court instead of being under the representative before whom I had been summoned.

I was dismissed as I had come from the presence of the great governor, nor was it till some days after that I received my commands. Quen-tsa-ting knew nothing of my proposal to leave him, and seek my fortunes in the North ; yet had it not been for him I might never have thought of such a thing, for it was he who, alone, unknown to himself, had influenced me to take the uncertainty in place of that which lay within my grasp.

Had it not been for him I might have been content to stay in Southern China, to accept whatever might fall to my lot.

I have said he had a wife in pickle for me. She was beginning to come to the front now. I had never seen her, but Quen-tsa-ting said he had, and that should have been enough. She was thrust down my throat on all occasions; indeed, I was popularly believed to be on the eve of marriage, and I could deny nothing, because my vow had been given to Quen-tsa-ting that I should marry.

I could see nothing for it but to leave Canton and seek Pekin.

I kept Quen-tsa-ting in the dark as to my resolve till the last, fearing that he might insist in hurrying through a marriage ceremony before I left Canton. He knew nothing of my hopes or wishes till I received the official orders, which duly reached me, ordering me to proceed to Pekin. A considerable sum of money for my expenses was placed at my disposal; for the rest I held credentials and letters to the highest Chinese officials in the ports *en route.*

It came as a great blow to Quen-tsa-ting. For the first time I saw that the old man was really fond of his quasi-adopted son, and it grieved me that I could not be more at one with him. He had been so good to me, this kind old man. No father could have been more than he.

When he told me that we should never meet again, it cut me to the heart, and I felt that no sacrifice upon my part would be too great a one for me to make were it to be for him.

And thus strangely it came about that at the last I did what I was leaving Canton to avoid !

I married as he wished !

In China in the higher circles marriages are arranged for the young couple by those in authority over them. Quen-tsa-ting acted for me. I never saw my bride till, by the rites of their religion (a religion which was now mine own), she and I were made one, and I left Canton the day following my marriage, married according to Chinese law—mated in no other sense!

Chapter VI.

Fu-la-meh was the daughter of a very wealthy and retired merchant. I had met her father frequently in the time past. For the rest, as I have said, the marriage was arranged for, not by me. Now to take Fu-la-meh with me to Pekin was quite out of the question. A Chinese lady is like a baby—she requires to be carried about, to be dressed and undressed, and to be fed at the proper times. She is capable of doing nothing—and of being nothing save that she may be deemed a something to be admired—and it was to one of those that I was tied for life.

Thus she remained in Canton at her father's house, whilst I went off alone to the North. I had no compunctions as to leaving my bride; to tell the truth I cared not one jot what became of her—Chinamen never do.

Quen-tsa-ting came on board the junk which was to convey me to Hong Kong. I felt a pang of sorrow when he left me for the last time. Little did I think I should never see the dear old man again. He died some five moons later, as I learnt long after, in a fit brought on, so his physician said, by an enormous over-eating of Rice Birds, just come into season.

In Hong Kong I was the guest of Yung Lao. I passed one of my old fellow-clerks one day. He did not know me from a Chinaman, as what man would? My head was shaved as theirs—my pigtail, chiefly of silk, I allow, trailed as did those of my fellows—and my complexion was bronzed and oily-looking, as it had been for many a year.

Yung Lao paid me all honours. I, who had left him as his *protégé*, had returned as one worthy to be a friend.

On the steamer for Shanghai (a European one), I travelled with the Chinese, not with the English. In Shanghai I was welcomed by an old friend of Quen-tsa-ting's. There I stayed for some days ere I left in a junk once more for Tientsin. At Tientsin I changed into a house-boat, in which, sometimes wafted by the wind, sometimes

dragged with ropes by the sailors walking on the banks, I approached the great city of Pekin. Half a day's journey from the Peiho in a mule-cart, and I stood at last within the great mighty walls—in the midst of all the accumulated dust and ruins and decay that form the capital of China.

And here I lived once more a life of deep study and little else for two years, preparing for the higher Examination I had come to pass, conquering the vast differences of the languages of the North and South, and acquiring fresh knowledge day by day.

I was walking out one evening in the summer some eighteen months after I had come to Pekin, when I made a discovery. My old rival Fa-to-man was also in Pekin. I met him face to face near the Temple of Confucius. He started, as astonished as I, and we passed one another with a cold and distant greeting. Why he had come to Pekin I could easily understand. Probably he had believed that I should remain in Canton, and take the post in the South which I had gained, without seeking to rise higher. So he had come to Pekin, and once again it seemed we were to be pitted against one another. Such were my thoughts.

From the hour Fa-to-man first saw me he must have commenced to dog my steps. His hatred for me was intense. I was shortly destined to discover his villany.

The Examination was fast approaching, and I knew myself to be equal to the task, if my bodily strength could once again endure the trial.

Of late I had grown suspicious, I knew not why. I felt some treachery in the air, and when I walked abroad in the evening I was ever on my guard. It was well that I was so. The third evening before the great day what I feared came to pass. I was taking my evening walk in a solitary place with my eyes ever on the alert, when I was suddenly sprung upon. Ignorant who was my foe, I turned instinctively, just in time to arrest the blow aimed with a knife at my back. A second later and I should have fallen a dead man. As it was I grasped his arm as it was raised to descend. My sudden resistance, unexpected as it was, unnerved him. There was a fierce struggle between us, over in a moment, and I was kneeling upon the breast of my prostrate foe, Fa-to-man.

His sharply-pointed knife lay at my hand. I seized it. All the instincts of my adopted race filled me. Deep cruelty and revenge blurred my soul. A superhuman strength and calm, cold cruelty seemed to have filled me. His struggles were vain. I was upon his breast and the knife was in my hand.

Yet through all, perhaps something of my old English nature, now almost dead within me, remained, for I did not kill the man who lay at my mercy. Slowly and deliberately I commenced to knock upon his temples with the hard bone handle, striking harder and harder till the man beneath me lay in a semi-conscious state of numbness and of pain. His resistance was feeble now. His shouts had been few—a Chinaman does not show his enemy what he suffers. I reversed the knife, and pressing my one hand firmly upon his head, I carved upon the skin of his brow, amidst yells of agony he could not contain, the Chinese figure—a single complex figure signifying "Chin-chin-wa."

Consciousness left him. I rose, threw down the knife beside him, and left him as he lay!

To this day that man must have upon his brow lines which can never be effaced—the name of the enemy whom he tried stealthily to kill.

The next three days passed by.

I saw my rival again for the first time when I arrived at the Hall. His head was wrapped in cloths and covered with a large silk cap. I smiled grimly as my eye caught his.

I did not triumph long. His revenge had been deeper than mine.

At the entrance, when I gave my name, I was requested to step aside into one of the inner rooms. I saw nothing strange in this. Was it not some honour due to the first student of Canton? So I passed as I was told.

A mandarin, in full court garb and surrounded by his attendants, was seated on a chair of ebony. I bowed low and wondered what it all could mean. I was not long in doubt. Fa-to-man had followed me into this chamber. The students were still pouring into the Hall. He and I alone had been singled out. And ere many minutes I learnt the cause.

A charge of premeditated murder, foiled in the attempt, had been preferred against me by Fa-to-man. His proof, the wound on his brow; was it not enough? Two false witnesses swore they had seen me follow him that night. Everything was against me. I had attacked him, my rival, in Canton, so said Fa-to-man, in fear lest he should prove the better student.

The trial was not a long one. It came out that I had not been born in China. Fa-to-man had known that for years. Was it right that a stranger, such as I, should come as a spy into places of honour in China? Alas, what had been accepted and allowed in the South was refused and repudiated in the North! From that moment all went against me. How could it be otherwise? I had been summoned,

unprepared, to answer lies carefully strung one with the other. Can you conceive the agony of each moment as I saw all that I had done—the post I had gained—the honours I held—slipping from my grasp? And through all I preserved, Chinese-like, that studied calm of feature which could not tell my enemy how deeply he cut me to the quick.

Fa-to-man gained his point. I was committed to trial in the highest court in twenty days.

He, as a free man, entered the Hall to compete in the Examination. I as a prisoner, with the cangue soon placed round my neck, passed into prison to await my trial. And thus it was that my hopes were for ever blighted and destroyed by the enmity of my single Chinese foe.

What I might have been in China, and what I might have become, who can tell? I knew it to be all over now. Knew as certainly as that the cangue was around my neck, that there was a great blot for ever placed upon my name which time could not efface.

Have you ever seen the inside of a Chinese prison? Pray, then, that you may never know it as I. Blackguards and innocent men inhabit the same room. It is like a cage at the one end, this filthy den. What is the square board which each wears round his neck? That, my friend, is the cangue: a heavy, massive block of wood, which keeps the prisoner from escaping through the bars of his cage.

It keeps him, too, from sleeping, from lying down, from resting anywhere.

Thus was I placed whilst the Examination, in which I might have gained a lofty place, ran its course for fifteen days. What days of agony for me! And all the time I was preparing my case to answer the supreme judge. How those days of hideous confinement passed I cannot tell you, though, of all that remains to me in memory, that time is the most vivid in my mind.

There was a fight once in the small den; two of the half dozen, of whom I was one, set like wild beasts on one another. The cangue on the neck of each kept them apart; the gaolers came in whilst they struggled, with fearful howlings, one with another. All of us were more or less damaged by the fray. They were separated at last, but not till one of the combatants was in a condition which shortly ended in death, his head half torn from the trunk by the wooden cangue around his neck. Wild beasts indeed! And he perished, as one of these, in an agony I will not dwell upon, though its memory fills my heart as I write.

At length the time of my trial came. I cared little now what might become of me, so tinctured had my mind grown with hideous things in the days just passed.

Perhaps my defence was a weak one; perhaps it was strong. I told the truth. I was not believed! I stood in the light of a traitor and spy amidst my adopted race, and the people, of whom I was one, gave judgment through their court that I must pass for ever as an exile from their midst.

Murder could not be proved, but the attempt was, or at least that which was believed, stood as proof against me.

And the judgment—given before the sneering Fa-to-man, the man marked with my name on his brow; given whilst I stood, calm, immovable, callous to my own fate—was this:

"Exiled for ever from China and the land of the Chinese, and the mark of Exile to be placed upon his breast."

. . . . . .

I have little more to tell. Conveyed to Formosa under Government control, I have remained there as I shall remain—an outcast from my own race, an exile from my adopted people—till the day when I shall die.

Yung Lao came to see me from Hong Kong. I wrote to him and he came to me; it may be for the last time. Quen-tsa-ting was then long dead. Of my wife he could tell me nothing. From her I am separated by the bond of exile. Am I joined to her by the rites of marriage? What can that matter to me?

Yung Lao knows that I am well provided for. That, at least, I will say for the Chinese. Sending me half convicted into exile, they have still given me all the comforts which my post in the South might have commanded, had I been content to stay without attempting to soar too high.

It is many, many years since all that I have written of took place, and I do not know if the history of my life will even interest the English-speaking people, for whom I have written it before I die.

At least, it has given me a strange pleasure to think that what I write may come to my old Homeland; to a land I shall never see again, and to hearts that may beat a moment in pity for one who toiled as few men toil, only to become an outcast in the end!

SHELLEY, "PETERLOO," AND "THE MASK OF ANARCHY."

THE year 1819 was a critical one in the history of reform. Democratic agitation had been rife among the British working classes for some years; monster public gatherings were becoming more and more frequent; and in the summer of 1819 the movement culminated in a huge concourse at Manchester. On the 31st of July an advertisement in *The Manchester Observer* set forth that a meeting would be held on the 9th of August in a large open space called St. Peter's Field, with the view of urging forward parliamentary reform. The magistrates declared that such a meeting would be illegal; and its promoters postponed it while endeavouring to compass their end in a more formal manner, but eventually held their meeting on the 16th of August 1819, in St. Peter's Field. The people poured into Manchester by thousands from all the surrounding towns, coming peaceably and in order, though for a purpose pronounced to be illegal. It was arranged that the chair should be taken by the noisy demagogue, Henry Hunt, best known as Orator Hunt, and not connected in any way with Leigh Hunt.

The authorities at Manchester had made extensive but muddlesome preparations for what they termed the preservation of peace. They had ready for action a large number of special constables, some yeomanry cavalry, and some three hundred hussars; but, although the authorities had ample knowledge and warning of the meeting, they failed to arrange beforehand any definite plan of action. They made no effort to arrest the ringleaders on their way to St. Peter's Field; and it was not till Hunt was on the platform, surrounded by a densely-packed and enormous crowd of peaceable and orderly men, women, and children, that an absurd attempt to take him into custody was made. When the warrant for the apprehension of the reform leaders was handed to the chief constable for execution, he averred that he should need military aid. To this end some forty of the yeomanry cavalry were despatched to make their way through

the crowd—an obvious impossibility—and were speedily hemmed in on all hands and stuck fast. They do not appear at first to have done or received serious harm ; but when their mission was found to have failed, a hasty order[1] was given to the three hundred hussars, who were in attendance hard by, to disperse the crowd. They made a vigorous charge, resulting in a terrific scene of confusion and indiscriminate slashing and overturning ; and in the end about six people were killed outright, while twenty or thirty were wounded by the sabres of the cavalry, and some fifty or more injured by being trodden under foot and otherwise maltreated.

Such, in a few words, was the Manchester massacre, as Shelley called it, or, as it is often called, the Peterloo massacre. When the news of this ugly business reached Shelley at Leghorn, he was beyond measure transported with resentment against the local authorities and the Government. The affair took place during the administration of the Earl of Liverpool, when Lord Eldon was Lord High Chancellor, Viscount Sidmouth Home Secretary, and Lord Castlereagh Foreign Secretary. Lord Sidmouth publicly expressed the satisfaction of the Prince Regent with the "prompt, decisive, and efficient measures for the preservation of the public tranquillity" adopted by the local authorities. Lord Eldon, equally, supported the magistrates ; and for the rest, the cup of iniquity both of Castlereagh and of Eldon had long, in Shelley's eyes, been full to overflowing ; so that he might well give to Murder a mask like the one, and to Fraud an ermined gown like that of the other.

It is thus that Mrs. Shelley, in her note on the poems of 1819, describes her husband's feelings on this occasion :

> Though Shelley's first eager desire to excite his countrymen to resist openly the oppressions existent during "the good old times" had faded with early youth, still his warmest sympathies were for the people. He was a republican, and loved a democracy. He looked on all human beings as inheriting an equal right to possess the dearest privileges of our nature, the necessaries of life, when fairly earned by labour, and intellectual instruction. His hatred of any despotism, that looked upon the people as not to be consulted or protected from want and ignorance, was intense. He was residing near Leghorn, at Villa Valsovano, writing "The Cenci," when the news of the Manchester massacre reached us ; it roused in him violent emotions of indignation and compassion. The great truth that the many, if accordant and resolute, could control the few, as was shown some years after, made him long to teach his injured countrymen how to resist. Inspired by these feelings, he wrote the "Masque of Anarchy." . . .

[1] "'Good God, sir ! Do you not see how they are attacking the yeomanry? Disperse the crowd.' On this the word 'Forward' was instantly given, the trumpet sounded, and the cavalry dashed among the multitude." See *A History of the Thirty Years' Peace*, by Harriet Martineau, 4 volumes, 1877, vol. i. *pp. 283-314, for a full* account of the whole episode.

It may be questioned whether the words writing "The Cenci" were meant to be taken literally. Professor Dowden tells us ("Life of Shelley," vol. ii., p. 279) that, on Sunday, the 8th of August, Shelley "brought the first rough draft [of 'The Cenci'] to an end," and that during some later days of the same month he was "engaged in copying and correcting the poem."

I have reason to know that the words "first rough draft" are not quoted from any contemporary record, but are of the nature of an interpretation, there being no precise knowledge at present as to the degree of finish which characterized the tragedy as completed by Shelley on the 8th of August. It seems certain, however, that, a week later than that, it was not absolutely finished: on the 11th of August he was re-copying some portion of it; and on the 15th of August he wrote to Leigh Hunt—[1] "My 'Prometheus' is finished, and I am also on the eve of completing another work, totally different from any thing you might conjecture that I should write; of a more popular kind; and, if anything of mine could deserve attention, of higher claims."

The work referred to is "The Cenci"; and, as the middle of August is generally accepted as the time of completion, it is not improbable that the 15th was actually the *eve* of the tragedy's birthday. Mrs. Shelley appears to have assisted later in copying; but even of this there seems to be no record after the 20th of August. Now if the 16th was actually the day on which Shelley put the last finishing touch to his tragedy, as I think we may reasonably assume it to have been, in the absence of further evidence, the coincidence was sufficiently remarkable; for that was the very day on which the Manchester magistrates, in the plenitude of their wisdom and forethought for the "public tranquillity," took order for the enactment of the tragedy in St. Peter's Field, which was to provide him with the subject of his next considerable poem. But these, we must recollect, were not the days of Reuter's telegrams, nor did news reach Leghorn from England by post in two or three days. The chances are that Shelley remained ignorant of the massacre till August had given place to September. By the 9th of September he was sending a printed copy of "The Cenci" to Peacock; and there is a letter to Mr. Ollier in which he mentions the indescribable trouble he had with the Italian printer in getting the work through the press at Leghorn. Now this indescribable trouble must certainly have occupied a plurality of weeks, as anyone who is familiar with printing processes

[1] *Prose Works*, vol. iv., page 115.

at their best must be convinced: I do not doubt, therefore, that the business on which the poet was occupied, when he heard first of the meeting in St. Peter's Field and its sanguinary results, must have been the printing and not the writing of "The Cenci."

How the indescribable trouble inflicted on him by Signor Masi[1] and his compositors must have shrunk into insignificance when he opened the English newspapers and read of the hideous and sanguinary bungle, it is not difficult to picture to one's thought. Let us look in imagination into that glazed-in loggia at the top of Villa Valsovano,[2] where the summer had seen Shelley at work upon the greatest tragedy produced since Shakespeare's hand left working in that kind: do we not see the same Shelley dividing his time between attention to the indescribable proof-sheets of the said tragedy, damp from printer Masi's office, and boiling over the news contained in the papers from his abandoned country, where a less remote if less poetic tragedy had just been enacted? Whether Masi's mangling of the majestic lines of "The Cenci" or thoughts of that ghastly rush of cavalry to mangle the limbs of his unarmed countrymen, drove him the oftener to the glazed front of his "airy cell,"[3] who shall say? Whether, when driven from his high retreat, to rush into Leghorn and make personal representations to the bewildered and bewildering printers, the completed tragedy of mediæval Italy or the poem already getting forward on the new tragedy of modern England, was uppermost in his thoughts, who shall guess? But we cannot put aside the recurring picture of the poet, starting up once and again with impulsive fingers thrust through his wild locks, stung now by some blunder of the printer's in transferring from manuscript to print the unfamiliar language of his fresh great "summer-task,"[4] now by some detail or imagined detail of the massacre, to find a momentary relief in gazing down from the study "half way between the town [of Leghorn] and Monte Nero:"[5] from that study he could drink in through the eyes the benign influence of the "near sea" which he loved, and could for a moment calm his vexed spirit with the "wide prospect of fertile country"[6] of the land of his choice.

But we have not to depend on sheer imagination in order to

[1] Professor Dowden [*Life of Shelley*, vol. ii., page 279] says that the book was printed at Masi's, adding, however, in a foot-note: "I have no positive evidence that Masi was Shelley's printer, but it seems morally certain that to Masi he would go."

[2] See Mrs. Shelley's note on *The Cenci*. [3] Ibid.

[4] "So now my summer task is ended, Mary." *Laon and Cythna—Dedication.*

[5] Mrs. Shelley's note on *The Cenci*. [6] Ibid.

realize the vivid series of impressions kept up in Shelley's mind; not only have we in our hands the admirable poem which he wrote on the impulse of this ugly episode in the history of reform in England, but letters and memoranda are preserved for our guidance. On the 6th of September, when well through his troubles with the Leghorn printers, he wrote a letter[1] to his publisher, Mr. Ollier, announcing his intention to send "The Cenci," for publication, and commenting thus on the Manchester massacre:

> The same day that your letter came, came the news of the Manchester work, and the torrent of my indignation has not yet done boiling in my veins. I wait anxiously to hear how the country will express its sense of this bloody, murderous oppression of its destroyers. Something must be done. What, yet, I know not.[2]

Three days later he wrote to his good friend Peacock,[3] sending him a copy of "The Cenci," and exhibiting an unabated interest in the Peterloo business:

> Many thanks for your attention in sending the papers which contain the terrible and important news of Manchester. These are, as it were, the distant thunders of the terrible storm which is approaching. The tyrants here, as in the French Revolution, have first shed blood. May their execrable lessons not be learnt with equal docility! I still think there will be no coming to close quarters until financial affairs bring the oppressors and the oppressed together. Pray let me have the *earliest* political news which you consider of importance at this crisis.

After the lapse of twelve days more, he again addressed Peacock, further concerning "The Cenci" and (*inter alia*) concerning the massacre:[4]

> I have received all the papers you sent me, and the *Examiners* regularly, perfumed with muriatic acid.[5] What an infernal business—this of Manchester! What is to be done? Something assuredly.[6] H. Hunt has behaved, I think, with great spirit and coolness in the whole affair.

That the poem seethed in his mind for a continuance of time is

[1] *Shelley Memorials*, pp. 118–19.

[2] The quotation from *The Cenci* (act iii., scene i., lines 86, 87) gives us a glimpse of the way in which the real and literary tragedies were dividing his mind. The "torrent" of his indignation did not, it seems, even give him time to reflect whether Mr. Ollier would understand the words "oppression of its destroyers" as meaning oppression exercised by the persons so characterized.

[3] *Prose Works*, vol. iv., pp. 123–4.

[4] Ibid., pp. 124–6.

[5] The result of quarantine operations.

[6] Note the curious way in which *The Cenci* words quoted to Ollier are put in plain prose for the unsympathizing Peacock, the "nursling of the exact and superficial school in poetry."

also evident from another passage in Mrs. Shelley's note on the poems of 1819:

> The poem was written for the people, and is therefore in a more popular tone than usual; portions strike as abrupt and unpolished, but many stanzas are all his own. I heard him repeat (and admired) those beginning—
>
> My Father Time is old and grey,
>
> before I knew to what poem they were to belong. But the most touching passage is that which describes the blessed effects of liberty; they might make a patriot of any man, whose heart was not wholly closed against his humble fellow-creatures.

In what form the poem was first put into black and white perhaps we may never know; but the chances are that it was jotted down in note-books or on scraps of paper, in pencil or in ink as occasion ruled, before being reduced to its finished form. However that may be, it was copied out by Mrs. Shelley, finally revised by Shelley, and despatched to Leigh Hunt for publication in *The Examiner*, before November 1819. It never saw the light till 1832; for Hunt, prudent for once, thought that, if given to the public in 1819, it would have a very different effect from that for which the poet designed it. When Mrs. Shelley reprinted the poem in her collected editions, dating from 1839 onwards, she included a stanza not given by Hunt; but, so far as the public knew, from that time till 1876, there were no means of verifying by consultation of manuscripts the readings of either the one version or the other.

In 1876, some Shelley papers preserved by Leigh Hunt came to the surface of the stream of time which had swamped them; and in the following year, when the third volume of my library edition of Shelley's Poetical Works was issued, "The Mask of Anarchy" was given from the very copy which Mrs. Shelley had written and Shelley had revised with minute and scrupulous care, for Hunt to publish in *The Examiner*. Certain peculiarities in that manuscript, notably gaps left by Mrs. Shelley and afterwards filled in by Shelley, led me to surmise that the poet had dictated the poem to his wife from rough notes, such as we know he made, in ample measure, of his poetic thoughts. Until the present year (1887) the Hunt manuscript remained the sole known written authority for the text of "The Mask," and it did not seem very probable that another authority would be discovered. Nevertheless, Shelley's own manuscript of the whole poem, less a few omitted lines, has at length been found, and has blown to the winds my theory of dictation, the peculiarities being the result, not of hesitant instructions to an amanuensis, but of copying out as literally as might be, a poem which was practically completed, but required just a few finishing touches.

The recovery of the holograph is a direct result of the Shelley Society's activity. Mr. Frederic S. Ellis, while carrying on the work of editing and supervising the Shelley Concordance, had to appeal through the columns of *The Athenæum* for additions to his phalanx of workers. From communications made to Mr. Ellis in this connexion it transpired that Mrs. Shelley, in 1826, gave the holograph "Mask of Anarchy" to the late Sir John (then Mr.) Bowring, whose son, Mr. Lewin Bowring, C.S.I., placed it temporarily in Mr. Ellis's hands, together with a most interesting letter sent by Mrs. Shelley with her precious gift. This letter, as well as some particulars of the manuscript, was at once communicated by Mr. Ellis to *The Athenæum*,[1] and arrangements were shortly made for the transfer of the manuscript and letter to their present owner, Mr. Thomas J. Wise.

In a small way, the recovery of this manuscript, and its bestowal in the hands of one who will not hide it under a bushel, have made quite a stir. To Shelley specialists the knowledge that the holograph of another of Shelley's poems is extant and accessible is necessarily gratifying; and the production of that fac-simile of it which the Shelley Society is about to issue in its "Extra Series" is a real boon—a fac-simile being serviceable both for the purposes of students who desire to know more of Shelley's way of work, and for such collectors as cannot hope to possess the original. But it may be well to note the particular reasons, independent of Shelleyolatry and autograph-hunting, for which the recovery of this manuscript was to be desired.

The spelling of the word *Mask* in the title was already settled; for Shelley himself wrote the heading of the Hunt manuscript, and put *Mask*, not *Masque*. He also added the important and significant words, "written on the occasion of the massacre at Manchester." But a few textual points remained on which the evidence of the holograph was desirable. For instance, stanza ix. stands thus in the Hunt manuscript:

> And he wore a kingly crown;
> And in his grasp a sceptre shone;
> On his brow this mark I saw—
> "I AM GOD, AND KING, AND LAW."

Hunt altered the third line to—

> And on his brow this mark I saw—

[1] January 22, 1887.

and Mrs. Shelley gave the second line thus—

> In his hand a sceptre shone ;

which turns out to be the reading of the holograph, though a reading which Shelley rejected in favour of that of the Hunt manuscript, where the line is revised by his own hand.

Mrs. Shelley, in the passage from stanza xiv.—

> Hearing the tempestuous cry
> Of the triumph of Anarchy

changed *tempestuous* to *tremendous*; and in stanza xviii. she altered

> Thou art King, and God, and Lord ;

to

> Thou art King, and Law, and Lord,

while for the expressive line

> Fumbling with his palsied hands !

in stanza xxiii. she substituted—

> Trembling with his palsied hands !

Of none of these variations is there any trace in the holograph.

Again, the lovely line in stanza xxxi.—

> As flowers beneath May's footstep waken,

has appeared variously with the words *the footstep* [Hunt], and *May's footsteps* [Mrs. Shelley]; but the reading of the Hunt manuscript, *May's footstep*, receives such confirmation as it may be thought to have needed from the holograph.

Perhaps the point of most consequence for consultation of the holograph was the status of the stanza—

> Horses, oxen, have a home,
> When from daily toil they come ;
> Household dogs, when the wind roars,
> Find a home within warm doors.

This stanza is in the holograph, but is omitted from the elaborate Hunt manuscript. Mrs. Shelley replaced it between stanzas xlix. and l.; but I relegated it to the foot-notes, as having been in all probability rejected by Shelley. With the holograph before me, I *see no reason for* a change of opinion, though I find no evidence at

all to speak of. The two stanzas between which Mrs. Shelley replaced it read thus—

> Birds find rest, in narrow nest
> When weary of their winged quest;
> Beasts find fare, in woody lair
> When storm and snow are in the air.
>
> Asses, swine, have litter spread
> And with fitting food are fed;
> All things have a home but one—
> Thou, Oh, Englishman, hast none!

My reason for thinking Shelley's rejection of this stanza likely and wise is that it carries on the comparison a little too long, and tends to use up or discount the sacred word *home* before it occurs in its real and full significance in juxtaposition with the mention of the homeless Englishman. As the verses now stand the thought passes over the *rest* of birds, the *lair* of beasts, the *litter* of asses and swine and the *home* that the Englishman lacks. But, with the other stanza inserted, the sequence is mingled—*rest, lair, home, home, litter, home.* The change effected by the omission is one which I should venture to call magical. The bearing of the holograph on the question is not strong, however. Although the stanzas are numbered in the manuscript revised for press, they are not numbered in the holograph. Had both copies been numbered, I should have thought it most improbable that Shelley, who was very curious about the numbering of his verses and stanzas, would have revised with such remarkable pains the copy for the press, and yet not found out the omission by the want of correspondence in the numbers. As it is, he seems to have made one of his usual counts at this very point, for at the end of the fifty-first stanza in his copy he has written in the margin the figure 51, whereas that stanza becomes the fiftieth in the final manuscript. I do not lay much stress on this, but note it for what it is worth. For the rest, I am confident that, had he wanted the stanza, he would have missed it, numbers or no numbers; and I can see no ground whatever for restoring it to a place in the text.

In stanza lviii. there was something that looked like editorial watering-down:

> Thou art Wisdom—Freemen never
> Dream that God will damn for ever

said the Hunt manuscript; but Hunt printed

> Freedom never
> Dreams that God will damn f— —

and Mrs. Shelley, while restoring *f*

damn. The holograph corresponds precisely with the Hunt manuscript, and leaves both editors answerable for their readings.

Stanza lxiii., as revised by Shelley for the press, is :

> Science, Poetry and Thought
> Are they lamps; they make the lot
> Of the dwellers in a cot
> So serene, they curse it not.

The rhythm of the first line was altered by the insertion of *and* between *Science* and *Poetry* in all editions published before 1877; and Mrs. Shelley gave the fourth line as,

> Such they curse their Maker not.

The holograph does not contain the *and*; but it does contain both readings of the fourth line; the first written boldly, like the rest of the poem, the second written very small and faintly with a different pen, the words *so serene* and *it* being cancelled lightly, as though the matter were yet to be further considered.

In stanza lxv. Hunt printed the second line as,

> Of the fearless, of the free

though the manuscript from which he published reads,

> Of the fearless and the free.

This preference for a more staccato reading must, I fear, be set down to lax views of an editor's duties. At all events Shelley's manuscript does nothing to release his friend from that imputation; and it was not to be expected that it would.

Such are the principal points upon which a consultation of the holograph manuscript was to be desired; and the result, though not absolutely negative, is not very positive or copious.

Over and above what we gather on these points, there are some few fresh readings, the most important of which is the cancelled stanza :

> From the cities where from caves
> Like the dead from putrid graves
> Troops of starvelings gliding come
> Living tenants of a tomb.

This stanza is found between the 67th and 68th of the printed version (Original and Library Editions, 68th and 69th in Mrs.

Shelley's and Mr. Rossetti's editions). It gives place to the two fine stanzas:

> From the workhouse and the prison
> Where pale as corpses newly risen
> Women, children, young and old
> Groan for pain, and weep for cold—
>
> From the haunts of daily life
> Where is waged the daily strife
> With common wants and common cares
> Which sows the human heart with tares—

No one will regret the removal of the old stanza from the text; but it has great interest as a cancelled reading.

On the other hand, the holograph yields some variations of a more positive value. Stanza xxx. in the manuscript prepared by Shelley for the press reads thus:

> With step as soft as wind it past
> O'er the heads of men—so fast
> That they knew the presence there
> And looked,—and all was empty air.

The holograph reads *but* for *and* in the last line; and I am disposed to prefer that reading, although we cannot be certain that the other was a mistake of transcription which Shelley failed to discover.

In Stanza lvii. the holograph gives the fourth line as—

> Shield'st alike both high and low

but Mrs. Shelley's transcript gives—

> Shield'st alike *the* high and low.

It is possible to contend for *both* as stronger and more emphatic; but it is certainly less accurate. We do not say, "Both the cat and the kitten are alike," because there can be no question of one being alike and the other not alike. Mrs. Shelley may very well have had Shelley by her to be appealed to while she copied the poem; and I should not consider the evidence of the carefully-revised manuscript prepared for press as set aside by the holograph save in case of obvious error or indisputable inferiority.

Such a case—not of obvious error, but of indisputable inferiority—is to be found in Stanza lxxix. Mrs. Shelley's copy reads:

> Stand ye calm and resolute,
> Like a forest close and mute,
> With folded arms and looks which are
> Weapons of.

and that *an* in the fourth line certainly looks as if it had no legitimate business there. Sense and rhythm alike would be the better for its absence; and when we find the holograph reads

Weapons of unvanquished war,

what can we do but gladly accept the amendment, and assume an undiscovered error of transcription? It may be mentioned that this stanza in the Hunt manuscript is one of four consecutive stanzas, conspicuous for the absence of a single trace of Shelley's pen, employed so liberally in retouching the transcript throughout.

Whatever the importance or the reverse of the results obtained by examining Shelley's manuscript, there can be no dispute as to the grave interest of the letter which Mrs. Shelley wrote to Sir John Bowring when she sent him this valuable relic. The letter contains the following paragraph:

> Do not be afraid of losing the impression you have concerning my lost Shelley by conversing with anyone who knew him about him.[1] The mysterious feeling you experience was participated by all his friends, even by me, who was ever with him—or why say *even*;—I felt it more than any other, because by sharing his fortune, I was more aware than any other of his wondrous excellences and the strange fate which attended him on all occasions—Romance is tame in comparison with all that we experienced together and the last fatal scene was accompanied by circumstances so strange so inexplicable so full of terrific interest (words are weak when one speaks of events so near the heart) that you would deem me very superstitious if I were only to narrate simple and incontestable facts to you—I do not in any degree believe that his being was regulated by the same laws that govern the existence of us common mortals—nor did anyone think so who ever knew him. I have endeavoured, but how inadequately, to give some idea of him in my last published book—the sketch has pleased some of those who best loved him—I might have made more of it but there are feelings which one recoils from unveiling to the public eye—I have the greatest pleasure in sending you the writing for which you ask.

I have already had occasion to remark elsewhere[2] upon the foregoing confession of that mysterious feeling as to Shelley's personality resulting from the most intimate proximity to him; and I cannot but think that a confession of this kind on the part of a person of such strong intelligence and enlightened views as characterized the daughter of William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft, will prove a valuable memorandum for the Shelley biographer of the future in examining several of those curious episodes in the poet's history which have given rise to controversy and to grave doubts. But the important point here is the positive record that in one of Mrs.

[1] *Sic*, but probably we should read, *knew about him*.
[2] *Athenæum*, 29 January 1887.

Shelley's novels, she had liberated her heart in sketching a portrait of her husband. The letter is dated the 25th of February 1826; and the latest book published by Shelley's widow at that time was the weird and terrible romance of "The Last Man." It has long been a familiar thought to me that Adrian Earl of Windsor in "The Last Man" was meant to represent Shelley in point of character; but a confession of that intention was needed to give the literary portrait solid value. Whether my friend Professor Dowden would have made use of the sketch in any way, had this evidence turned up in time, I cannot say; but I confess that, if I were engaged on a study of Shelley's character, I should regard as a document of real value this study of the same which his widow wove into the fabric of "The Last Man," though I might not have ventured to appeal to it without the absolute certainty that the author's deliberate intention was to depict Shelley.

The statement that the sketch "pleased some of those who best loved him" is one which we can readily accept as based upon genuine expressions of satisfaction. We might expect to find, if the materials for search existed, statements to that effect from Leigh Hunt and Thomas Jefferson Hogg, Claire Clairmont and Jane Williams; but we must be content for the present to let one alone of these four devoted friends of Shelley speak for himself. Professor Dowden tells me that Hogg, in that same year 1826, pronounced the character which Mrs. Shelley had drawn in "The Last Man" to be "most happy and most just."

Beside this portrait of Shelley, "The Last Man" contains other studies after nature. Lord Raymond is certainly intended to represent Byron in an idealized form; and the character of Perdita is drawn in so intimate and analytical a manner that one cannot doubt there is much in the material for that character that was derived from experience. Any future biographer of Shelley would certainly do well to make a scrupulous examination of the inner life of Perdita as recorded in "The Last Man," and collate with direct records the various passages that seem to bear upon the life of Shelley and Mary.

Curiously enough, there is one point that links Perdita with the holograph "Mask of Anarchy." At the back of one of the leaves are a few lines of Italian, which turn out, on examination, to be a translation from the opening of "Epipsychidion," that poem which Trelawney declared to have been first composed in Italian, and which embodies a philosophy of divided love, such as cannot in the nature of things have been satisfactory to Shelley's wife. Indeed, I think her inclusion of this wondrous poem (issued anonymously) among the acknowledged works of Shelley was an act of some heroism—an

act of stoical justice to his poetic reputation, but characterized by a reserve that is unusual in Mrs. Shelley's treatment of her husband's works. "Epipsychidion" is the one poem of importance which Mrs. Shelley was not at the pains to comment on, or in any way elucidate; and it is at least remarkable that we should find expressions of Perdita in "The Last Man" combating the philosophy of divided love.

When Perdita finds out that her husband's allegiance to her is divided, her life is, so to speak, wrecked. She writes him a letter containing the following passage:

I loved you—I love you—neither anger nor pride dictates these lines; but a feeling beyond, deeper, and more unutterable than either. My affections are wounded; it is impossible to heal them:—cease then the vain endeavour, if indeed that way your endeavours tend. Forgiveness! Return! Idle words are these! I forgive the pain I endure; but the trodden path cannot be retraced.

Common affection might have been satisfied with common usages. I believed that you read my heart, and knew its devotion, its unalienable fidelity towards you. I never loved any but you. You came the embodied image of my fondest dreams. The praise of men, power and high aspirations attended your career. Love for you invested the world for me in enchanted light; it was no longer the earth I trod—the earth common mother, yielding only trite and stale repetition of objects and circumstances old and worn out. I lived in a temple gloriñed by intensest sense of devotion and rapture; I walked, a consecrated being, contemplating only your power, your excellence;

> For O, you stood beside me, like my youth,
> Transformed for me the real to a dream,
> Cloathing the palpable and familiar
> With golden exhalations of the dawn.

"The bloom has vanished from my life"—there is no morning to this all investing night; no rising to the set-sun of love. In those days the rest of the world was nothing to me: all other men—I never considered nor felt what they were: nor did I look on you as one of them. Separated from them; exalted in my heart; sole possessor of my affections; single object of my hopes, the best half of myself.

Ah, Raymond, were we not happy? Did the sun shine on any, who could enjoy its light with purer and more intense bliss? It was not—it is not a common infidelity at which I repine. It is the disunion of an whole which may not have parts; it is the carelessness with which you have shaken off the mantle of election with which to me you were invested, and have become one among the many. Dream not to alter this. Is not love a divinity, because it is immortal? Did not I appear sanctified, even to myself, because this love had for its temple my heart? I have gazed on you as you slept, melted even to tears, as the idea filled my mind, that all I possessed lay cradled in those idolized, but mortal lineaments before me. Yet, even then, I have checked thick-coming fears with one thought; I would not fear death, for the emotions that linked us must be immortal.

And now I do not fear death. I should be well pleased to close my eyes,

never more to open them again. And yet I fear it; even as I fear all things; for in any state of being linked by the chain of memory with this, happiness would not return—even in Paradise, I must feel that your love was less enduring than the mortal beatings of my fragile heart, every pulse of which knells audibly,

The funeral note
Of love, deep buried, without resurrection.

No—no—me miserable; for love extinct there is no resurrection!

The whole letter from which this is taken is a very noble one—at once impassioned and dignified, and on a higher level than I should expect to find in the utterance of one of Mrs. Shelley's characters drawn from simple imagination. After the letter there is a conversation between Perdita and her brother, in which she says:

Do you think that any of your arguments are new to me? or that my own burning wishes and intense anguish have not suggested them all a thousand times, with far more eagerness and subtlety than you can put into them? Lionel, you cannot understand what woman's love is. In days of happiness I have often repeated to myself, with a grateful heart and exulting spirit, all that Raymond sacrificed for me. I was a poor, uneducated, unbefriended, mountain girl, raised from nothingness by him. All that I possessed of the luxuries of life came from him. He gave me an illustrious name and noble station; the world's respect reflected from his own glory: all this joined to his own undying love, inspired me with sensations towards him, akin to those with which we regard the Giver of life. I gave him love only. I devoted myself to him: imperfect creature that I was, I took myself to task, that I might become worthy of him. I watched over my hasty temper, subdued my burning impatience of character, schooled my self-engrossing thoughts, educating myself to the best perfection I might attain, that the fruit of my exertions might be his happiness. I took no merit to myself for this. He deserved it all—all labour, all devotion, all sacrifice; I would have toiled up a scaleless Alp, to pluck a flower that would please him. I was ready to quit you all, my beloved and gifted companions, and to live only with him, for him. I could not do otherwise, even if I had wished; for if we are said to have two souls, he was my better soul, to which the other was a perpetual slave. One only return did he owe me, even fidelity. I earned that; I deserved it. Because I was mountain-bred, unallied to the noble and wealthy, shall he think to repay me by an empty name and station? Let him take them back; without his love they are nothing to me. Their only merit in my eyes was that they were his.

Without looking beyond the mere significance of the words, I should like to accept that utterance as coming direct from Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley; and I for one should certainly cherish her memory the more warmly for it.

While preparing my notes on the circumstances in which "The Mask of Anarchy" was produced, I have received from a member of the Shelley Society, who was travelling through Italy by the special train service provided for the Indian mails, a most interesting letter, bearing upon Shelley's influence in a manner more appropriate,

perhaps, to this particular poem than any other. In the bed below my correspondent in the sleeping-car was Mr. H. M. Stanley, on his way to Emin Bey, very quiet and thoughtful, talking little. He picked up my friend's copy of the Shelley Society's Report upon its first year's work, just issued, and asked for information about the Society.

"I am afraid," said Mr. Stanley, "I am a poorly-educated man; but Shelley, I take it, wrote for such, not (begging your pardon) for the literary *connoisseurs* who now take him up, patronize, puff, and dissect him."

"Not patronize," said my correspondent, "though perhaps puff. Yet, after all, is not the puff delicate a fair means of spreading good doctrines among good men?"

Mr. Stanley rejoined: "Some lines of Shelley live with me, as some of Leopardi's do with most Italians. He was for freedom, so am I. He had go, he had enthusiasm." Then, after a pause, "You are a funny people, you Shelleyites: you are playing—at a safe distance yourselves, may be—with fire. In spreading Shelley you are indirectly helping to stir up the great Socialist question—the great question of the needs, and wants, and wishes of unhappy men; the one question which bids fair to swamp you all for a bit."

Stanley bade farewell to his car-companion at Brindisi, leaving the impression that he well knew the question of his ever getting back to be a hazardous one; and taking with him by way of solace my friend's copy of the Shelley Society's reprint of "Alastor."

Such a glimpse as this of the impression produced by Shelley on a man of vigorous mind and strong practical proclivities is more interesting, because far more difficult to obtain, than many pages of accomplished literary judgments. Still, if it be true that the spread of Shelley's influence tends to stir up the Socialist question, it is true only in the sense in which the spread of the gospel may be similarly considered. The Nazarene carpenter was far more a typical Socialist than Shelley was; and yet we do not throw it in the teeth of the clergy that the doctrines of Him whom they profess tend to stir up and force forward the Socialist question.

But if this verdict on Shelley's influence be true in any serious and immediate sense, it should be peculiarly applicable to the poem with which we are now particularly concerned—to "The Mask of Anarchy"—and to that group of poems written in 1819, with the view of awakening Englishmen to a sense of their degradation, their rights, and their powers.

Now, let us take one passage from "The Mask of Anarchy." We might fearlessly take the whole poem, with its ardent advocacy of a

bloodless resistance to force and fraud; but one passage will suffice:

> Let the laws of your own land,
> Good or ill, between ye stand
> Hand to hand, and foot to foot,
> Arbiters of the dispute,
>
> The old laws of England—they
> Whose reverend heads with age are grey,
> Children of a wiser day;
> And whose solemn voice must be
> Thine own echo—Liberty!
>
> On those who first should violate
> Such sacred heralds in their state
> Rest the blood that must ensue,
> And it will not rest on you.

This appeal to the wisdom of English law is not much like the "bed-rock" nonsense of the professional Socialist, is it? Well, that is Shelley's way of stirring up the Socialist question; and I think we may rest satisfied that Mr. Stanley has carried off the impression of some part of the trappings of Shelley's poetry without going to the root of what he really meant. Nevertheless it is, as I said before, extremely interesting to learn what impression there is in the mind of such a man concerning Shelley and his teachings.

Again, as to Shelley's poems being written for the half-educated —if that be true of anything besides "Queen Mab," it is of "The Mask of Anarchy" and the small political group of 1819. That group is by no means representative; it is a distinctly poor group compared with other work of the period from the same hand; and even "The Mask," splendid as it is in impulse and imaginative treatment, does not gain, and could not gain, from the violence done to Shelley's native manner and style in the earnest desire to reach the hearts and minds of the struggling proletariat of his own day. Of course in a certain sense the most enlightened of Shelley's readers are only half-educated; and the more enlightened a man is the less will he be likely to lay claim to more than half an education in the widest sense of the word. But here the question is one of comparison; and setting Shelley beside his contemporaries—say beside Byron, Scott, and Wordsworth—I should say that about three times as much education would be required to read Shelley's works with comfort as would be wanted for the perusal of Byron's, Scott's, and Wordsworth's works toge-

admission would probably be taken by the world at large as counting against Shelley and in favour of Byron, Scott, and Wordsworth.

> Well, if it be so, so it is, you know ;
> And if it be so—so be it !

We who love Shelley and his poetry can afford to take him as he is, and do our best to educate ourselves up to the necessary standard for a full and fruitful intelligence of all he meant and all he was.

H. BUXTON FORMAN.

ASTYPALÆA.

SOME years ago a British man-of-war visited Astypalæa; notes were taken respecting its splendid harbour; an engineer considered the facilities of bringing water down from a mountain source: it was in actual contemplation at that time to make the island a part of the British Empire by purchase from Turkey. Its position is excellent, being almost exactly in the middle of the Cretan Sea, a considerable distance from everywhere, just one of those convenient halting-places that commercial England loves to possess herself of. As it is, Astypalæa is one of the most quaint old-world spots to be found in Greek or Turkish waters. Quaint costumes and still quainter customs still reign supreme, as they always will, under the banner of the Crescent; it is the Union Jack which scatters these things to the winds: great though our love is for antiquity, we English have dealt more harshly than any other people with the fashions of the old world. If England had bought Astypalæa neither custom or costume would now remain, for the inhabitants still remember how the British sailors gave fabulous prices for their dresses and laughed at their customs.

It is necessary to hire a caïque to reach Astypalæa, for it is far out of the path of steamers, and to spend the night on board if the wind is not favourable. Our caïque was a fairly clean specimen of its kind, with two masts and new canvas bulwarks to keep off the wash of the waves; the small hatch in which we slept only smelt of island bread, an odour which reminds one at the same time of a fox and a mouse, and had no vermin to speak of in it, save regiments of earwigs. In the hold were several old women, some of whom always turn up at the last moment with their boxes, and clamour for a passage every time we voyage from one island to the other; we have found it impossible to refuse to convey them, though we object strongly to them for two reasons—firstly, if they are well they get frightened and give constant directions to the sailors, and if they are not well they know not how to suffer quietly. Another passenger, too, turned up, whom we soon learnt to be a little red-haired Jew fr

bazaar in Constantinople, who took this opportunity to make a descent on Astypalæa for embroideries and plates; he was our *bête noire* in the island: whenever we tried to effect a bargain he was always to be seen hovering around, ready to offer more if our price was low, and to chuckle if we gave too much.

We reached our destination early one fine spring morning, and landed at a tiny harbour just below the one village of the island; this village is different to any that it has ever been my lot to see, being constructed inside a massive fortress on the top of a hill; this fortress has only one gateway, and the walls are built out of Hellenic and mediæval remains. On one stone you read an inscription of the time of Pericles, on another you find the name of some Venetian count who occupied this fortress.

We asked where lived Logothetes, to whom we had a letter, and who, we were told, was the chief man of the island. "Within," was the reply. "Within what?" we asked, and after staring at us for a while in mute astonishment at our ignorance, the peasant added, "Within, not without." So we proceeded on our way perplexed up the hill, and soon saw what he meant, for a new village has sprung up outside the fortress in these later years, when pirates have been scarcer; but all the grandees of Astypalæa live "within," and have a sort of contempt for those who live "without."

Logothetes received us very kindly, and gave us the loan of an empty house which he possessed "without," close to a long regiment of windmills, and as a keen north wind blew for a week during our stay in this rickety edifice, we lived as in a perpetual earthquake. The great man was dressed in island costume, that is to say, in cotton knickerbockers, loose between the legs for luggage, which when packed flop about like the stomach of a goose. On his head he wore a fez, and his mien was decidedly dignified, as it well might be, for does he not own all the flocks and herds on the island, as well as most of the houses and most of the best land? We had not been acquainted with him for half an hour before he told us that the Turkish *moudir* could do nothing without consulting him, and that he had a thousand pounds deposited for safety in a church, though he asked many questions concerning banks and investments. I don't think he ever thoroughly got to understand the system. He furthermore told us that he had been once to Athens, and contemplated visiting that city again when his grandchildren were old enough for education; so it was clear to us that he at least knew "civilization," as the saying is, and yet his sister Lettuce (Maroulia) and her daughter Emerald, in their quaint red costume, who lived next door

to us, and who spent many hours with us every day, are little better than uncultured savages.

A most curious feature in Astypalæa, which was immediately brought before our notice by our intercourse with Mrs. Lettuce, is that the women speak quite a different language to the men, or rather their pronunciation is so entirely different that it amounts to a different language. It was some days before we could properly understand our female friends, and question them concerning their curious custom; all we could learn was this, that it was not considered proper for women to speak like men. Their *l*'s are converted into *ll*'s, their *r*'s disappear altogether; "the sun," for example, which a Greek man, like his ancestors, will call ὁ ἥλιος, the females of Astypalæa choose to call ὁ ἥλλσος. It is quite clear that the men do not speak better by reason of better education and more intercourse with the outer world, for the young shepherds on the hills, who have never left their island, and have never had a lesson in their lives, speak Greek like the neighbouring islanders; but a woman, even if she has been years away and can speak Greek properly, would never think of doing so in Astypalæa; it is some quaint relic of the respect in which females once held the lords of creation, which has quite disappeared in other communities. There is also another custom in Astypalæa which might be said to tell in the other direction, for here it is customary for the eldest daughter to inherit her parents' house and lands, to the exclusion of her brothers and younger sisters; this savours strongly of a survival of the matriarchal system, when the woman was considered as the safest medium for the handing down of property and family honours. Logothetes has only one daughter, by name Peace, and she is married to the meekest of men, whom we only heard named as Peace's husband, or Mr. John's son-in-law; his identity had been quite merged in that of his portly wife, and she herself with remarkable candour told us that her husband was "a soft man, and only entitled to respect as the father of the future owner of one-fourth of Astypalæa." Of her father, however, she spoke with the greatest devotion and respect, but as we grew better acquainted with the people, we found that all did not love and respect the great man as his daughter did. "He is a hard man," said one; "he would not give a crust to a starving beggar," said another; we gathered from various sources that he was unjust, and that he used his financial power to grind down his fellow islanders. But no matter, they all feared him, and all claimed relationship with him in some degree or another. Ties of kinship are not of great weight in a small society like this, when all are relations and intermarry·

whereas elsewhere in Greece the ties of relationship are observed with the greatest respect, here, where the society is but one large family, the case is altered. There are no actually poor people as far as we could see on the island, and none actually rich except Logothetes, and there are no distinctions of rank whatsoever; it forms, in fact, an interesting example of the family as the basis of society.

Though the Turks have two representatives on the island, namely, the governor and the tax-collector, they trouble themselves in no way whatsoever about the government. So long as the taxes are duly paid the inhabitants are permitted to govern themselves. A council of "old men of the people" (δημογέροντες) is annually elected, and these councillors are elected not by vote but by voice, in a general assembly held in the great porch of the fortress. A name is proposed by the town crier, and the question is put, "Is he good?" And the people shout "Yes, he is," "No, he is not," according to their wishes. What a glimpse of old-world custom is this in the midst of ballots and scrutinies in which we live! In Astypalæa the church, which is just over the porch, and which is dedicated to the Madonna of the Gate, is the parliament house, and hither the councillors are conducted after their election to swear before the Madonna's picture to be just and true dispensers of the law.

Amongst the women of Astypalæa we soon made for ourselves delightful acquaintances, and thoroughly enjoyed their quaint perpetuation of many a classical custom. In the evening they will wish you "a good dawn"; in the morning they will wish you "a good evening." They are truly Conservative in every branch of life; and as we watched day by day Mrs. Lettuce and her daughter spinning at their cottage door, we felt as though we were living centuries before our time. Rightly to picture these good folks their dress must be described: a long yellow scarf is wound round and round their heads, the ends of which hang down in loops on their back; from beneath this scarf, over the forehead, peeps a red velvet cap, jauntily worn on one side, and covered with beads and spangles. Very large silver earrings adorn or rather distort their ears. Their dress is like a long shirt, with richly embroidered sleeves, which they tuck up carefully whilst at work, and with inferior embroidery at the bottom of the skirt. Over this shirt, so that no embroidery is hidden, they wear a scarlet garment, the skirt of which on week-days is turned inside out for economy, so that only on Sundays and feast days do they appear in all their scarlet magnificence. The jacket is of the same red material, square backed to the waist, when it branches out into two points, adorned with three big silver buttons. In front a

sort of bib is worn down to the waist, embroidered and bespangled, and sometimes covered with gold coins. At the end of this is sewn a bit of white calico, which looks as if it was intended to tuck in, but it never is.

Nowhere in the islands is the old costume so general as it is in Astypalæa, and the time to see the women to advantage is in the evening, as they trudge along the hillside to the wells for water with huge amphoræ on their heads, some green, some yellow, and some plain unglazed pottery; or on Saturday afternoons at the ovens, for Saturday is the only day on which bread is baked at Astypalæa, and the women are to be seen hurrying to and fro with long boards bearing the week's baking on their heads. On either of these occasions the scene is highly picturesque, and preferable to that exhibited on a feast day, for when busy the women are less conscious, and like the rest of their sex all over the world the good ladies of Astypalæa are fully aware what gay figures they present when dressed in all their finery.

We were lucky enough to see a bride during our stay at Astypalæa, and her wedding garments were extravagantly rich. When new, they told us, a bridal dress costs a hundred pounds, but in their present impoverished state the brides have to be content with imitation jewellery and Roman pearls, unless they are lucky enough to have inherited a costume from their ancestors, which has probably done service for generations of brides. Our bride had for her headdress a sort of mitre of gold, covered with an elaborate pattern in seed pearls. Her dress was made like those the women wear every day, only it was of velvet instead of red cloth, and her jacket was fringed with an endless number of silver ornaments, which jangled together when she moved. The Astypalæotes manage their wedding festivities more quietly than they do in other islands. The ceremony of fetching the vine tendrils for the wedding wreaths is a pretty one: the fathers of the young couple, attended by priests and a large retinue of young men playing the lyre and the bagpipe, go down to the meadow where the vineyards are. As they are gathered the priests bless the tendrils, and the party return to make merry in the bride's house. When the bridegroom comes to claim his bride before the ceremony in church, he is met by a bridesmaid on the threshold, who gives him honey with which to make a cross on the lintel, and a pomegranate which he breaks and scatters outside, and in the evening the young people indulge in some curious local dances, in which the bride and bridegroom are expected to take an energetic part.

We never tired of paying visits in the fortress, with its labyrinth of narrow streets, some only sixteen inches wide, and its centur-

houses packed like sardines in a box. The doctor soon became a great friend. He is a recent importation into Astypalæa. Five years ago no doctor had ever set his foot on the island, and the inhabitants lived and died without physic; but for some cause or another fevers became common, and the "old men of the people," in council assembled, decided to send for a permanent physician. He is a queer little man, with a bald head, and a large wart on the top of it. He wears "scissor-made" trousers, as they call our European gear, to distinguish them from the baggy inexpressibles of the islanders, which are made out of one large piece of cotton. He is blessed with a stout European-dressed wife, and he never grew tired of relating to me the difficulties he has had, and has still, in stemming the ignorance of the people, who cling to their charms and incantations as far more efficacious than the physician's nostrums. He has a pretty house "within," with a superb view over the sea and the rocky island, but his neighbour Georgiades has a prettier one, and a prettier wife to boot, dressed in the old costume.

This house consisted only of one large room, profusely decorated. The wooden ceiling was painted in little squares, with a yellow and red rose in each square. The walls were adorned with carved ledges for the family crockery. One wall was hung entirely with plates in wild confusion, some modern, some old Rhodian, some Italian, which we coveted, but Georgiades was a well-to-do man, and cared not to sell. Around the room were many gaudily-coloured chests for clothes, and a great settee ran along the whole of one side. The bed, however, in an Astypalæote house is the greatest curiosity; it occupies one entire side, and is raised six feet from the ground. To approach it you have to climb a ladder of boxes, and when you are in it you feel in a separate apartment altogether. There is a tiny window to light it, and all around are cupboards containing articles of household use. It is necessarily a very large one, for all the family sleep together, and on my remarking that I should prefer an inside place for fear of a fall, they laughed and told stories of a sponge fisherman who once dreamt that he was going to take a dive into the sea, and found himself on the floor instead; and of a priest, who rolled out of bed when drunk and broke his neck. Underneath this bed, concealed from view by boards and a valance, is the kitchen in the better-class houses, when they do not cook in the sitting-room; but in inferior establishments the space beneath the bed is used as a storeroom for all imaginable filth.

Georgiades, his house, his wife and his baby all interested us immensely, and when we had exhausted the interests of the former

possessions, we devoted our inquiries to the latter, a dear little chubby fellow, whose cap and neck were hung with many ornaments, the explanation for which custom is as follows: when a child is born into the world, especially if it be a first-born, after the lapse of a month its mother takes it to visit all its relatives, which means in Astypalæa a visit to nearly every house. Each relative is expected to give it something; a rich one, presumably Logothetes, gives it a gold coin, which is forthwith tied to its cap, that it may be rich; another, presumably a priest, presents it with a tiny cross, that it may be good, which is affixed to the same garment. Poorer relations are only called upon to present it with trifles: glass beads, cotton, that its beard may grow if it is a boy, that it may be industrious at the loom if a girl, and sugar that it may be sweet. Georgiades' baby was a mass of these things—several coins, silver trinkets, glass beads, and charms. Around its tiny arm was tightly bound the red and white string, or "March charm," which is always tied on the first of that month, and is not removed till Easter time, when they tie it to the leg of the Easter lamb before it is roasted in the oven. This is considered most efficacious in warding off fevers. A year after birth they tell its future prospects with a florin and an egg. The father holds one in each hand, and whichever baby touches first indicates whether it will be rich or poor.

Whilst we chatted with Georgiades and his wife we learnt a good many curious things concerning babyhood in Astypalæa. Their child, they proudly told us, had been born in "a good hour," it will grow up in consequence of this healthy, wealthy, and wise, but a poor woman "within" had given birth to a child in "an evil hour," and her unfortunate infant had a black mark on its forehead. This, we were informed, was a sure proof of a terrible calamity called "brother bann" (ἀδελφοδιωχτὴς), and indicates evil or death to the children which are yet unborn, unless by charms the bann can be removed. To effect this a priest is summoned, whose first care is to burn out the black mark and then to curse the bann; having done this, they take the child and place it either on an oven or on a dung-heap, and whilst it is there a perfect stranger, if such an individual can be found, must go through the formality of purchasing the child from its mother with a small silver coin, and thus the stranger is supposed to change its luck and to avert the future influence of the bann.

As soon as the poor child can speak it is taken to a lighted oven, and the mother threatens to throw it into the flames unless it says which it prefers, "brother bann" or "dolls." If it speaks at all, it of course says "dolls," but if by any chance it says "brother bann,"

or is so terrified that it does nothing but cry, then it is a clear proof that the bann is still existing, and it is necessary to collect small silver coins from forty once married women, out of which a cross is hammered. This cross must be blessed at forty separate liturgies, and must be worn as a phylactery. When a mother loses several children in succession, she knows that it is this fatal and mystic "brother bann" which is pursuing her.

The reverend priests of Astypalæa are a more than ordinary uncultured set, deeply superstitious, and living by superstition, the avowed and open enemies of anyone who wears "scissor-made attire." Their stipends are nothing; their living is made by what they can collect at the liturgies, their food is supplied by the offerings of bread on saints' days, and cakes at funerals, and as the doctor interferes with their sale of charms and incantations they must naturally dislike him as bitterly as our parsons dislike marriage licenses.

A glance at Astypalæa is sufficient to prove how piously inclined its inhabitants are, for never in my life have I seen so many tiny vaulted churches as there are clustered together between the harbour and the town. One cluster of churches alone consists of ten, each dedicated to a different saint, and constructed out of old Hellenic and Byzantine remains. I entered on the arduous task of trying to count all the churches in and around the village, but gave them up in despair, and contented myself with counting the windmills, of which there are fourteen. Anyone who only saw Astypalæa from the harbour would go away with the impression that the island was devoted entirely to the production of churches and windmills; they told me that there were considerably more churches than houses on the island. This statement I was willing to accept as true without taking the trouble of counting either, but to the question I put why there were so many near the town I got only conflicting answers; one said, "because our ancestors were so pious"; another said, "because everyone who has committed a sin has to atone for it by building a church." I am inclined to accept the latter theory, knowing that the last generation, before steamers had made the trade both dangerous and unprofitable, had lived by marauding.

Concerning the churches, which are scattered over the whole of the island, I got a much more satisfactory explanation; they are built for two purposes, namely, to drive away the Nereids and other phantoms which haunt the streams and cliffs, and to afford a refuge for the peasants in case of storm. I have spent nights in these churches myself when on journeys in the island, and consider them admirable

institutions. As there is only one village in Astypalæa, and as it is an exceedingly widespread island with tiny oases of fertility here and there, the men who cultivate the soil are naturally much away from home. Each man possesses a goat's skin knapsack (*βούρια*), horribly life-like looking things when full; to the four legs of the animal are attached leather thongs by which the knapsack is slung to the shoulders; the back is frequently adorned with a fringe and with the bones of a hare's leg and other well-known charms, and with these filled with a sufficiency of bread and olives to last for several days, the labourers will start off on Monday morning and spend the days of work from home; if there is no church near they will sleep on a bed of brushwood in the open, always careful before lying down to say the prayer against scorpions which their mothers have taught them in infancy. It runs as follows: "The earth sleeps, the earth sleeps, may the creeping things of the earth, the scorpion and the serpent, sleep too." When this has been said and the sign of the cross made three times, no one fears to be bitten in the night.

The priests are all of them labourers. Papa Demetrios has his vineyard and his garden down on the little meadow, where he may be seen most days digging and delving, an extraordinary and unreverend-looking object, with his cassock off, his sleeves tucked up, and his tall hat bobbing up and down. Papa Andreas is a fisherman, a genuine descendant of the apostle whose name he bears; he is the priest of the sailors' church down by the shore, which of course is dedicated to St. Nicholas, the mariner's friend, the modern Poseidon, the saint who is said to have invented the rudder, and whose picture is to be found in every caïque and in every fisherman's house, sometimes painted in the inside of a gilded crab-shell.

I went down to see Papa Andreas on a Saturday evening in Lent, when he was busy selling to numerous customers octopodia, cuttle fish, and limpets; his cassock was turned up, revealing a dirty pair of drawers beneath. He was too busy to pay any heed to me at the time, so I waited patiently till his sale was over, when as a preface to conversation I in my ignorance asked him if he had caught many fish lately? "Fish," he replied with supreme contempt, "of course not in Lent." "Is not this a fish?" asked I wonderingly, as I pointed to a wriggling octopus, which had obviously been caught since the austerities of the Lenten fast began. "Oh dear no," he replied with something of a smile, "it has no blood in it." So I stood corrected, and gained a clearer understanding concerning the principles of fasting as inculcated by the Eastern Church.

Papa Andreas then took me into his house where his wife was

employing herself in mending the old nets which I was told would not be wanted till after Easter ; around the room was the tackle which present necessities required, the tin can with a glass bottom with which the fishermen inspect the bottom of the sea when in search of sponges or shell-fish, the iron rake which they drag along the rocks to loosen the same from their holdings, and the block of wood with bits of looking-glass on one side and a rude representation of a cuttle fish on the other, which they drag slowly through the water to attract the cuttle-fish from its lair. Papa Andreas was very proud of his church. It is a building of comparatively modern date, and boasts of an elegant three-storeyed bell tower ; inside this church is hung with every imaginable form of nautical offering, miniature silver boats and oars, pictures of escape from shipwreck with the Madonna hastening in a cloud to the rescue. Before the high altar were enough sponges to have stocked a barber's shop, presented by grateful sponge fishermen to St. Nicholas. I fancy the temples of ancient days must have offered much the same appearance as this, and I am sure Demetrius the silversmith made many similar silver objects to be hung up in the great temple of Diana at Ephesus.

Having inspected the church of St. Nicholas, Papa Andreas volunteered to conduct me to a breezy height above, where stands a small vaulted church dedicated to the Prophet Elias, whose jurisdiction over storm and rain is held supreme. It was altogether bare of offerings, and contained only three sacred pictures, one of the Virgin and Child, one of Christ, and one of the Prophet, which last, by way of distinction, was decorated with a frame composed of yellow chintz. When drought falls upon Astypalæa the people go in a body to this mountain church to pray for rain. Archæologists assert that wheresoever in ancient days stood a temple to the god Æolus, now stands one to Prophet Elias ; the names are similar, and during the transition from heathendom to Christianity the early divines doubtless availed themselves of this similarity. When we were at Astypalæa the inhabitants were complaining of drought, and said that unless rain came the grain could not grow ; consequently a pilgrimage to the mountain church was in contemplation, but rather to our regret the north wind changed, and with a southern breeze came the longed for rain, and the prayers to Prophet Elias were never said. Prophet Elias in Greece is something like our St. Swithin: if it is cloudless on the prophet's day, a mild winter and a fruitful season are foretold—for, as the saying goes, "Prophet Elias puts the oil into the olive."

Drought is not the only difficulty with which the Astypalæote farmer has to contend. In spring-time flocks of small birds alight on this

island on their northward passage; these they call indiscriminately "grain-eaters," and on their arrival the priests are despatched to various points in the island to make a sacred anointing of the crops by sprinkling them with holy oil and water. When this is done they believe the voracity of the "grain-eaters" is checked. Thus do the priests gain money, but this is nothing to the solemnity connected with the priestly charm which arrests the ghostly wanderings of those who have died in their sins; the remains of such an individual are deemed altogether unhallowed, the spirit cannot rest in the grave, it returns to its whilom home and haunts the abode of friends of former days. These much dreaded ghostly wanderers are called in Astypalæa καταχαράδες, and a priest alone can cause these evil spirits to rest. He sprinkles the grave with holy oil and water. He offers up a long prayer thereon, and if this is not sufficient he will remove the bones away in a sack to some rocky uninhabited islet, for ghosts they say cannot cross water. The superstition under different names is common all over Greece, and the privilege of becoming a καταχαράς belongs solely to those who have received Christian baptism. A Turk, if he dies in his sins, is condemned to wander about as a black dog, which howls dismally all night.

Of all our friends at Astypalæa we liked none better than Mrs. Lettuce. She was with us for hours together and always brought her work with her, for she was busy at the time embroidering a new dress for her daughter Emerald to wear at Easter; and I think we liked Mrs. Lettuce all the better because she embroiders still in the good old patterns, and does not affect anything European, which has been the ruin of Eastern embroideries of late years. She would ask us questions innumerable and very puzzling concerning our country; for example, her curiosity was great to know all about "land-steamers." She had seen steamers on the sea, but how they could be made to go on land puzzled her exceedingly, and I doubt whether our explanations concerning the working of railroads threw much light on the subject. Having patiently waited until the thirst for knowledge was somewhat satisfied, we felt emboldened in our turn to put many questions to her, and good Mrs. Lettuce took a delight in telling us everything we asked. "She knew many charms, indeed she did; she could tell any girl how to win a husband, if she was in love. Get a scrap of his clothes, tie it to your spindle, and whirl it round, saying as you do so, 'May the love of my man turn to me.'" "Had Emerald tried this plan?" "No; Emerald had never been in love," and so we went on. As this was a Greek love charm I had heard, which was capable of

I entered it in my note-book with a degree of pleasure which vastly amused Mrs. Lettuce. Then she told us of a certain plant *Bromos*, which she knew well, and which grows up in the mountains; if you put it into the hair of a woman without her knowing it she will see visions of the future. But one of the head-bones of the *scaros* fish is one of Mrs. Lettuce's favourite divining rods; when any friend of hers is going to have a baby, she goes to call upon her and secretes the bone surreptitiously in the patient's hair. Then she waits to hear whether the woman will first mention the name of a man or a woman, and whichever sex is first alluded to will be the sex of the expected infant.

Mrs. Lettuce was kindness itself. She gave me her handsomely-carved distaff, to which I had taken a fancy; she brought us salads and trifles to eat, about which we did not always care so very much. One day I was watching her grinding peas with her stone hand-mill just like a quern. "Do you have peas in England," she asked. "Oh, yes!" and I foolishly added, "we eat a great many of them." So that evening, when we had despatched a partridge and were about to turn our attention to some curds and honey, in walked Mrs. Lettuce with a dish of boiled peas swimming in oil and flavoured with the coarsest pepper, nor would she take her departure until we had done ample justice to her present.

As for Mrs. Lettuce and her family—husband, two daughters, and three sons—their evening meal always consisted of peas thus cooked, and nothing else. A large bowl full was regularly placed on the mud floor in their midst; the family squatted on the ground, the father and mother each had wooden spoons, but the youngsters went at their meal with their fingers only; these they sucked and dipped in again, this primitive process having one advantage, that previously dirty hands were after dinner always clean. We watched them thus feeding evening after evening by the light of the brushwood fire on which the peas had been boiled, and they reminded us of a Dutch interior in Greek garb.

Mrs. Lettuce we soon found did not like the doctor, and always left us if he came to pay us a visit; she was in fact a leading member of the party of obstruction. "How Mr. John," she would say, alluding to her brother the great Logothetes, "can believe in his physic, I cannot think." And after a moment's reflection she looked up triumphantly and said: "But he cannot cure *drymes*, and says that those who suffer from them in Lent should not fast; he is a wicked man, and will become a καταχανὰς."

Now *drymes* are sores and abscesses which are very commonly

seen on the bare feet and legs of the islanders. The doctor says they come from poverty of blood and poor living; but they say they come from washing on the three first days of August. Linen, if washed on these days, gets holes in it, and legs get *drymes*. This is their theory, and some go so far as to call them "devil's touches;" but no matter how they come, every old woman knows how to cure them by putting their hands on them and muttering certain words as they do so. Mrs. Lettuce was very shy about telling me these words, for she imagined, and with a certain degree of correctness, that I only wanted to laugh at her. Eventually, the day before we quitted Astypalæa, I grew desperate and offered her in exchange for the words a packet of English needles; the needles gained me my point, but I am inclined to think that Mrs. Lettuce got the best of the bargain As the aged female physician touches her patient's wounds, she crosses herself and says: "In the name of God, my master Christ, and Holy Panteleomon, first physician of the world; down on the sea-shore St. John is baptising and teaching thousands of heathen. On Friday the Jews crucified Christ; on Sunday He rose whole without spot, and without blood. Thus may the leg of thy servant be healed." In obstinate cases these words must be written down and tied to the wound with a handkerchief, and then the *dryme* is sure to disappear.

Those who go to Astypalæa must be people of a patient disposition. We packed our things to leave on a Wednesday morning, the caïque was in readiness and so were the old women with their boxes, but the wind was unfavourable, and it was not until that day week that we could start. Mrs. Lettuce rejoiced in our delay, she told us, and when we did start I am sure she was genuinely sorry, for we saw two scarlet figures, which we knew to be Mrs. Lettuce and her daughter, standing waving farewells on the hill side long after any demonstration of that kind was necessary.

J. THEODORE BENT.

A TERCENTENARY.

THE eighth of February marked the three hundredth anniversary of an event which, more than any other in the annals of a century abounding in tragic episodes, has fettered the interest of posterity, and which, even at this period of time, has not yet lost the power to arouse, in some degree, the feelings of grief or of exultation with which it filled the breasts of the men and women of the sixteenth century. It was on Wednesday, February 8, 1587, that Mary, Queen of Scots, ascended the scaffold, and met death with that noble fortitude which awed her enemies, and which has half redeemed her fame in the eyes even of those who, faithful to the traditions of party hatred, still regard the tragedy of Fotheringay as an act, not only of expediency, but of justice also.

To review the career of the unfortunate Queen, however it might be justified by the opportunity which now offers, as well as by the interest which still attaches to her memory, would be a more than useless task. The enigma which it presents is one to which a satisfactory solution will probably never be found—for her innocence and her guilt are questions of politics and of religion. Even in the rare instances where these have not blinded the judgment it is warped by an influence, nobler and more excusable indeed, but not less powerful nor less misleading—by unreasoning sentiment, by the sympathy which the romance of her chequered life, her legendary beauty, her long captivity, and her heroic death awaken.

In the controversy which has now raged for three centuries, and in the course of which every incident of Mary's life has repeatedly been submitted to the closest scrutiny, anxiety to get at facts, to add to the weight of evidence, to discover fresh witnesses, to unearth new documents bearing on the points at issue, has led to a disregard of her personality more complete, perhaps, than in the case of any of her contemporaries, and contrasting strangely with the abundance of intimate details which go to make up our knowledge of her great rival. To most of us Elizabeth is as distinctly, almost tangibly, present as though she had reigned in our day. She moves

through the pages of history surrounded by a train of courtiers scarcely less familiar to us than those of our own generation. The Queen of Scots, on the contrary, seems to be but little more than an historical abstraction. It is scarcely too much to say, that many for whom it would be an easy task to follow her, step by step, from Linlithgow to Fotheringay, to recall all the events of which she was the central figure, to discuss all the problems which her name suggests, would be at a loss to furnish such details as could bring before us the features of the woman whose beauty doubtless finds frequent mention in their discourses, or bring together such particulars as would justify all that they are ready to admit, and perhaps even to assert, concerning her talents and her accomplishments. It may, therefore, be neither inopportune nor uninteresting if, forgetting for a while the history of the Queen, we give our attention to the individuality of the woman; if, turning to the "treasures of antiquity laid up in old historic rolls," we endeavour, not to clear up the mystery of Darnley's murder, nor to explain the fatal marriage with Bothwell; not to pronounce on the authenticity of the sonnets, nor to solve the enigma of the famous letters; but to present a picture of the first lady of the land as she appeared to the crowds that had hurried to Leith to welcome her return, or that lined the Canongate as she rode to the Parliament House; to show her at her sports with her attendant Maries at Stirling or at St. Andrews; to listen to the conversation with which she entertained the courtiers of Amboise and of Holyrood, and to glance at the pages of the volumes over which she mused in the retirement of her library or the solitude of her prison.

The latest historian of Mary Stuart, in a work but a few weeks old, has again told us that she was the most beautiful woman of her age, and it must be admitted that this is fully borne out by all that can be gathered from contemporary writers. It is not only such poetic enthusiasts as Michel de l'Hôpital, Du Bellay, and Ronsard, or such courtly flatterers as Brantôme and Castelnau, who pronounce her beauty to have been matchless—far exceeding "all that is, shall be, or has ever been," but the serious and dignified chroniclers whom Jebb has brought together in his valuable folios—Strada, Blackwood, and even de Thou—also grow eloquent in praise of her charms. But perhaps the most convincing testimony that can be adduced is contained in an inedited poem,[1] composed by an Englishman who was confessedly hostile to Mary, and whose satire

[1] For an account of this poem, "Master Randolph's Fantasy," see *Gentleman's Magazine* for February 1887.

was so keenly felt by her that she made it the subject of a formal complaint to Elizabeth. The words attributed to her—for the passage in which they occur is in the form of a confession on her part—are scarcely less forcible than those of her avowed partisans and admirers :

> But I could boast of beauty with the best,
> In skilful points of princely attire
> And of the golden gifts of nature's behest,
> Who filled my face of favor fresh and fair.
> My beauty shines like Phœbus in the air,
> And nature formed my features beside
> In such proport as advanceth my pride.
> Thus fame affatethe (*proclaims*) my state to the stars,
> Enfeoft with the gifts of nature's device
> That sound the retreat to other princes' ears,
> Wholly to resign to me the chiefest prize.

It is most remarkable, however, that no extant portrait justifies the praises so lavishly bestowed on Mary. The courtesy of Mr. Wyllie Guild, of Glasgow, has enabled us to speak on the authority of the most complete collection in existence of portraits of the Queen of Scots, a collection which comprises, besides reproductions of all the paintings claiming to be original, a series of over four hundred engravings, many of them dating as far back as the period of Mary's sojourn in France, and bearing the name of Clouet. We are unwillingly compelled to agree with the possessor of this unique and priceless iconography that no portrait with any pretence to authenticity shows the dazzling charms which poets and chroniclers have celebrated. To reconcile this very striking contradiction seems difficult. Possibly the truth may be that the fascination of Mary's face consisted less in the regularity of outline or the striking beauty of any one feature than in the expression by which it was animated. Her complexion, though likened by Brantôme to alabaster and ivory, does not seem to have possessed the clearness and brilliancy which the comparison implies ; for Sir James Melville, though anxious to vindicate his Queen's claim to be considered "very lovely" and "the fairest lady in her country," acknowledged that she was less "white" than Elizabeth. The brightness of her eyes, which Brantôme likened to stars, and Chastelard to beacons, has not been questioned; but their colour is a point about which there is less unanimity, opinions varying between hazel and dark grey. As regards her hair the discrepancy of contemporary authorities is even greater. Brantôme and Ronsard describe a wealth of golden hair, and this is to a certain extent confirmed by Sir James Melville, who,

when called upon by Elizabeth to pronounce whether his Queen's hair was fairer than her own, answered that "the fairnes of them baith was not their worst faltes." To this, however, must be opposed the testimony of Nicholas White, who, writing to Cecil in 1563, described the Queen as black-haired. The explanation of this may possibly lie in Mary's compliance with the fashion, introduced about this time, of wearing wigs. Indeed, Knollys informed White that she wore "hair of sundry colours," and, in a letter to Cecil, praised the skill with which Mary Seton—"the finest busker of hair to be seen in any country"—"did set such a curled hair upon the Queen, that was said to be a perewyke, that showed very delicately."

According to one account, the Queen of Scots wore black, according to another, auburn ringlets on the morning of her execution. Both, however, agree in this, that when the false covering fell she "appeared as grey as if she had been sixty and ten years old."

Mary's hand was white, but not small, the long, tapering fingers mentioned by Brantôme being, indeed, a characteristic of some of her portraits. She was of tall stature, taller than Elizabeth, which made the Queen of England pronounce her cousin to be too tall, she herself being, according to her own standard, "neither too high nor too low." Her voice was irresistibly soft and sweet. Not only does Brantôme extol it as "très douce et très bonne," and Ronsard poetically celebrate it as capable of moving rocks and woods, but Knox, although ungraciously and unwillingly, also testifies to its charm. He informs us that, at one of her Parliaments, the Queen made a "paynted orisoun," and that, on this occasion, "thair mycht have been hard among hir flatteraris, '*Vox Dianæ!*' The voice of a goddess (for it could not be *Dei*) and not of a woman! God save the sweet face! Was thair ever oratour spack so properlie and so sweitlie!"

When, to this description, we have added that Mary Stuart was of a full figure and became actually stout in later life; that she is described in the report of her execution and represented in several portraits as having a double chin, we shall have given a picture of her which, though wanting in some details, is as complete as it is possible to sketch at this length of time.

Mary Stuart is not unfrequently mentioned as one of the precocious children of history. But the legend of her scholarly acquirements originates with Brantôme, an authority not always above suspicion when the glorification of princes is his theme, and it is not unnecessary to look more closely into the matter before we his glowing panegyric of the youthful prodigy. He inf

Mary was "very learned in Latin," and that, when only 13 or 14 years of age, she publicly delivered at the Louvre, in the presence of King Henry II., Catherine de' Medici, his Queen, and the whole French Court, a Latin discourse which she had composed in justification of her own course of studies, and in support of the view that it is befitting in women to devote themselves to letters and to the liberal arts. This speech is also referred to by Antoine Fouquelin in the dedication of a text-book of Rhetoric which he composed for the young Princess. He records the admiration with which Mary had been listened to by the noble company, and the high hopes which the elegant oration had awakened. That she herself set some value on this production may be assumed from the fact that she was at the pains of translating it into French ; and the mention of it in the inventory of books delivered by the Earl of Morton to King James VI. in 1578, where it appears as "ane Oratioun to the King of Franche of the Quenis awin hand write," would seem to imply that she looked back with pride upon her youthful triumph. This interesting manuscript has now disappeared ; nevertheless, it is not impossible to obtain from another source a fairly accurate idea of the speech which called forth such high praise from the French courtiers. It happens that the National Library in Paris possesses the Latin themes written by Mary Stuart in 1554, the year before the oratorical performance at the Louvre. Amongst the exercises contained in the morocco-bound volume, fifteen refer to the same subject as the speech, and, it is fair to suppose, were intended as a preparation for the princely pupil's "speech-day." Disappointing as it may be to ardent admirers of the Queen of Scots, it must be admitted that her themes do not bear out the praises bestowed on her Latinity, but contain such solecisms as would probably have been fraught with unpleasant consequences to a less noble and less fair scholar. Neither need the substance of Mary's apology for learned women excite our enthusiasm. To string together, with a few commonplace remarks, lists of names evidently supplied by her tutor and taken by him from Politian's Epistles, was no very remarkable achievement on the part of a child who, if she began her classical studies as early as her fellow-pupil and sister-in-law Elizabeth did, had already devoted fully five years to Latin at the date of her famous speech.

But, though the Queen's early proficiency may have been overrated, there can be no doubt that, in later life, she possessed considerable familiarity with the language of Virgil and of Cicero. We know from contemporary letters that, after her return to Scotland, she continued her studies under Buchanan and that, faithful to the

habit which she had acquired in France, of devoting two hours a day to her books, she regularly read "somewhat of Livy" with him "after her dinner."

The catalogue of the books contained in the royal library affords further information as to the nature and extent of her acquaintance with Latin literature. In it we find mention, amongst others of lesser note, of Horace, Virgil and Cicero, of Æmilius Probus and Columella, of Vegetius and Boethius. Neither did she neglect the Latinity of the Middle Ages. In prose it is represented by such forgotten names as those of Bertram of Corvey, of Ludolph of Saxony, of Joannes de Sacrobosco, and of Nicolaus de Clamangiis, the authors of ponderous treatises on science and on theology; the latter subject being one which her interest in the great ecclesiastical revolution of the age rendered particularly attractive to her. Amongst contemporary Latin poets her favourites seem to have been Petrus Bargæus Louis Leroy, Sir Thomas Craig of Riccarton, and George Buchanan, whose dedication to her of his translation of the Psalms has not unjustly been pronounced to stand "unsurpassed by all the verses that have been lavished upon her during three hundred years by poets of almost every nation and language of Europe."

Whether the Queen of Scots was acquainted with Greek cannot be determined with certainty. Neither Brantôme nor Con nor Blackwood has given information on this head. If, on the one hand, her numerous Latin and French translations of Greek authors do not point to a great familiarity with it, on the other, the knowledge that she used such versions for the purpose of linguistic study, and the presence on her shelves of Homer and Herodotus, of Sophocles and Euripides, of Socrates and Plato, of Demosthenes and Lucian in the original tongue, justify the supposition that, even though she may not have rivalled the fair pupils of Ascham and of Aylmer, the productions of Athenian genius were not sealed books to her.

Amongst modern languages Spanish was that with which Mary had the slightest acquaintance, and so far as may be judged from the works which she possessed, her reading in it was limited to a book of chronicles and a collection of ballads. As might be expected from her early surroundings, she was more familiar with Italian. She could both speak and write it. Indeed, amongst the verses attributed to her there is an Italian sonnet addressed to Elizabeth. It is scarcely credible that she had not read Dante; nevertheless, it is worthy of notice that his Divine Comedy does not appear in the catalogue of her library where, however, Petrarch, Boccaccio and Ariosto figure by the side of the less-known Bembo.

Though born in Scotland, Mary Stuart never possessed great fluency in the language of the country over which she was called to rule. Her knowledge of it was acquired chiefly, if not wholly, after her return from France. Her father, from whom she might have learnt it in childhood, she never knew. For her mother the northern Doric remained through life a foreign tongue. The attendants with whom she was surrounded in her earliest infancy were either French or had been educated in France. It is therefore questionable whether she could express herself in what was nominally her native tongue, even when she sailed from Dumbarton on her journey to the court of the Valois. That she forgot whatever she may then have known of it is beyond doubt. Seven years after she had left France, she was still making efforts to learn English, using translations—amongst others an English version of the Psalms—for the purpose, but not meeting with signal success. Conversing with Nicholas White, as late as 1569, she began with excuses for "her ill English, declaring herself more willing than apt to learn the language." It was towards the end of the same year that she wrote what she herself describes as her first letter in English. This circumstance may warrant its reproduction, though as an historical document merely, it possesses no importance. It is addressed to Sir Francis Knollys: "Mester Knollis, y heuu har sum neus from Scotland; y send zou the double off them y vreit to the quin my gud sister, and pres zou to du the lyk, conforme to that y spak zesternicht vnto zou, and sut hesti ansur y refer all to zour discretion, and wil lipne beter in zour gud delin for mi, nor y kan persuad zou, nemli in this langasg; excus my iuel vreitin for y neuuer vsed it afor, and am hestet. . . Excus my iuel vreitin thes furst tym."

The testimony of Mary's library, to which we have already appealed, and which is the more valuable and the more trustworthy that the books which it contained were undoubtedly collected by herself and for her own use, bears out what has been so often stated with regard to her love of French literature. In history it shows her to have been acquainted not only with the foremost chroniclers; not only with Froissart, in whose picturesque narrative her native Scotland is mentioned with such grateful remembrance of the hospitality shown him; not only with Monstrelet, from whose ungenerous treatment of the heroic Joan of Arc she may have learnt, even before her own experience taught her the hard lesson, how the animosity of party can blunt all better feeling; but also with the lesser writers, with those whose works never reached celebrity even in their own day and whose names have long ceased to interest posterity, with Aubert and *Bouchet, Sauvage* and Paradin.

It may be regarded as a proof of her good taste that she set but little store on the dreary romances of the time, written either in imitation or in continuation of Amadis de Gaul, whilst to Rabelais, on the contrary, she accorded the place of honour which he deserved.

As regards the poets of France, all that Brantôme has told us of her partiality for them finds its justification in the almost complete collection of their works which she brought to Scotland with her. Amongst all others, however, Du Bellay, Maison-Fleur and Ronsard were her special favourites. For the last, in particular, her enthusiasm was unbounded. It was to the verses in which he embodies the love of a whole nation that she turned for solace when the fresh sorrow of her departure from France was her heaviest burthen; it was over his pages that her tears flowed in the bitterness which knew no comfort as she sat a lonely captive in the castles of Elizabeth. As a token of her admiration she sent him from her prison a costly service of plate with the flattering inscription: "A Ronsard, l'Apollon des Français."

It has been asserted by Brantôme, and repeated ever since on his authority, that Mary Stuart herself excelled in French verse. The elegiac stanzas quoted by him have been admired in all good faith by succeeding generations "for the tender pathos of the sentiments and the original beauty of the metaphors." It is painful to throw discredit on the time-honoured tradition, but the late discovery of a manuscript once in Brantôme's possession has proved, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that the Elegy on the Death of Francis II. was not composed by his wife. This was at once established by Dr. Galy of Périgueux, the possessor of the manuscript. Having since then been favoured by him with a copy of other poems contained in it and acknowledged by Brantôme as his own productions, and having compared them carefully with the "pathetic sentiments" and "original metaphors," as well as with the expressions and even the rhymes of the Elegy, we have no hesitation in going a step further, and pronouncing that the latter is from the pen of the unscrupulous Lord Abbot himself. Apart from this, there still remain a few poems attributed to Mary, and authenticated, not indeed by her signature, but by what is almost as authoritative, her anagrams: "Sa vertu m'attire," or "Va, tu meriteras." However interesting these poetical effusions may be as relics, their literary merit is of no high order, and they are assuredly not such as to deserve for the author a place amongst the poets of her century.

Before closing our remarks on Mary Stuart's literary acquirements we would dwell for a mo-

her handwriting, for that too has been made the subject of admiring comment by some of her biographers. Con has recorded that "she formed her letters elegantly and, what is rare in a woman, wrote swiftly." Some reason for his admiration may be found in the fact that Mary had adopted what Shakespeare styles "the sweet Roman hand," which at that time was only beginning to take the place of the old Gothic, and, in Scotland particularly, had all the charm of a fashionable novelty. The specimen now before us shows a bold, rather masculine hand, of such size that five short words—"mon linge entre mes fammes"—fill a line six inches long. The letters are seldom joined together, and the words are scattered over the page with untutored irregularity and disregard for straight lines. On the whole we cannot but allow the force of Pepys' exclamation on being shown some of the Queen's letters: "Lord! How poorly methinks they wrote in those days, and on what plain uncut paper!"

Our sketch of Mary Stuart would not be complete if we limited ourselves to the more serious side of her character merely. If she did not deserve the reputation for utter thoughtlessness and frivolity which some of her puritanical contemporaries have given her, she was undoubtedly fond of amusements. The memoirs and correspondence of the time often show her seeking recreation in popular sports and pastimes; indeed, Randolph describes life at the Scottish Court for the first two years after her return from France as one continual round of "feasts, banquetting, masking, and running at the ring, and such like." It was to Mary, as Knox testifies, that the introduction into Scotland of those primitive dramatic performances known as Masques or Triumphs was due. They soon became so popular that they formed the chief entertainment at every festival. The Queen herself and her attendants, particularly the four Maries, often took part in them, either acting in mere dumb show or reciting the verses which the elegant pen of Buchanan supplied, and singing the songs which Rizzio composed, and of which the melodies may very possibly be those which, wedded to more modern verse, are still popular amongst the Scottish peasantry. Not only were these masques performed in the large halls of the feudal castles, but in the open air also, near the little lake at the foot of Arthur's Seat. It may cause some astonishment at the present day to find not only the maids of honour, but even the Queen herself assuming the dress of the other sex in these masquerades. Yet the *Diurnal of Occurrents* records, without expressing either indignation or even astonishment at the fact, that "the Queen's Grace and all her Maries and ladies were all clad in men's apparel" at the "Maskery or mumschance" given one Sunday evening in honour of the French *Ambassador.*

Like her cousin of England, Mary was fond of dancing and, as her Latin biography informs us, showed to great advantage in it. From a passage quaintly noted as "full of diversion" in Sir James Melville's Memoirs, we learn that the knight being pressed by Queen Elizabeth to declare whether she or his own sovereign danced best, answered her with courtly ambiguity that "the Queen dancit not so hich and so disposedly as she did." In reply to the same royal inquirer he also stated that Mary "sometimes recreated herself in playing upon the lute and virginals," and that she played "reasonably for a queen," not so well, however, as Elizabeth herself. We gather from Con and Brantôme that her voice was well trained, and that she sang well.

The indoor amusements in favour at Holyrood were chess, which James VI. condemned as "over wise and philosophic a folly," tables, a game probably resembling backgammon, and cards. That these last were not played for "love" merely, is shown by an entry in the Lord Treasurer's accounts of "fyftie pundis" for Her Majesty "to play at the cartis." Puppets or marionettes were also in great vogue. A set of thirty-eight, together with a complete outfit of "vardingaills," "gownis," "kirtillis," "sairkis slevis" and "hois," is mentioned in an inventory of the time, where we see these "pippenis"—an old Scottish corruption of the French "poupine"—dressed in such costly stuffs as damask brocaded with gold, cloth of silver and white silk.

Quieter employment for the leisure hours of the Queen and her ladies was supplied by various kinds of fancy-work, amongst which knitting and tapestry are particularly mentioned. To the latter she devoted much of her time, both at Lochleven, where she requested to be allowed "an imbroiderer, to draw forth such work as she would be occupied about," and in England. Whilst she was at Tutbury, Nicholas White once asked her how she passed her time within doors when the weather cut off all exercises abroad. She replied "that all that day she wrought with her needle, and that the diversity of the colours made the work seem less tedious, and continued so long at it till very pain made her to give over. . . . Upon this occasion she entered into a pretty disputable comparison between carving, painting, and working with the needle, affirming painting, in her own opinion, for the most commendable quality."

At his interview with Elizabeth, Sir James Melville was asked what kind of exercises his Queen used. He answered, that when he received his dispatch, the Queen was lately come from the Hie hunting. Her undaunted behaviour on this occasion is w

an eye-witness, Dr. William Barclay of Gartley, who tells us that she herself gave the signal for letting the hounds loose upon a wolf, and that in one day's hunting three hundred and sixty deer, five wolves, and some wild goats were slain.

In common with her father, who took great pains to introduce "ratches" or greyhounds and bloodhounds into Scotland, and with her great-grandson, Charles II., who gave his name to a breed of spaniels, Mary Stuart shared a great fondness for dogs. In her happier days she always possessed several, which she entrusted to the keeping of one Anthone Guedio and a boy; they were provided with a daily ration of two loaves, and wore blue velvet collars as a distinguishing badge. During her captivity, her dogs were amongst her most faithful companions. Writing from Sheffield to Beaton, Archbishop of Glasgow, she said: "If my uncle, the Cardinal of Guise, has gone to Lyons, I am sure he will send me a couple of pretty little dogs, and you will buy me as many more; for, except reading and working, my only pleasure is in all the little animals that I can get. They must be sent in baskets well-packed, so as to keep them warm." The fidelity of one of these dumb friends adds to the pathos of the last scene of her sad history. "One of the executioners," says a contemporary report, "pulling off her clothes, espied her little dog which was crept under her clothes, which would not be gotten forth but by force, and afterwards would not depart from the dead body, but came and lay betwixt her head and shoulders, a thing diligently noted."

In recording one of his interviews with Queen Mary, Knox gives us information concerning another of the sports with which she beguiled her time, for he tells us that it was at the hawking near Kinross that she appointed him to meet her. Archery, too, seems to have been a favourite amusement. She had butts both at Holyrood and St. Andrews. Writing to Cecil in 1562, and again in 1567, Randolph informs him that the Queen and the Master of Lindsay shot against Mary Livingstone and the Earl of Murray; and that, in another match, the Queen and Bothwell won a dinner at Tranent from the Earl of Huntley and Lord Seton. Neither did she neglect the "royal game," for one of the charges brought against her and embodied in the articles given in by the Earl of Murray to Queen Elizabeth's commissioners at Westminster, stated that a few days after Darnley's murder "she past to Leytoun, exercing hir one day richt oppinlie at the feildis with the pallmall and goif."

To sketch Mary's character further would be trenching on debatable ground and overstepping the limits which we have

imposed upon ourselves. There is one trait, however, which may be recorded on the authority even of her enemies—her personal courage. Randolph represents her as riding at the head of her troops "with a steel bonnet on her head, and a pistol at her saddle-bow; regretting that she was not a man to know what life it was to lie all night in the fields, or to walk upon the causeway with a jack and a knapscull, a Glasgow buckler, and a broadsword." The author of the inedited poem preserved in the Record Office, to which we have already made reference, allows that "no enemy could appal her, no travail daunt her intent," that she "dreaded no danger of death," that "no stormy blasts could make her retire," and he likens her to Tomiris:

> Tomiris hir selffe
> Who dreaded (*awed*) great hosts with her tyrannye
> Cold not showe hir selffe more valiant.

But never, surely, was her fortitude shown more clearly to the world than when, three hundred years ago, "she laid herself upon the block most quietly, trying her chin over it, stretching out her hands, and crying out: 'In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum.'"

LOUIS BARBÉ.

EMIN PASHA.

THE letters received towards the close of last year from Emin Bey, who for years has been struggling against enormous odds to maintain the most southerly provinces of Egypt's late possessions in the Soudan, have revealed to the world a bright spot in the dark regions of Equatorial Africa devastated by the Arab slave-hunters. Like a wedge driven between the grounds harassed by the Arabs on the Upper Nile and the hunting-grounds of the notorious Tippoo Tip on the Lualaba, or Upper Kongo, the province governed by Emin Bey stands boldly forth as a barrier against this infamous traffic. Cut off entirely from communication with the outer world, and deserted by the Egyptian Government to which he has proved so admirable a servant, he has succeeded by dint of great effort not only in preserving the lives of the troops and officials placed in his charge, but in maintaining peace and good government among the native races. But by this time he must be in great straits, and not a moment too soon will be the expedition which Mr. H. M. Stanley is now leading for his relief.

The unfortunate withdrawal of Gordon Pasha from the Egyptian Soudan provinces at the close of 1879 gave the slave-dealers an opportunity of reasserting their power, of which they were not long in availing themselves; and to this juncture may be traced all the troubles which have since distracted this region, and obliterated for ages the grand civilising work accomplished by Gordon. During the six years which Gordon had spent in these provinces[1] as the representative of the late Khedive Ismail, he had brought them into a peaceable and settled condition, and had sorely crippled the slave-hunters. As soon as his strong hand was removed the slave-hunters recommenced their old game, and, rallying round the so-called "Mahdi," raised the rebellion which lost these provinces to Egypt and to civilisation.

It was part of Gordon's policy to associate with him in his work a number of Europeans, who, like him, were interested in raising the status of the negro tribes and suppressing the slave-trade. Among

[1] See *Gentleman's Magazine*, August 1877.

these was an Austrian physician, named Dr. Schnitzler, who first became associated with Gordon Pasha as surgeon-general in the Egyptian Equatorial Provinces in 1874. Emin Effendi—for Dr. Schnitzler chose to hide his patronymic under the name by which he has now become known to the world—was well qualified for the work he was called upon to perform. He had obtained a good medical education in Paris, Berlin, and Vienna. He was an excellent linguist, having a knowledge of many European languages and of several of those spoken in Asia. His intimate acquaintance with various sciences was also remarkable—geology, botany, meteorology, anthropology, and geographical studies serving to occupy his leisure moments. It was not, therefore, to be wondered at that his good qualifications recommended themselves to Gordon, and that the services of Emin Effendi were enlisted in his great work.

But the duties of Emin Effendi were not confined to services connected with his medical profession, though in that respect the services which he was able to render may be well understood. Gordon Pasha took advantage of his marked ability in dealing with natives, and employed him in three diplomatic missions of no little importance—two to Uganda, where King Mtesa then held sway, and one to Unyoro. One of his missions to Uganda was of singular difficulty and danger. An officer, acting contrary to Gordon Pasha's instructions, had marched with 300 men to the capital of Uganda with the intention of annexing the country, and Dr. Emin Effendi was sent to bring back the men; he accomplished the task after much difficulty in a successful manner.[1] It was most important for Gordon Pasha to cultivate friendly relations with Kaba Rega, the King of Unyoro, whom Sir Samuel Baker had found utterly intractable, and who yet continued to harass the Egyptian frontier. He appears to have espoused the cause of the slave-dealers, and thus more than once came into collision with Gordon's officers. He did not, however, venture to meet the renowned Englishman face to face, but on his approach took to flight. This was in 1875. But doubtless impressed with the growing fame of the Governor of the Equatorial Provinces, and realising the uselessness of attempting to oppose him, he ultimately manifested a more friendly disposition. In bringing about this change in his demeanour Emin Effendi did good service. In 1877 he visited Kaba Rega without any armed escort, and spent a month with him, concluding a peace which the King of Unyoro has maintained up to the present time.

When Gordon Pasha returned to the Soudan after his short visit

[1] Mr. R. W. Felkin, *Anti-Slavery Reporter* (1886), page 136.

to England in the winter of 1876-77, he was entrusted by the Khedive with largely increased powers. He was now appointed Governor-General of the whole of the Egyptian possessions in the Soudan, of which the Equatorial Provinces formed a portion. To the post of Governor of the Equatorial Provinces he, in 1878, appointed Dr. Emin, now raised to the rank of Bey. The new Governor entered upon his duties with a thorough acquaintance with the country over which he was to rule, but his position was surrounded with many difficulties which would have dismayed a man with less determination and energy. When he took up the reins of power the only district in peace and security was a belt of land on each side of the Nile, extending from Lado to the Albert Nyanza and the Shuli district to the east of the Nile. To the southward, the Egyptian jurisdiction extended to the Albert Nyanza, the western shore of which was claimed as Egyptian territory, and to the portion of the Nile above the Albert Lake. On the east and the west the boundaries of Emin Bey's province were entirely undefined. The Nile, running north and south throughout the province, naturally formed the chief means of communication, and on its banks Gordon had already established a number of military stations. Of these the chief was Lado, about six miles to the north of Gondokoro, which had been adopted as the chief seat of government, the latter place having proved malarious; but to no great distance from the river could the native tribes be said to have submitted to the Egyptian yoke.

This, then, was the country which Emin Bey was called upon to govern; and he did not let the grass grow under his feet, but set himself steadily to work to improve the condition of his people. He made several journeys through different parts of his province, ever alive to scientific research and geographical exploration, and his letters and maps, which have from time to time appeared in *Petermann's Mittheilungen* and other publications, have added much to our knowledge of Central Africa. In the early part of 1880 he visited the western shores of the Albert Nyanza, returning with a large collection of shells and other objects of natural history. He does not appear to have gone far enough to settle the problem as to whether the lake first discovered by Sir Samuel Baker and that visited by Stanley form one or two basins. During the journey he examined the Larragoi, which Signor Romolo Gessi had stated to flow out of the Nile to the westward a short distance below the Albert Nyanza, though he did not succeed in determining whether it was a back-water or an arm of the river.

In the following year we find him making exploratory journeys to the east and west of the Bahr-el-Jebel, or White Nile. Starting from Gondokoro, he travelled through Belinyan and Liria to Tarangolle in the Latooka country, first made known to us by Sir Samuel Baker. The Latooka, Dr. Emin tells us, differ from all the surrounding negroes in physique and language, but they are not apparently Gallas, whose country begins, however, a few days' journey to the east of them. The Berri, or Behr, to the north, and the Shooli, or Wagan, in the south are kin.

During the last three months of the year 1881 Emin Bey made a tour of inspection through the district of Rohl, just placed under his jurisdiction, and situated to the west of the Bahr-el-Jebel, and between the Equatorial Province proper and the Bahr-el-Ghazal Province. This part of the country had not hitherto been brought under civilised rule, and a brisk traffic in slaves was—especially since the withdrawal of Gessi Pasha—carried on there with the neighbouring country of Monbuttu. It was with a view to putting an end to this that this journey was undertaken. Since the country was taken from the hands of the private Khartoum companies by the Government of the Soudan in 1872, it had yielded no revenue to the Government except the ivory taken from the Monbuttu. The products—so rich in different kinds of grain, honey, wax, oil of sesamum, and butyrospermum grease or butter—had been most shamefully wasted, the rearing of cattle completely put an end to, and the people first plundered and then sold in troops as slaves. "They have been driven past here from Monbuttu," wrote Dr. Emin,[1] "like beasts for slaughter. What I used to see in Bor and Lado, when I was a novice in the service, and when there were no restrictions on the slave-trade, was child's-play compared with what goes on at these seribas, inhabited and controlled exclusively by Danagla, dragomans, &c., and with the slave-trade openly and systematically carried on. According to statistics received, the number of unproductive population in and around Amadi is about 455 men, and, if in addition we reckon concubines, lawful wives, and wives of the second rank, female slaves, boys for carrying arms and kekvas or water-flasks, children, &c., four times the number at least, these 'lilies of the field' must amount, at the lowest estimate, to 2,200. As the population of the Amadi district is, at the most, from eight to ten thousand, the crying evil of this state of things is obvious. No cattle are kept—that was prevented long ago—there is scarcely any hunting, so that there is nothing left but growing

[1] *Anti-Slavery Reporter* (1882), p. 293. See also pp. 133, 222.

corn, which, besides serving for food, has to furnish material for distilling brandy, which is in full swing everywhere; this practice has unfortunately taken root among the natives. It might have been supposed that, in order to secure themselves a comfortable existence, at the expense of the inhabitants, the producers would have been left in peace; far from it. During the first two days of my stay here (Biti, a place two hours distant from Amadi) complaints were brought to me from the negro chiefs in their neighbourhood about the stolen people, mostly women and girls, to the number of 240; these do not include the numerous Monbuttu, of whom, on the day of my arrival, eighty-five, mostly girls, claimed and received their freedom, as well as about 200 slaves belonging to other tribes, who at once returned to their relatives. In the course of a few days the number of Monbuttu who were set at liberty and at once sent home to Makaraka amounted to 201."

Still more surprises awaited Dr. Emin. The news reached him from some Monbuttus of Makaraka that a certain Faki Mohammed Salik, a native of Bornou, who had been imprisoned by Gordon for slave-stealing, but liberated, had gone with an escort of six armed slaves into the Monbuttu country and had taken twenty-six persons captive. He had gone by secret paths from village to village, and, partly by promises and partly by violence, had kidnapped these nineteen young boys, five girls, and two children (of four to six years of age). It did not take long before the Faki and his prey were brought before Dr. Emin.

At the station of Bufi—a remote place in which all the inhabitants lived by thieving, pillage, and slave-trading—Emin's visit was so unexpected that it occasioned quite a panic. On the day of his arrival, the number of captives claimed by their relations reached 200. Over 500 carrier-loads of grain had been lately exacted from the natives, and wasted. The magazine was quite empty, and the people complained of hunger, though at the same time they were lounging about drunk in the streets of the seriba. A certain Abd-el-Kher, in office there, had collected on his own account no less than eighty-four slaves. "I have taught these scoundrels a severe lesson," writes the Governor, "and I hope that the negroes will have a little rest, and more respect for the Government in consequence."

Ayak, one of the oldest establishments of the Danagla (Nubians of Dongola), and at the same time a stronghold of slave-trading, was governed by a certain De-fa-Allah, a man who, in spite of his thefts and murders, and his horrible treatment of the Agars, had maintained himself in power for many years. Detested and feared by all the negroes this tyrant had captured from the Agar, Kitch,

Atot, and Mandari negro tribes over 400 slaves of both sexes and of all ages. Nearly 200 of the choicest boys and girls were hidden in the houses of his friends and in small seribas held by dragomans, whilst about fifty Monbuttus, who presented themselves to Dr. Emin, were described to him as voluntarily set free. Altogether there were at this station at least 1,500 slaves; some of these slaves were, by a curious custom, themselves the masters of other slaves, who, located in the negro villages and armed with Government weapons, obliged the inhabitants to pay them an impost of produce, a portion of which they remitted to their masters. Other armed slaves went about the country hunting up slaves for their masters, and even did a little kidnapping on their own account. Mula Effendi, the chief of the Rohl district, was himself involved in this traffic, having at Ayak a branch house of his chief establishment at Rumbek, and he naturally manifested no disposition to proceed against his accomplices. In anticipation of Dr. Emin's visit, and whilst he was detained at Ayak, the slave-dealers took advantage of the opportunity to clear their property out of the way; still, some 600 or 700 were found there, and it was reported that altogether there had been 3,000 in the place. The station was a frightful place, surrounded with all the horrors of slave-dealing—drunkenness, disease, and filth of every description. Fortunately, in consequence of Emin Pasha's order that henceforth every man should pay regular taxes and register his slaves, the "Khartoum rabble" had no desire to remain there, and took advantage of the permission to return home, or to retreat to the hunting-grounds on the Bahr-el-Ghazal. The morning after the Governor's arrival, 165 Monbuttu slaves of both sexes—among them a number of children five or six years old, recently imported, and not knowing a single word of Arabic—came to him, asking to be sent back to their country. Forty-five of these belonged to Mula Effendi, the Egyptian officer in the Rohl district.

At the divan at Rumbek, Emin Pasha mentions that he sat on carpets and cushions which had formerly belonged to Zebehr Pasha, and had been captured from his son Sulieman during his flight. The Dar Fur slave-girls who handed round the coffee were also taken as booty from Sulieman. Since 1877 no accounts had been furnished to the Government from this district, nor had any been kept. Though the chiefs had received money for the payment of wages no one had been paid anything for years. All, on the contrary, were owing money to the chief of the station for merchandise he had bought with Government funds, and had sold to them at triple its value. Slaves figured in these accounts as oxen, asses, &c.

Forging seals, and fabricating receipts by the use of them, completed the catalogue of crimes which they called "affairs of Government"; and with it all the place was full of fakis (priests) and houses for prayer.

If we turn to the province more immediately under Emin's own direction, we find a very different state of things. By the end of 1880 most of the stations had been rebuilt, and the whole of the province had been reduced to peace and order; while all the stations, then numbering about forty, were connected by a weekly post. Through his efforts slavery was entirely abolished, and the district was cleared of the slave-dealers who had carried on an underhand but extensive traffic up to the time of Emin Bey's appointment. With the exception of Gordon and Gessi Pashas no one has done such good service in the cause of freedom and civilisation in Central Africa as Dr. Emin Bey. Writing in 1882, he reported that perfect quiet reigned in his province; his stores were full of ivory, rubber, ostrich feathers from the eastern part of the province, tamarinds, and oil, and his relations with the big native chiefs grew more friendly from day to day. In another letter he wrote: "Everything is flourishing in Lado, and my gardens are all in the best condition. I am now taken up completely with Latooka and Jadebek. What an immense country this is! What a tremendous field of work is open here! . . . Slatin Bey is, as you know, the Governor of the whole of Darfour now, but he appears to have a miserable time of it on account of the abominable religious fanaticism of his people. I am certainly better off amongst my natives." In 1878 the Equatorial Province was only maintained at a deficit of £38,000 per annum. Three or four years later the province yielded a net revenue of £8,000, after paying the employés and all expenses, and this was obtained, not by oppressive taxation, but by the practice of rigid economy and the suppression of abuses which had previously existed. "Crime is unknown," Dr. Felkin tells us,[1] "slavery does not exist; the people live at peace with each other, and, were it not for the wild animals, one could walk over the entire province with a walking-stick." Good roads were constructed, waggons made, and oxen trained to the yoke; camels also were introduced from the newly-settled region to the east of Lado as a means of transport, and a steamboat navigated the upper river and the Albert Nyanza. A complete postal arrangement was organised throughout the province; the native chiefs forwarded from one to another letters and packages as conscientiously as the Italian employés of the Khedival post office in Cairo. So perfect was this

[1] Paper read before the Society of Arts, February 1883.

system, that letters from the most southerly provinces of Egypt were delivered with marvellous rapidity, taking only a month and a half (forty-six days) from Lado to Cairo. Despatches which Emin Bey sent to Monbuttu for Dr. Junker reached there after the latter's departure, but they followed him through the country of the Niam-Niam without interruption. Dr. Junker replied by the direct road to Lado, and the Niam-Niam not only transmitted his letters, but likewise packages addressed to the Governor at Lado containing samples of the produce of the country. The people were taught to work for the sake of work and not from compulsion; they were instructed in weaving and in the cultivation of cotto coffee, rice, and indigo, and wheat was introduced. In addition to the cares of government, Emin Pasha found time to relieve the physical sufferings of the people. At sunrise every morning, when at Lado, he was to be seen in his hospital, either prescribing for or operating upon his numerous patients; and at night, when government duties were over, instead of seeking well-earned repose, he would be found writing—by the light of candles made by himself—those reports on various scientific subjects which have enriched the pages of so many learned periodicals.

In his work on "Uganda and the Egyptian Soudan" (S. Low & Co., 1882), Dr. Felkin says: "Dr. Emin is a perfect gentleman, and does all in his power to help a stranger, being one of the most unselfish men I ever met. All his comforts he shared with us, and took much pains to give all the information his wide experience of these countries could afford, and I have to thank him for many notes on the manners and customs of the people. His great object in life is to make the people over whom he has control happy and contented, and to do as much as possible to raise and educate them. How much he has done will never be known, but to this I can bear testimony: Slavery and ill-treatment of natives have ceased in all his provinces, the natives are on friendly terms with the soldiers, and all live together in peace and prosperity. Without supplies from Khartoum for nearly two years, he still managed to satisfy his people, and though many of his soldiers were clad in simply a loin cloth, I never heard a murmur of discontent from them. He works very hard, and, in addition to his official duties, finds time to collect most valuable geographical and meteorological notes. When in Lado he superintends the hospital for the whole province, the institution possessing only one assistant, who knows very little medical practice beyond dispensing."

All this work was accomplished without any a

encouragement from Egypt. Indeed, the central Government behaved, as Dr. Schweinfurth expressed it, like a hard-hearted mother towards these southern provinces. It sent a steamer perhaps once or twice a year to Lado; it left the employés unpaid, or, when they were paid, it was in merchandise at twice its real value. For a short time only had Emin any European coadjutor. In 1879 Mr. Frank Lupton (Lupton Bey), an Englishman whose love of travel had taken him to the Soudan, was appointed by Gordon Pasha to the post of Deputy-Governor of the Equatorial Provinces, and, during the short time that he remained with Emin Pasha, he materially assisted him in his journeys and in the work of government; but, on Gessi Pasha's death in 1881, he left him to assume the government of the Bahr-el-Ghazal province. "Although I have a person sent to help me in Mr. Lupton's place," Emin pathetically writes, "I still feel very lonely; there is no one to help me in the 'head-work.'" Again, writing just after his visit to the Rohl country, he exclaims: "Oh, that I had men to help me, for the work is almost too great for me. What fearful places I have visited in this last journey! But I hope the knowledge I have gained will enable me, with God's help, to put an end to much misery; but what can a single man do? Oh, that I had a circle of true, hard-working men around me!"

Thus, in spite of discouragements and difficulties, Emin Bey was accomplishing the civilisation of the Equatorial Provinces, when the curtain fell on his work in consequence of the revolt of the Mahdi in the Soudan, only to be lifted again after an interval of nearly three years. Till Dr. Junker brought away his letters of December 31, 1885, the last authentic news from him was dated April 1883; during this interval he was cut off from all communication with the world, and only vague rumours from time to time leaked through. The rising of the fanatic of Dongola, Mahomed Ahmed, the "Mahdi," took place in August 1881, four months after the death of Gessi Pasha; and rallying round him the slave-traders and other disaffected people, his revolt against Egyptian rule soon assumed alarming proportions. Emin foresaw the serious condition into which the Soudan would fall; and in the early part of 1882, before the road to the Equatorial Provinces was closed by the Mahdi's troops, he made a journey down to Khartoum to warn the Government, and to receive instructions as to his own action and the future of his province. He was ordered to return to his province, and told that he overestimated the gravity of the situation, while his offers to treat personally with the Mahdi were rejected. It

is to this incident he alluded in his letter of December 31, 1885: "When the troubles first began in the Soudan, I called attention to the extreme danger that existed, and people said I exaggerated matters; it is quite possible they will say the same now." In a letter written during his visit to Khartoum he said: "You will have heard of the so-called Mahdi and the disturbances he has caused. . . . Blind fanaticism, unnecessary acts of horrible violence, cowardly delay and fear and unmeasured self-conceit, senseless measures of repression and perfectly uncalled-for insolence, are the factors which have brought about the burning discontent that has caused the people to lose their balance. Under these circumstances, I have tried to utilise my whole influence, my linguistic powers, and my acquaintance with the persons, in order to bring about, if possible, a *modus vivendi* between the two contending parties. . . . I am curious to know whether the new Governor-General will be able to understand the position of affairs, and to grasp our requirements and the difficulties of the situation." But his warnings and advice were unheeded. He left Khartoum on June 15, 1882, and from that date, with the exception of a steamer which arrived on March 16 in the following year, he has had no single communication from Khartoum or Egypt; nor have any supplies been sent him.

The revolt spread, the Egyptian garrisons were defeated, and by the end of the year 1883 the Mahdi had gained undoubted possession of the eastern Soudan by the annihilation of Hicks Pasha's ill-fated army. In common with the other provinces the Equatorial Province suffered heavily. The station in the Rohl district was totally destroyed, and of the 300 soldiers there, Lupton Bey wrote in November 1883, probably not ten men escaped. It was only by stratagem, it appears, that Emin Bey saved his province. He was attacked by a force of the insurgents in 1885, and sustained severe loss in men and arms; but he ultimately delivered such a heavy blow to the rebels at Rimo, in Makaraka, that they were compelled to leave him alone. His weakened forces necessitated the abandonment of the more distant stations, and the withdrawal of the soldiers and their families to the stations on the river. Despairing of help from Egypt Emin turned his face towards the south to see if any way of escape opened in that direction. Leaving Lado he journeyed to Wadelai, a stockaded fort higher up the Nile, and endeavoured to send a post to Uganda, but it came to grief through the hostility of the people of Mruli. On the other hand, Mwanga, the ill-tempered King of Uganda, had intercepted and detained letters forwarded to the Egyptian Gov way of Zanzibar.

From his old friend Kaba Rega, King of Unyoro, however, Emin Bey received very different treatment. For him, he says, he has nothing but hearty praise. "At my request he has twice sent me men, and by his kindness I have been able to buy a small quantity of cloth for distribution amongst my army. In this case, also, the negro has shown himself a good and valuable ally. When, eight years ago, I visited Kaba Rega, I little imagined that I should one day have to rely upon his assistance and friendship. Nevertheless, I was driven to do this, and, what is more, the negro has held me in friendly remembrance, has hastened to help his former friend, and has offered his hospitality and his succour." The cloth received from Kaba Rega was peculiarly welcome to the beleaguered garrisons, who had been reduced to great straits in the matter of clothes. Emin's men had learned long before to weave coarse cloth from cotton they had grown themselves, but the production was so small that it scarcely supplied more than a hundredth part of the requirements. It was through the friendship of the King of Unyoro that, at last, Emin managed to send by the hands of Dr. Junker those letters which a few months ago revealed his desperate position to the world.

He had, indeed, suffered severely. "Ever since the month of May 1883," he writes,[1] "we have been cut off from all communication with the world. Forgotten and abandoned by the Government, we have been compelled to make a virtue of necessity. Ever since the occupation of the Bahr-el-Ghazal—I will not say its conquest, for this province has been taken by treachery—we have been vigorously attacked, and I do not know how to describe to you the admirable devotion of my black troops throughout a long war, which, for them at least, had no advantage. Deprived of the most necessary things, for a long time without any pay, my men fought valiantly; and when at last hunger weakened them, when, after nineteen days of incredible privations and sufferings, their strength was exhausted, and when the last torn leather of the last boot had been eaten, then they cut a way through the midst of their enemies and succeeded in saving themselves. All this hardship was undergone without the least *arrière pensée*, without even the hope of any appreciable reward, prompted only by their duty, and the desire of showing a proper valour before their enemies. If ever I had had any doubts of the negro, the history of the siege of Amadi would have proved to me that the black race is, in valour and courage, inferior to no other, whilst in devotion and self-denial it is superior to many. Without any orders from capable officers, these men performed miracles, and it

[1] *Anti-Slavery Reporter* (1886), p. 106.

will be very difficult for the Egyptian Government worthily to show its gratitude to my soldiers and officers. Hitherto we have worked for our bread, and the good God, who until now has protected us visibly, will take care of us also in the future."

All will echo this last prayer, and hope that he and his faithful black troops will be enabled to hold out until the relief that is now being taken out to them by Mr. H. M. Stanley, and which they have so long and so patiently been awaiting, will reach them. When Dr. Junker left Wadelai at the commencement of last year, Emin Bey said he could hold out for eighteen months if not attacked, but his ammunition was getting very short. It appears that Emin Bey has with him ten Egyptian and fifteen black officers, twenty Koptic clerks, who, with their wives and families, bring up the white population to a large number. His troops consist of some 1,500 Soudanese negroes, armed with Remington rifles and muzzle-loading guns. The native populations that would be affected by his relief are estimated by Dr. Felkin to number something like 6,000,000. The stations which these black troops are still believed to hold are Wadelai, Lado, Dufli, Regiaf, Bedden, Kerri, Fashoda, and Fatiko, of which all, except the last-named, are situated on the banks of the Nile.

In his last letter (published in the *Times* of December 9) Emin Bey writes: "I am glad to be able to tell you that the province is in complete safety and order; it is true that the Bari gave us some little trouble, but I was soon able to reintroduce order in their district. Since I last wrote you all the stations are busily employed in agricultural work, and at each one considerable cotton plantations are doing well; this is all the more important for us, as it enables us, to a certain extent, to cover our nakedness. I have also introduced the shoemaker's art, and you would be surprised to see the progress we have made. We now make our own soap, and we have at last enough meat and grain, so that we have enough to keep life going; such luxuries, however, as sugar, &c., of course we have not seen for many a long day. I forgot to say that we are growing the most splendid tobacco! Personally I am only in want of books and fine shot, arsenic, soda, &c., to enable me to continue the preparation of zoological specimens. Notwithstanding this, I am continuing to collect specimens whenever I am able, and in a few days I am sending collections for Professor Flower, Canon Tristram, and Dr. Günther, to Sir John Kirk at Zanzibar, and I trust he will have the goodness to forward them to England. They contain many new and interesting specimens, especially those collected in the Monbuttu and Niam-Niam districts."

Emin Pasha (for he has lately been raised to this distinction

the Khedive) is not the only European who is at the present time imprisoned in these troubled regions of Central Africa, and who stands in need of succour. He was joined before the outbreak of the war by Captain Casati, an Italian traveller, who is now in Unyoro with Kaba-Rega, awaiting an opportunity to get away. In the neighbouring country of Uganda—now ruled over by the unfriendly son of Mtesa—the English and French missionaries are in great jeopardy. Instigated by rumours of German aggression on the East Coast, and fearful whether his own kingdom, too, would be attacked, Mwanga wreaked his vengeance on the Christian converts of these missionaries. Last year, too, he made war on Kaba-Rega, and inflicted some severe losses on that king. Then, again, in the provinces of Bahr-el-Ghazal and Dar Fur, to the north of Emin Bey's province, the fate of the European governors is still uncertain. In the former, Lupton Bey, Emin's former companion, who was doing good work in the cause of freedom and civilisation, following up the work of Gessi, had been compelled to surrender to the emissaries of the Mahdi, and was by them carried to Khartoum. Slatin Bey also, who had charge of Dar Fur, surrendered nearly three years ago. It is much to be feared that the subsequent rumours of his death are true.

Mr. Stanley hopes to reach Wadelai in June, and then will arise the question: What is to be the outcome of Emin's work in the Equatorial Provinces? Is he to be brought back to Europe with his companions, and the country abandoned to the horrors of the slave-trade? In the man who has been chosen as the leader of the relief expedition, and in the route which he proposes to take, lies a guarantee that it will not be so. The far-seeing founder of the Kongo Free State is not likely to undo the civilising work which has already been accomplished, if means can be found for still carrying it on. With Emin Pasha himself will, of course, rest the decision as to whether he will remain at his post, or return to his native land to enjoy a well-earned repose. Here he will be right heartily welcomed, and our learned societies will look forward with great interest to the arrival of his scientific collections and the stores of information with which he will be able to enrich our knowledge of Equatorial Africa. If he returns, some means should certainly be found for continuing to hold the province, leaving some capable man in authority. This, Dr. Emin says, can be done with little or no cost, and, in fact, the natural resources of the country are amply sufficient to cover all expenses of government.

The products of the country are varied, and only need develop-

ment to render them most valuable. Emin Pasha is believed to hold in his stores an immense quantity of ivory, waiting only for means of transport. The native tribes under his beneficent rule are industrious and friendly. The charming scenery around Fatiko in the Shuli country is, Dr. Junker tells us, diversified with large dhurra (millet) fields. At Dufli, the houses of the village are neatly built of grass and reeds, the streets are regular, and the Government offices are built of sunburnt bricks ; there is a dockyard here for building "nuggars" ; vegetables of all sorts are plentiful, and the country opposite produces large crops of dhurra. With the exception of the river margin in the neighbourhood of Lado and Gondokoro, where the Nile is obstructed by an abundant growth of rank vegetation, the country is generally healthy.

The one thing that is lacking to ensure the future prosperity of the province is a means of communication with the outer world. With the ability to obtain a supply of ammunition, and various other very needful articles not produced there, the Governor could hold his own for any length of time. Cut off from Egypt by the disturbed country ravaged by the late Mahdi and his successors, severed from the Indian Ocean by the unfriendliness of the Uganda potentate and a stretch of absolutely unknown country to the eastward, there yet remains one entrance by which to approach this isolated spot. It is Mr. Stanley's intention to reach it by way of the Kongo, from which magnificent waterway it is separated by a comparatively small tract of unknown land. On the Albert Nyanza Emin has a steamer, taken up by Gordon, with which he can easily meet an expedition from the Kongo at the south end of the lake. It is to the Kongo, then, and to the Kongo Free State that we must look to carry on the traditions of Gordon and of Emin, and to insure the future welfare and progress of these lost territories of Egypt. As an advanced outpost of the Kongo Free State the Equatorial Provinces will, it may be hoped, continue to present a barrier to the ravages of the slave-trade, and to form a vantage point, right in the very heart of its hunting-grounds, from which that horrible traffic can be attacked and at last put an end to. Then, indeed, will the work of Gordon and of Emin not have been in vain.

FREDERICK A. EDWARDS.

THE FIGHT FOR HOME RULE.

JUST one year and one month ago I wrote a paper on Home Rule, setting forth as temperately and as precisely as I could the plea of the Irish people for self-government. At the time when I wrote that paper Home Rule was the gonfalon of a small, compact party of Irish members in the House of Commons, who could number here and there some true and tried allies in the Radical party, and considerable sympathy in many sections of the Liberal party, and who had received from time to time a great deal of underhand support and counsel from the Tory party. Within those thirteen months the whole situation of the question has changed as if by magic. I know of no revolution in history more remarkable or more impressive—not even the revolution which burnt the Bastile and racketed Royalty from Paris to Versailles, and from Versailles to Paris, and from Paris to Varennes, and from Varennes to the Place de la Grève. One year, one little year ago, Home Rule was a forlorn hope; to-day it is a triumphant cause on the eve of its last and greatest victory. A year ago it was represented by a little band of Irish national delegates, led by a Protestant gentleman; to-day it is represented by the true majority of two united nations, generalled by the greatest English statesman of his age.

Since Mr. Gladstone introduced his Home Rule Bill on April 8 in last year one great pitched battle has been fought, and the feud still rages, but the whole aspect of the strife has changed. Home Rule now numbers among its adherents the most illustrious leaders of English political thought. The great strength of English Radicalism, of English Democracy, of Radical journalism has declared enthusiastically for it. We had great allies before, but they were such as Wordsworth lends to Toussaint L'Ouverture in his tragic sonnet, "Exultations, Agonies, and Love, and Man's Unconquerable Mind." But they proved, indeed, to be powers that did work for us, and pleaded our cause not in vain. Patiently, laboriously, indefatigably, the Irish people have urged their claim, have appealed again and again to the justice of Democratic England, and at last have not appealed in vain. The

single action of one far-seeing statesman has healed the hurt of generations and of centuries, and, for the first time in the history of the two countries, Ireland and England are bound together by a bond of common sympathy and of common love. To accomplish so much was to accomplish little short of a miracle. The painful story of the past—now, happily, I hope to be forgiven and forgotten, to be thought of only as an ill dream whose memory need not trouble the living sunlight—was not one to foster friendship between the two islands and the two peoples. The two peoples were not friends. It would be vain, indeed, to deny that anything short of bitter enmity existed between them; but, like a breath, that enmity has passed away, slain by the deathless spirit of justice speaking through the mouth of a great man. Those among our adversaries who speak evilly of us, who would deny us still, if they could, the right to self-government, and who, because they cannot do that, deny us the capacity for rightly using self-government, who accuse us of all manner of dark duplicities—strangely wrong us and strangely misunderstand us. I am convinced that the great bulk of the Irish people and the great bulk of the English people are now really, and for the first time, knitted together in a true and abiding union. The old beautiful abstractions of love and justice are still infinitely potent even in this ageing world. Their influence has not hitherto been extended across the Irish Sea, but their magic does not wither for want of use, and on their first application they have turned foes into friends, and metamorphosed hostility to love. The politicians are curiously purblind who do not see the change, who do not appreciate its momentous importance, who really believe—for I would give them credit rather for folly than deceit—that the first act of emancipated Ireland will be to turn and rend the hand that freed her. They are curiously unfit to govern the Irish people, they are curiously unfit to govern any people, who can believe that. I might say, in the great words of a great man, that no nation needs to be grateful for her liberty; but the Irish people are grateful to Mr. Gladstone and to those that stand with him, not, indeed, for the mere concession of a political right, but for recognising the justice of their claims and choosing the fair hour.

One of the most able opponents of Home Rule has protested against "the falsely applied historical method of speaking and thinking of England and Ireland as though they were two human beings, who, on closing a life-long quarrel, might be expected to entertain towards one another those sentiments of regret, generosity, or gratitude which are proper to men and women, but can only by the boldest c
be supposed to enter into the relations between classe

If the opponents of Home Rule really maintain that nations are incapable of feeling generosity or gratitude, their study of history has stood them in little stead. They would scarcely maintain, for example, that France, as a whole, does not feel something like what we should call a feeling of revenge against Germany; that Turkey does not regret the loss of her dependencies; or, to return to Ireland, that Ireland, as a whole, did not feel grateful to France for the supposed good intentions of the French Republic and the First Consul, and does not feel grateful to Mr. Gladstone and the Englishmen who follow him. It would be difficult, I should imagine, for a high-minded Englishman of the present day not to feel some shame for the cruelties of Cromwell and for Pitt's corruption of the Irish Parliament, no matter how much he may consider the swording of the one and the bribing of the other inevitable under the conditions.

The author of "England's Case against Home Rule" finds it preposterous also that "living Irishmen should be grateful for the well-meant, though most unsuccessful, efforts made by the Parliament of the United Kingdom to govern one-third of the United Kingdom on sound principles of justice." Here we have an astounding *petitio principii*. Living Irishmen do not necessarily admit that the Parliament of the United Kingdom has endeavoured to govern Ireland on sound principles of justice. That is one of the very points that would be most fiercely contested. Would any one now maintain that England would govern India on sound principles of justice by binding the Hindoo to a daily banquet of beeksteak cooked by the hands of a Feringhee, or forcing the Moslem to consume pig offered to him by the left hand of his master? As that is the principle upon which the English Parliament of the United Kingdom has been governing Ireland for so long, it would be unreasonable to expect living Irishmen to be grateful for much of its ministries; but that living Irishmen can be grateful for genuine efforts to redress their wrongs, Mr. Gladstone, and that vast proportion of the English people who have followed him in his course of justice, will, in spite of Mr. Dicey, have every reason to believe.

In fact, Mr. Dicey, and kindred frigid reasoners of his school, err very grievously in ignoring, or affecting to ignore, the heroic side of humanity. Nations, in defiance of logic and definitions and disciples of the "practical," as they are but men in the mass, do very naturally and very distinctly resemble man in the unit; and just as man with his faults and all his follies has in him so much of good, and is, happily for humanity, so readily appealed to by a high ideal and a noble purpose, so are nationalities. "If you prick us, do we not

bleed?" are but the poetical words of a single Jew, but they are the plea for a whole oppressed Jewish nation. The defects of the Irish, like the defects of the Hebrew race, are the results of long and cruel oppression. But oppression cannot conquer virtue, and the virtue of gratitude to the just man is strong in Ireland to-day. Let Englishmen be assured that, in spite of the calculations of the class-room, Irishmen are, and always will be, grateful to the Englishmen who have striven for them, who sought to bind, and who succeeded in binding, their hearts together in bonds that are fashioned neither of gold nor of steel.

Still, however, there is a fight to be fought yet before the day is won. Not much of a fight, perhaps. The great principle of Home Rule is established. The coming of Home Rule is as certain as the succession of the seasons—became so certain on the day and hour when a great English prime minister rose in the House of Commons with a Home Rule Bill in his hand. But there are some foemen to be routed still before this noblest outcome of the Democratic principle in England be carried into effect. The odd league of Whig and Tory, the unholy alliance of the Conservative camp with the Liberal Union cabal, is indeed slowly falling to pieces before our eyes. It was strong enough to check the first rush at the General Election, but it is strong no longer. Round Table conferences on the one hand, and the sneers of Lord Randolph Churchill at his discarded "crutches" on the other, have had their due effect in dismembering the ludicrous political monster, upon whose forehead the name of Unionist was "as if in mockery writ." But though this incomparable alliance is falling to pieces, it still exists, nominally. Lord Randolph Churchill is no longer a minister of the Crown; his taunts of Lord Hartington have no official sting in them, and the Unionist Liberals may, if they like, believe that the Tory party do not echo Lord Randolph Churchill's sentiments. They have deluded themselves in so many matters that they may very well delude themselves as to that too. They may really believe, if they can, that they are still as united as they were in those early hours of Opera House fervour, when the Tory Lion and the Unionist Lamb mingled their breaths in good accord, and obscure individuals discovered for the first time that they were political personages. In their hearts they are not so confident. There is something vaguely pathetic about Sir Henry James's peroration at Manchester the other day. He talks about the importance of organisation, and dwells upon all that the Liberal Unionists can accomplish by com[illegible] "By combination in almost every locality we can

holding the balance the great and chief power lies; and we will hold it so that the balance in our hands will not be wrongly adjusted." It is difficult to refrain from smiling when one remembers the objurgations which men of Sir Henry James's inclining levelled against the Irish advocates of Home Rule when they proposed to hold the balance in localities, and by combination, without regard to party, to serve the principles they had at heart. But what was little short of sin in an Irish advocate of Home Rule is a qualification for canonisation in a renegade or runaway Liberal, eager to stave off the evil hour of his own overthrow, anxious above all things to keep Mr. Gladstone out of office.

On the eve of any great struggle it is well and wary to survey the situation composedly, to estimate the strength of the forces arrayed in opposition, and to endeavour, if possible, to appraise at their true value the relative strengths of the forces arrayed for and against. First and foremost, of course, in the consideration of the question of the opposition to Home Rule come the solid strength and limited intelligence of the Tory party. The Tory party are opposed to Home Rule. They have coquetted with it in seasons of fine weather, they have allied themselves with its advocates whenever they thought anything was to be gained by so doing ; it is perfectly possible even yet that they may become converted to its principles, and bring in a measure of Home Rule. The clothes-stealing policy has ever been a favourite one with the Tory party, and it is quite on the cards that an astute leader, whether a Salisbury or a Churchill, tired of arguing with the inexorable, may endeavour to thieve Mr. Gladstone's laurels. But in their hearts the Tory party have not, and could not have, any sympathy with Home Rule, or with any measure calculated to effect reform. The Tory party has always for the last half-century stood steadfastly and stubbornly in the way of all measures of reform. It has acted persistently the part of the cow on the railroad track, and, as usual, the inevitable collision has proved exceedingly bad for the cow. There have been, indeed, moments when the stolid Tory cow, losing courage, has turned and galloped along the line ahead of the train, and has for the time being cheated itself and its comrade cows into the belief that it is really the motor power of the advancing engine. But, as a general principle, the Tory party have resolutely fought against the progress of civilisation with the fury and the fanaticism of the fakir.

Let us, to go no further back than the present reign, look at the roll of great reforms since 1837. In every instance reform was denounced as innovation, as subversive and destructive, and all the

rest of it, by the traditional and persistent opponents of reform; in every instance the reform was carried, frequently in consequence of the sudden conversion of those very antagonists; and each reform has appeared to its succeeding decade as an inevitable evolution of civilisation, the struggle against which reads like the fight of Ahriman and Ormuzd, of darkness against light. The Tory party, to which it would seem that Mr. Dicey belongs, or the non-Radical party to which he certainly belongs, and which has of late numbered on its roll some remarkable adherents, has always combated progress tooth and nail. What, one asks with wonder, would the world, would England be like to-day if the Tory party had proved invariably triumphant, instead of invariably unsuccessful, in the annals of the Victorian age? We should be living now in a state of Chinese isolation—if, indeed, the epithet "Chinese," as applied to such a condition of torpidity, of mummification, be not an insult to the Celestial empire. The history of the Victorian age is the history of the steady progress of Radical ideas against Whig and Tory obstinacy. I suppose there are few Tories of to-day who would really like to see England swept back to the days before the first Reform Bill, who would like to revive the Corn Laws, who would like in all the hundred and one ways to put back the hands of the clock, and reduce England to the level of Dahomey. Tory defiance is freely offered, let it be as freely accepted. Read over the history of the various great reforming movements of the Victorian age. Their story is in one respect curiously monotonous, but its monotony makes for us. Every reform has been opposed in the same way, with the same stubborn Conservatism, with the same blind antipathy to progress. In every case Conservatism, in its widest sense, has likened itself to Balaam's ass, and seen an angel in the roadway. Unlike the angel of Balaam, however, the angel of Conservatism has proved to be as shadowy an apparition as the spirits of Glendower, and reform has ridden its road in triumph. If, therefore, we compare the great reform movement of Home Rule with any of the great reform movements which have preceded it for the last half-century, we shall be fully justified in assuming for it as honourable a case and as successful an issue.

The only serious enemy to the cause of Home Rule, or, indeed, to any other cause of reform, is Lord Randolph Churchill. For a time he has succeeded in galvanising something like life into the moribund, mummy-like Tory party. So long as Lord Randolph Churchill remains a Tory chieftain, so long the Tory party is serious obstacle to civilisation; but whether Lord

Churchill will always be a Tory, remains, as Euripides would say, with the gods. His Toryism has for him the inestimable advantage of making him the man of genius among a legion of mediocrities against whose blackness his abilities "stick fiery off indeed." But it is possible that when Lord Randolph Churchill comes back to the command, he may so marshal his following that they will scarce know themselves for the wooden old Tories they used to be. One thing is clear, Lord Randolph Churchill's qualities, whether for good or evil, make him the very serious opponent of any cause which for the time being he declares against.

The Tory party being put aside, there remain the Liberal Unionists. Well, the Liberal Unionists are not much to boast of. With one, or at most two exceptions, they are what might be roughly, but not unhappily, described as a "shy lot." Lord Hartington does not count in this estimate. He is one of the good A1 copper-fastened Whigs who ought long ago to have been dry-docked in snug Tory quarters. But, with the exception of Mr. Chamberlain and Sir George Otto Trevelyan, the Liberal Unionists are not alarming foemen. Mr. Chamberlain already shows signs of returning to the fold. He has undoubtedly suffered heavily, from a political point of view, for obeying the wild impulse which flung him into grotesque alliance with antediluvian Toryism. A disciple of Darwin, uniting with gorillas to resist the march of man, would hardly present a more astounding or more inconsistent spectacle than the Radical of Radicals, the ally of Dilke, the founder of the Caucus, the beloved of Birmingham, joining hands with inarticulate, fuliginous Toryism, and swearing unholy alliance therewith. Naturally, the performance has for a time discredited Mr. Chamberlain in the eyes of real Radicalism and of devout Democracy; but he may come back, and the part of the prodigal son is a delightful one to play under certain conditions and in certain circumstances.

It is very curious that the amalgamated Liberal-Tory cabal have had to go outside the ranks of politics to find a champion of their cause. The best defence that has been made for them and their principles has been made by an outsider, by Professor Dicey, whose book, "England's Case against Home Rule," has been the very covenant of the campaign against freedom. The story of this book is curious. It was the creation of the urgent need for a policy by the Liberal Unionists, and it has very successfully hoist them with their own petard.

After the general election of 1886, when it became evident that Home Rule was no longer a mere Irish question, but an English

question as well, the antagonists of Home Rule felt that it was time to look about them. Even those who had floated into office on the stormy eddies of Opera House enthusiasm, and who professed to regard the Liberal Unionists as the saviours of their country, were nervously aware that, though for the moment they had the best of the game, they had by no means the best of the argument. They might boast the lungs of brass that could bellow, but they lacked the golden mouth that might plead. In their own ranks they had nobody. Lord Randolph Churchill might animate Belfast audiences with soul-stirring citations from Campbell, but as a cool and cautious arguer he was not to be relied on. Lord Salisbury, like a new Faust, had raised the Home Rule spirit by his Newport speech, and had striven ever since most unsuccessfully to conjure it back again with brave words about twenty years of firm government. They had nobody else whose utterances could be of any interest or importance to the world at large. Nor was there much comfort to be got from their Liberal Unionist allies. Lord Hartington has a cool, solid, stolid ability, which is excellent in the House of Commons or on the platform, but he could never become the Chrysostom of the anti-Home Rule propaganda. Mr. Goschen is delightful when he discourses serenely to the studious on the art of life and the vanity of hurry. Temple at Sheen, or Epicurus among his olive-trees, is not blander, sweeter, more softly philosophic than the eminent financier, who to this day has not solved the great problem as to which party in the State he belongs to. But he was not the man to carry conviction of the evil of Home Rule to minds troubled by the eloquence of Mr. Gladstone, and the clear, finely-wrought arguments of Mr. Morley. Mr. Chamberlain was, indeed, opposed to the Gladstone Bill, but he was half a Home Ruler, and cherished notions of federal councils and the like—rank heresies to the advocates of coercion as the true Sangrado panacea. Sir George Trevelyan, by virtue of his exquisite prose, is one of the glories of Victorian literature, but the biographer of Macaulay, the historian of Charles James Fox, the humorist of "Horace at the University of Athens," the chronicle of Cawnpore, is at his weakest when, as a Liberal, he wrestles, like Jacob, with the angel of Liberal principles. There was nobody else, for, as far as I am aware, none looked to Sir Henry James as the heaven-sent advocate of Liberal Unionism. Suddenly a light shone upon their darkness when Mr. Dicey stepped into the arena with his "England's Case against Home Rule," and from the whole anti-Home Rule league went up a wild cry of exultation. Here was a man of

eminence, of education, of name, who could really argue with apparently passionless directness, whose reputation was recognised on all sides, and who was actually putting into clear and comprehensive English all the incoherent hatred of Home Rule which had been possessing its enemies like an evil spirit, and actually forging the molten iron of their indignation into serviceable weapons against the arch enemy, the new *Infâme*. Never since the days when Coriolanus halted before the threshold of Aufidius has there been greater joy over the appearance of an unexpected ally. Had not Mr. Gladstone quoted, and quoted with approval, Mr. Dicey in one of his speeches, and was not Mr. Dicey now appearing in print to confute, rout, and wholly put to shame Mr. Gladstone and all those who thought so with him?

It is easy to understand the joy of the Conservative party and some of their allies. After the heat and fire of their distemper, Mr. Dicey not unnaturally appeared to them to speak with the speech of angels. The gravity of his tone, the assumption of scholastic superiority to the passions of politics and the frenzy of party, the affectation of icy impartiality, gave Mr. Dicey's volume an extraordinary value in the eyes of the opponents of Home Rule in general and of Mr. Gladstone in particular.

The Conservative party may not deserve the epithet which Mr. Mill once applied to it of the stupid party, but even its warmest admirers could hardly reckon it as a reasoning party. A little display of reasoning goes a long way with it, and when it found Mr. Dicey speaking at once so confidently and so coldly of the iniquities of Home Rule and the errors of Mr. Gladstone, it felt as elated as Voltaire's *Pucelle* on a certain famous occasion.

The advocates of Home Rule will fail, however, to be much impressed by the array of Mr. Dicey's arguments, or by his method of marshalling them. An argument does not of necessity become more convincing by being uttered with an assumption of philosophic composure, any more than the English of the wandering Briton becomes more intelligible to the French Custom-house officer by being shouted at him with appalling distinctness and syllable by syllable. It does not need much study of Mr. Dicey's pages to discover that most of his arguments are fantastic and misleading, and that even where the arguments themselves are sound the deductions from them are quite inaccurate.

Let me in conclusion quote a Turkish proverb which encloses much wisdom in a little compass: "The dog barks; the caravan passes on." The mind at once calls up the picture of the white-walled

Arab town, the eager faces, the long line of pilgrims, the swaying camels, and, beyond, the desert stretching out to Mecca, to the goal of so many high hopes, so many passionate desires. If, as the great procession passes slowly out and onward, some dog barks, wildly scurrying hither and thither in all imaginable excitement, while the yellow sand flies, who heeds? The caravan goes its way through darkness and through danger, and those who share in the labour and who reach the haven come back with shining faces, and are accounted happy.

JUSTIN HUNTLY M^cCARTHY.

SCIENCE NOTES.

A Suggestion to Shipbuilders.

THE terrible tragedy of the sudden sinking of the emigrant ship "Kapunda," with a loss of nearly 300 lives, sternly enforces the demand for some further security against such disasters, especially when we face the fact that the liability to collision increases directly with the increase of transmarine intercourse. The main highway of the British Empire is the ocean, and the prosperity of our small home island and our huge colonies, as well as the general stability of the Empire, primarily depends on the safety and facility of our navigation of our national highway. Britannia must rule the waves or perish. We battle successfully against the power of these waves by increasing the magnitude and strength of our ships. The terrors of a lee shore during a gale are reduced to a trifle by the agency of steam; but the bigger our ships, the greater their speed and numbers, the greater and greater becomes the danger of collision.

Reflecting on this, it has occurred to me that the fatal consequences of the rapid sinking of a ship may be averted by a very simple device, viz., that of making certain parts of the upper deck of all passenger ships to act as automatic rafts. All that is necessary for this purpose is that they should be made of wood as usual, and pontooned by means of a few empty casks, or other air-tight or cork-stuffed compartments, and so fixed to the timbers as to be capable of rising freely without any end-shift or side-shift—a very simple mechanical problem. The bulwarks might be attached to the deck and float up with it as bulwarks to the raft.

This attachment of the bulwarks may be effected by fixing the air or cork-stuffed floatation compartments in the angle between the upper face of the deck and the bulwarks, making them of shape and size to serve as comfortable deck seats at ordinary times. These would indicate the floating or raft portions of the deck, to which the passengers would hasten at the moment of danger.

The chances of escape would be further increased if the lifeboats of the ship were attached to the floating portions of the deck, and

thus became simultaneously and automatically launched with them. A certain amount of fresh water and food should be attached to either the raft or the boats, or both.

I am quite aware that these are amateur suggestions, which in the course of nature will receive more or less of snubbing from professional experts. This, however, can be set aside—will be set aside easily enough—if only one of our great shipping firms will demand of their builders the construction of such safeguard, and advertise the fact that they have a ship or ships so constructed. Commercial demand will do the rest.

It may be that the idea is an old one, and that only my ignorance of practical shipbuilding has kept me in the dark concerning it. I offer the suggestion to all whom it may concern, nevertheless. The interests of humanity are of more importance than my risk of being laughed at.

Oiling the Waves.

IN "Science in Short Chapters," page 311, I submitted a short historical summary of this subject, and a general statement of the philosophy of the calming action of oil when poured upon troubled waters. I also suggested that a series of experiments should be made in order to establish the fact and the magnitude of the calming action, the kind of oils suited for the purpose, and to answer other practical questions.

Such experiments have been made lately, and the results, in the form of a memorandum, dated June 16 last, have been wisely printed and circulated by the Admiralty. The following are some of the more important facts elicited:

The effect is greatest on free waves, *i.e.* waves in deep water.

It is uncertain in a surf, or waves breaking on a bar, as nothing can prevent the larger waves from breaking, but even here it is of some service.

A small quantity of oil suffices, if so applied that it shall spread to windward.

It is useful in a ship or boat, both when running or lying to or wearing.

No experiences are related of its use when hoisting a boat up in a seaway at sea, but it is highly probable that much time and injury to the boat would be saved by its application on such occasions.

As the oil is thickened by cooling it is not able to spread so far in cold weather, and its effect is thus reduced. This varies with the description of the oil.

The best method of application from a ship at sea appears to be by hanging over the side small canvas bags holding one to two gallons of oil, the bags immersed and being pricked with a sail needle to allow leakage of the oil. The position of these bags to vary with the circumstances. Running before the wind they should be hung from either bow and allowed to tow in the water.

Technical directions are given for other conditions, the most important of which are those relating to boarding a wreck. For this purpose it is recommended to pour oil overboard to windward of her before going alongside, the effect greatly depending upon the set of the current and the depth of water.

According to the results of these experiments a supply of oil should be insisted upon as an indispensable part of the outfit of every lifeboat.

The attention of officers is called to the whole subject by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, who affirm "that a very small quantity of oil, skilfully applied, may prevent much damage both to ships (especially the smaller classes) and to boats by modifying the action of breaking seas."

"The heaviest and thickest oils are the most effectual. Refined kerosene is of little use; crude petroleum is serviceable when nothing else is obtainable; but all animal and vegetable oils, such as waste oil from engines, have great effect."

I suggested in the short chapter above-named that "dead oil," which is a waste product from gasworks and the cheapest of all oils, should be tried; but, from what I can at present learn, it has escaped the attention of my Lords Commissioners.

Wave Engines.

MR. E. T. STEEN, a Californian engineer, is making experiments on the beach near San Francisco with the object of raising a head of water 350 feet high, which by its downflow may supply the city with 50,000 to 60,000 horse-power easily available; the raising to be effected by pumps worked by wave-power. A lever or pump-handle 32 feet long is attached to a float, and as the waves rise and fall this float works the pump-handle, and thus the water is raised.

The old project of using the rise and fall of the tides as a source of power has been continually revived, and as frequently abandoned, for the good and sufficient reason that the pump-handle, or its equivalent, only rises and falls once in 12 hours and 25 minutes.

With the waves used by Mr. Steen the case is very different; they can be made to work a pump-handle very actively, though, of course, this source of power, like that of windmills, is subject to disturbance by the fluctuations of the weather. The wind is, in fact, the source of power in Mr. Steen's machine, seeing that the waves he uses are waves raised by the friction of the wind on the surface of the sea.

There are two distinct methods of applying such wave-power—one, as in Mr. Steen's machine, by using the rise and fall of the waves; another by utilising the horizontal drift of the breakers on the shore.

I witnessed a grand exhibition of the magnitude of this power during the storm of the 15th and 16th October last at Brighton. Standing on the pier, just over the break of the rollers, the force of the advancing and receding heap of water, as it flung itself on the embankment and tore it to pieces, was magnificently displayed and suggestive of many practical reflections.

Vertical flaps, presenting a large surface even to ordinary rollers, would be oscillated with great force, proportionate to the extent of their surface. The reciprocating motion of the flaps, repeated inversely by an arm extending from the other side of the fulcrum, could easily be made to communicate itself to any kind of machinery. The difficulty on our coasts would arise from the necessity of only using this agent during a short period of time, at each tide, unless the machine were made movable. This, however, would not be the case on the shores of the tideless Mediterranean, where it would work on steadily all day and all night, excepting in calm weather.

A House of Straw.

WE are told that at the forthcoming American Exhibition will be shown a house constructed entirely of straw, or materials made from straw. The idea seems to have amused some of our newspaper writers, who describe it as the latest Yankee craze.

I venture to regard it quite differently, believing firmly that, if skilfully carried out, the scheme is very promising; and paradoxical though it may appear, my anticipation is that the leading merit of such a structure will prove to be its fireproof qualities; that is, assuming that timbers, floors, staircases, doors, and every other part of the building, ordinarily made of wood, shall be substituted by a composition of pulped or compressed straw.

Those who remember my Notes on "Fireproof Paper Structures," December, 1885, and "Resistance of Paper to Combustion." May, 1886, will be little surprised at this conclusion—less so

the composition of straw is considered. It consists of a small quantity of woody fibre, similar to that of the bulk of ordinary wood, but coated with a skin of flint. The woody fibre is freely combustible, the flint is quite incombustible. This is shown by burning a quantity of loose straw and examining the ash, which will be found to greatly exceed in quantity the ash from a corresponding weight of wood or of paper that is made from rags or sawdust. Those who can use a blowpipe may easily obtain a bead of glass from a portion of a single wheat-straw, by burning it gradually from one end and fusing the ash as fast as it is formed.

If straw be pulped, and the pulp compressed into slabs, beams, &c., as the description of the intended building indicates, it will form a dense material, free from the porosity which aids the combustibility of wood, and will thus have the properties described in the above quoted Notes, that so effectively protect closely packed paper from burning, but, being more densely packed than books and paper sheets, will resist more effectively. Besides this, its resistance is still further strengthened by the siliceous scaly particles that surround every fibre or cell-skin of woody matter.

Though I have not tried the experiment directly, nor seen the material, I venture to predict that a block of such compressed and moulded straw pulp would fuse on its surface if greatly heated, and thus a skin of fireproof enamel would envelop the mass. This should happen inside the straw chimney of the straw building, which would become a smooth enamelled tunnel, if its first lining of soot were fired.

Insect-hunting in a Suburban Garden.

THE County of Middlesex Natural History Society has started very promisingly. It has already, before the completion of its first year, above 300 members; the meetings are largely attended, and the proceedings very interesting. It appears strange, at first sight, that the metropolitan county should be so long behind the other counties in starting such a society. Middlesex has been regarded as so largely absorbed by London as to have no particular natural history of its own, no fauna nor flora worth studying, and no geology of its own but London clay.

I endeavoured to show at the first field meeting that it has, at any rate, a meteorology of its own, displayed by the London fogs, and that these possess considerable scientific interest.

At the first evening meeting (Nov. 16 last), Mr. Sydney T. Klein

refuted in a very striking manner the notion that the encroachments of London have destroyed the wild fauna of its suburbs. He resides in Church Road, Willesden, a good typical specimen of a suburban thoroughfare. It is about half a mile long, and contains detached, semi-detached, and fully attached houses of very various sizes and values.

He is an expert in entomology, and not only has a brain full of most excruciating names of insects, but knows all about their habits, what they eat and what they drink, when they go to bed and when they get up, when and where they go a-courting, when and where they lay their eggs, whether they nurse or neglect their babies, and all the nursery details. He has studied their vices, and although I have the greatest respect for Mr. Klein as regards all his relations to his fellow creatures, I cannot refrain from accusing him of taking a very mean advantage of the drinking propensities of certain Lepidoptera, in order to lure them into his collecting bottles. I have seen him in the act of demoralising these creatures, promoting their dipsomania by spreading a mixture of brown sugar, treacle, and rum on the trunks of trees, walls of a summer-house, surface of palings, and other unlicensed places of resort, and half an hour afterwards I have witnessed the result; a crowd of inebriated moths, so miserably besotted as to walk placidly to their doom when the mouth of the collecting bottle was presented to their heads, and a slight *vis a tergo* applied by touch of the forefinger.

By this and other devices specified in the paper (published in the *Journal of Microscopy and Natural Science*), Mr. Klein succeeded in examining between 8,000 and 12,000 specimens of Lepidoptera alone in twenty-one nights, the whole time occupied in hunting amounting to thirty-six hours.

The first five hours' hunting fully refuted the objection brought against the young society, "that the fauna of Middlesex had been so threshed out that there was no need of such a society," for in this short time Mr. Klein captured, in the imago stage alone, over thirty new species not mentioned in the latest published list of Middlesex species. During the thirty-six hours fifty-eight new species were captured, and all in the one garden. Some of these are so rare that no specimens are in the British Museum. The results were exhibited to the society in a large collection of above 1,000 specimens, all skilfully pinned out and admirably displayed in cabinet trays. They included Hymenoptera as well as the Lepidoptera above referred to.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS

TABLE TALK.

Bull-baiting in Paris.

THE worst fears I formed from the toleration accorded bull-baiting in Nismes and other towns of Southern France have been realised, and the most detestable of amusements of races claiming to be civilised has now found its way to Paris. This is nothing less than a scandal to Europe. The atrocities customary at the ordinary bull-fights were, of course, not perpetrated. No tortured animal was slain, and no horse with its flanks ripped open caught its foot in its own bowels to the delight of a delirious crowd. The whole affair belonged rather to the order of sport known as bull-baiting, which public feeling put down in England half a century ago. It is, however, the thin end of the wedge. Once admit the torture of animals as an amusement, and the details which give spice to the entertainment will soon be supplied. It is forced as an irresistible conviction upon the mind that the Latin races have an inherent tendency to cruelty and bloodshed, which the influences of civilisation are powerless to check. That France under Republican institutions should in this respect sink lower than she has fallen under monarchy or empire, is a sign that will be contemplated with regret and dismay.

The Oath.

A STRANGE heresy has manifested itself in England. In one form or another it has probably existed long. Not until recently, however, has it shown itself in open places and been recognised as existent. As a result of those scandalous divorce cases which have recently shocked England, stabbed her reputation in foreign countries, and created universal nausea, the notion now finds universal utterance that a duty more sacred than an oath is that of shielding the reputation of a woman. Into the general argument thus opened out I have no inclination to proceed. That man's mission and duty involve the protection of the weaker sex is of course admitted, and views as to the manner in which protection is to be

afforded will naturally differ. Men of education will probably prefer to be regarded as criminal rather than abject. A man, then, having committed an act of profound immorality, must elect for himself how to repair the wrong he has committed or how to screen his partner in wrongdoing. There is, however, a difference between a man perjuring himself for the sake of a woman and the defence of perjury in the abstract which, *à propos* to such cases, is now in speech and writing openly avowed. An oath is after all a sufficiently important matter not to be lightly treated. Respect for the oath is at the basis of society. Every sanction, moral, social, theological, is involved in its observance. Are we, then, to insert a saving clause to the effect that truthfulness shall be imperative except in one case? Or, again, how is it to be expected, if chivalry demands falsehood in defence of a woman, that men of blunter perceptions will not find other cases in which it is even more justifiable? A result of the state of affairs already existing is that a man cannot fully vindicate a woman even when she is entirely innocent, seeing that his speech would be the same whatever may be his relations with her. A horrible injustice may thus be, and doubtless is often, done to a woman. I cannot decide a question in which each man is a law to himself, nor can I expect observance of laws which are not in consonance with public feeling. I am at least sure, however, that perjury, even when inevitable, is a terrible crime to incur, and that harm must necessarily be done where men lightly discuss its perpetration.

Prout upon Mr. Ruskin.

SOME time has elapsed since I last referred to those autobiographical utterances of Mr. Ruskin which have attracted more general attention than any of his previous sayings. In one of the most recent of his writings he supplies with characteristic earnestness and thoroughness a criticism on himself which must at the time it was written have caused him some heart-searching. The period at which he has now arrived in his autobiography is that of the publication of "Modern Painters." What a hold that brilliant work took upon a portion of the public, and how much consternation it caused in the studios, are now generally known. It is difficult to realise whether those who were praised or those who were censured were more perplexed by their self-constituted critic. Among the painters, however, who recognised the importance of this contribution to the higher criticism was Samuel Prout, whose observations upon the first volume, which is all that was then published, are signally just and wise.

While owning the brilliant qualities of the book, Prout says: "Had the work been written with the courteousness of Sir Joshua Reynolds's lecture, it would have been 'a standard work';" and, again, he adds: "Every author who writes to do good, will work with firmness and candour, cleaving to what is good, but cautious of giving pain or offence." That Mr. Ruskin accepts now this statement, made as it was at his own expense, is clear from his publishing it. An invaluable lesson to young critics is afforded in it. Among many reasons for avoiding needlessly strong language a few stand prominent. In some cases the men you attack will become your friends, and uncalled-for severity, as in Byron's attack in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" upon Scott, may be a subject of enduring regret. Strong words, again, fail to carry conviction when more temperate language begets it. Most important of all, just censure, expressed with moderation, benefits, and rarely hurts. Few men would be other than grateful for such. Smartness of attack, satire, and other weapons which are favourites with the inexperienced writer, cause lasting mortification and beget enmities not easily overcome. Mr. Ruskin has done well to quote this criticism, the lesson of which in these days is not unneeded.

Recent Series of Books.

THE present age is, perhaps rightly, credited with a taste for works in series. A set of volumes uniform in appearance and extending over a row in the library has a pleasing aspect, and it is hard if among them there is not one to suit the mood in which the possessor finds himself. We are accordingly deluged with series of "English Men of Letters," "Eminent Women," "Great Writers," "Historic Towns," and half a hundred other scientific, bibliographical, what-not. Pornographic literature itself now takes the form of series, and the works on which has been bestowed the name of Κρυπτάδια, things out of the crypt or out of the darkness, are issued in more or less rapidly augmenting sets. I own to being but half convinced of the necessity or advantage of this species of uniformity. A trained writer can doubtless compress into the dimensions of a leading article all he has to say upon a certain subject. If the need arose he could probably expand it into an essay. So a man can write a life of Ben Jonson that shall extend to more or less nearly a couple of hundred pages, while a second will compress into the same space a life of Lamb. Yet of Ben Jonson we know next to nothing, while in the case of his successor materials for biography are superabundant. Of a necessity, then, padding must be used in the one

case, or the work in the other must be unduly abridged. In the interesting series of "Historic Towns," of which, under the care of Professor Freeman and the Rev. Wm. Hunt,[1] the space assigned Exeter is as great as that accorded London and Winchester, St. Andrews and Colchester will each assumably be treated at equal length. In this case it is clear that, so far at least as regards present importance, which, of course, has nothing to do with historic importance, outside uniformity means internal disproportion.

The Monograph.

So far as regards memoirs of great men of whose lives the particulars are preserved, there is, in fact, nothing to choose between the brief records given in a biographical dictionary and a full biography. For a monograph there is not often a place. Occupied as is the time of most of us, there are few who are content to know Lamb, to use twice the same name, otherwise than in his Life and Letters by Talfourd; or Keats, except in Lord Houghton's pleasing and picturesque records. A memoir wholly disproportionate with the importance of the subject, such as Lord Russell's Life of Moore, will naturally remain unread. Who, however, to keep to the domain of *belles lettres*, would lose such insight into character as is furnished by Moore's Life of Byron, emasculated as this is known to be, or Lockhart's Life of Scott? Autobiographies constitute, of course, a class to themselves, and include some of the most edifying and instructive of works. I have no wish to puff works which are still before the public. In the interest of truth, however, I will say, as we are compelled to make constant reference to biographies, that of all English hand-books, none of them too satisfactory, the best is the "Dictionary of Biographical Reference" of Mr. Lawrence B. Phillips,[2] in which the name and profession of a very large number of men are given, with the real or approximate dates of birth and death, and references to sources of full information. This is wandering from the subject. I recur, however, to my point, which is this, that monographs are rarely valuable except as stimulants to indolent readers, and that their place is less with biographies than with essays.

Cram.

Among the best rewarded and most successful men of the day are the professional crammers for our universities and public services. For the man who can enable a candidate fo

[1] Longmans & Co. [2] Sampson Lo

a post of importance to pass an examination on a subject held to be essential without, in fact, knowing anything about it, a successful career is ordinarily in store. In one instance only have I known it to fail, and this was in the case of a man, recently deceased, who, unluckily for himself, was too clever and crammed his pupils so successfully that university proceedings were turned into ridicule. This unfortunate gentleman became accordingly the victim of what was practically a cabal, and had to throw up his engagement. With his retirement the system of university instruction took its normal character, and ignorance contrived to receive as heretofore an academic *cachet*. Englishmen are angry when they are told they are governed by shams, yet what greater fraud or sham can there be? If the examination tests are too severe, let the standard be lowered, but in the name of common sense do not let us confer degrees on those who know little more of the subject with which they deal than if they read out their answers from a book. Here is what, *à propos* to examinations in English literature for the Indian civil service, the Dean of Winchester has to say concerning those who came before him: "Here and there a really clever fellow, who would have done justice to any subject, used to answer his papers as if he had read the books he offered, and had entered into the spirit of them, but a great bulk of candidates reproduced monotonously the terrible cram that had been poured into them by their tutors." So well known is the state of affairs that a reference to it or a condemnation of it will be regarded in many quarters with an uplifting of the eyebrows. It is not a "thrice told tale," it is a three-hundred-times told tale. Nevertheless it is a crying evil, and the thought that the very art of healing is in part at least taught by cram shows what important issues may be at stake.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

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A STRANGE CRIME.

BY REV. S. BARING GOULD.

ON September 4, 1834, an old herdsman of the name of Meier drove his cattle forth to pasture on the fringe of the forest of Plantikow, in Pomerania. When we say *his* cattle, we do not mean that they were his own—he was far too poor to possess even a single cow; we mean the cattle entrusted to him by his master, the Administrator Wolf. When night fell the herdsman had not returned.

The master sent forth a servant to look for his beasts. They were discovered grazing, dispersed, but not a sign of the herdsman could be seen.

His daughter was alarmed, and the search for her father was prosecuted through the night, but he could not be found, nor were any tidings of him procurable. He had been last seen about two P.M., driving the cattle into the wood from the road that leads to Naugardt. He had not been seen since.

Next morning, a woman named Caroline Fürst, whilst gathering sticks, saw much blood on a patch of turf. A carpenter was going along the road. She called him, and the two searched together, and speedily discovered a body lying under some young pines, the boughs of which swept the ground. Without touching the corpse, they hastened to the village and communicated what they had seen to the village burgomaster, who summoned the master of the herdsman, and both hastened to the spot and drew forth the body from under the screen of pine branches.

It was that of the missing herdsman.

On examination, it was discovered that he was stone dead, and that he was wounded in several places, and that at least one of the wounds was of a most extraordinary and inexplicable character. A slice of flesh had been cut out of his body belo

sharp instrument without severing the muscles. The corpse had not been robbed apparently. Near it lay a herdsman's staff, furnished with rings that tinkled. In the pocket were a few small coins.

The corpse was carried into the village, and the authorities of the district of Naugardt, in which it is situated, were communicated with.

A strict inquiry into the matter was made, but nothing was elucidated to account for the murder.

Meier was an old man of sixty-eight, harmless, too poor to attract the covetous. His whole wealth when he died consisted in three half-pence, and about twenty-seven shillings owing him as wages. He had no enemies, quarrelled with no one. Some one must have done the deed, and suspicion attached to a vagabond butcher's apprentice named Warburg, because he had a repulsive face and was out of work; but not the smallest incriminating evidence could be produced against him, and he was set at liberty after a detention of nearly three months.

A year passed, and the murder remained involved in as much mystery as ever, when, on February 6, 1836, Wilhelmina Berger, a married woman, came before the magistrate, and denounced her husband, Frederick Berger, as the murderer. The reason she gave for so doing was that he had that day brutally maltreated her.

Berger was at once arrested and imprisoned at Naugardt. He denied his guilt, but after a month's confinement confessed that he had murdered the shepherd at the instigation of his wife. She was accordingly arrested, whereupon she and her husband retracted their confessions, and, when confronted with each other, fell into violent mutual recrimination, but absolutely denied all knowledge of the murder. The woman declared that she had accused her husband because he had beaten her, and he asserted that he had confessed because he was treated with cruelty and denied fire in the cold of winter in his cell, and hoped by confessing to a crime he had not committed he might receive better treatment as a condemned criminal.

The investigation into the matter was now renewed, and the following is the substance of the evidence obtained. As already said: The shepherd Meier was seen for the last time alive on September 4, 1834, at two P.M., as he was driving the cattle to pasture near the Plantikow forest. Next day, September 5, Caroline Fürst and the carpenter, William Wolf, found the corpse of the shepherd. According to the evidence taken on oath of these latter, the body lay about a thousand paces from Plantikow, and three hundred from the road that leads from the village to Naugardt. He was lying on his back, covered with pine branches, the feet crossed. There was

a wound in the neck, the artery of the wrist was cut above the left hand, and a piece of flesh had been sliced out of the body below the breast, over which the clothes were drawn, but this piece of flesh was nowhere to be found. The dead man had his pouch and pipe, a knife in his pocket, and his shepherd's crook, on which were blood drops. The body was conveyed to the village, and placed in the stable of the turner Amberg. On the following day the magistrate of Naugardt had gone with Fürst and Wolf to the spot, where they pointed out where the body had been found, and blood marks were seen on the ground. The magistrate then visited the corpse, which was identified by the daughter of the deceased, Caroline Meier, as well as by his master, the Administrator Wolf, and by Fürst, and the carpenter Wolf, who had well known him during life. The shepherd's staff was also identified; it was peculiar, three feet long and about an inch thick, and was furnished with suspended iron rings that could be shaken, and would make a tinkling to call the attention of the cattle.

The medical examination of the deceased showed that he had received five wounds. One on the left cheek was a bruise from a blow. The second was a triangular bruise on the right side of the back of his head, three inches long and one-and-a-half broad. The skull was broken and driven in to the depth of half an inch. The pericranium was torn, and the skull-bone splintered into ten pieces. On the neck was a wide and deep gash, six inches long and two deep, extending from the right ear and cutting into the collar-bone. On the body was a gash, which, however, did not penetrate through the muscles of the stomach. It was triangular, and apparently a piece of fat or flesh had been deliberately cut out. On the left hand at the wrist was a wound an inch long that severed the nerves and arteries. The medical report closed with the declaration that the blow on the head would account for death; also that the wound to the hand, unless at once attended to and the artery gathered up, would produce death; that the wound in the body had been dealt after death, as no blood had flowed from it.

On February 9, 1836, a year and four months after the murder, Wilhelmina Berger, wife of Frederick Berger, living in Schönhagen, about four miles from Plantikow, had denounced her husband as the murderer. Her story strikingly accounted for the appearance of the wounds. It was as follows: She said that her father, Gottfried Rogge, had more than once told her husband and her that the possessor of a "thief's candle" could enter a house and rob it without those in the house being able to wake so long as it burnt, and that a "thief's

candle" was fashioned out of human fat. She further stated that after this the idea of a "thief's candle" ran in her husband's head, and that he often expressed to her his desire to possess one. She said that on the day of the murder her husband went out under the pretence that he was going to visit his mother at Mellin; but in the evening he returned and told her he had struck on the head and killed the shepherd Meier, and that he had cut out some of his fat from under his ribs, which he then produced from his pocket. She said further that next day he melted the fat and tried to run it into a mould, with a wick of twisted cotton, but that the fat would not set, but remained fluid, and so had to be thrown away.

Frederick Berger was aged 34, was a Lutheran, born at Naugardt. His father died when he was young, and his mother married again, a shepherd named Schramm. At the age of nineteen he had been in the army, and had served in an infantry regiment at Danzig, and then at Stettin. In 1831 he had been marched to the Polish frontier. In 1832 he had left active service, being placed in the reserve, and then he had married his present wife. In 1833 his wife complained of his ill-treatment to the magistrates, and asked for a divorce. However, they became reconciled, and he went as servant to an inn in Stargart. They lived together again in 1834. In 1837 he had been arrested on the charge of robbery of timber, but was discharged, as the case could not be proved against him. He had, however, received punishment on several occasions, both when in military service and afterwards, for theft. At first the accused had stoutly denied his guilt, but on February 29, 1836, he made the following confession: "My father-in-law, Rogge, induced me to do the deed, because he often told me and my wife that if we could secure human fat and make candles out of it we might rob and steal in any house at night without anyone waking and seeing us. My wife then urged me on; she did not leave me at peace night or day, but goaded me to procure some of these candles. She said to me in the autumn of 1834, a few weeks before the murder, that it would be easy for me to knock down the shepherd of the Administrator Wolf, whom she knew by face, but did not know his name, and that then we might together fashion the candles out of his fat, and so get money sufficient to buy a small farm. I rejected the suggestion, but one day she set at me so incessantly and pertinaciously on the subject, that she fairly drove me to the Plantikow wood, where the man was. There I found the shepherd in a corner of the wood, not far from the Church road from Stargart. I got into conversation with the man, and I asked him *whose* cattle he tended. He told me it was those of the Adminis-

trator Wolf. But I had not then the spirit to fall upon him. Four or five days after my wife worried me again about the same matter, and at last, for peace, I promised to do as she desired. I went out one morning somewhat before Michaelmas, 1834, and about noon I reached the Plantikow wood, and saw the shepherd driving his cattle homeward. He was already outside the wood. I called to him, but he did not hear me. I hid myself in the forest for a couple of hours, waiting for him. I had met with no one on my way. I had only a pocket knife with me wherewith to kill Meier and cut out his fat. My wife had told me I must first get a club and knock him down, and when he was senseless cut his jugular and other arteries. My wife also explained to me where the fat was I was to cut out. I cut a stick from a pine, about as stout as the leg of a table, and waited. At two o'clock in the afternoon the herdsman came, driving the cattle. My heart beat fast as he drew near where I lurked, but I had formed my resolution, and thought I must carry it out. The herdsman thanked me when I wished him a good day. I began to talk with him. I asked him, among other matters, what wage he received from Wolf; I forget his answer. He did not seem to recognise me again, although I had spoken to him there a few days before. I spent about an hour with him, and then, all at once, I struck him on his head with the club, but I do not recollect whereabouts on his skull I struck him. The day was hot, and he had not his cap on his head, but held it. He fell without a cry. Then I drew my pocket-knife, laid the corpse on its back, and cut a gash in the throat, and then one across the wrist of the left arm, that he might bleed to death. Then, when he was dead, with the same knife I cut out a piece of his fat from below the region of his heart. I cannot describe it further, I was in such anxiety and alarm whilst cutting. The piece of flesh cut out was three-cornered, about seven inches long by five wide, perhaps not quite so much. When I had committed the murder, which occupied me about an hour, I left the wood, put the piece of flesh in my coat pocket, and went home. As far as I can recollect, the herdsman wore white linen breeches, but I do not recollect what his jacket was like. He had a leathern pouch, and a staff in his hand." When he was shown the stick with the rings, "That is it," he said, "or it was one very like it."

He went on: "I did not notice anything else about the deceased. I did not look for anything else. I do not suppose I would have taken money had I found it. My conversation with him till I struck him down lasted half an hour. When the deed was done, I took the body by the arms and dragged it into a scrub of

to the spot where I murdered him. I threw away my cudgel, but kept my knife. When I reached home the sun was set, and I showed my wife what I had got, whereupon she exclaimed that now we should be able to fashion the requisite candles. I left the fat all night in my pocket, but when I came to cutting it up next morning my wife felt a shrinking and could not do it, so I did what was needed. I laid it in an earthenware pipkin over the fire, and told my wife to stir it as it melted; this she did. After that I sent her to borrow a mould, but from whom she got it I do not know. She returned it next day. When the fat was melted I poured it into the mould, whilst my wife held it, and I had plaited the requisite wick. But the tallow would not set, so I poured the melted fat into our lamp and used the rest to smear the boots. I did not make my wife take an oath not to tell, nor did I threaten to kill her if she related what I had done. She naturally kept silence, for she was as much implicated as myself, she having urged me to the crime."

Berger repeated his confession twice after this. At the same time he complained bitterly of the treatment to which he was subjected in the prison. In the depth of winter he was allowed no fire nor sufficient clothing for his bed. When his wife was arrested she protested her innocence, declared she had accused her husband without sufficient grounds; he was innocent, and she had acted merely out of revenge because he had beaten her and her father. Berger also now withdrew his confession; he declared that he had only made it because he was so cold and wretched in the prison, and desired to be transported to the principal prison of the district. All this was produced as evidence when he and his wife were examined and tried in April at the seat of criminal jurisdiction for the circle to which he belonged. When his confession was read over to him he exclaimed, "I kill the shepherd Meier! I never did it. What I confessed was untrue." Then he stated that had he suffered acutely from cold and from the vermin, with which the Naugardt cell was infested. He declared he could establish an alibi. In August he had gone from Schwedt on the Oder with a boatman named Schwarz in his vessel, for hay, and had been engaged on the boat for seven weeks, and that after that he had been with wood on the boat of his brother-in-law, Gottlieb Rogge, to Kamin, where they were frozen in, and he was obliged to return home on foot. The witnesses he summoned proved that it was true he had been on these boat voyages, but one came to an end just before, and the other began just after, the eventful 4th of September, the day when the murder was committed. Not only did his alibi fail, but evidence was produced

that at the time of the murder he had been staying in the neighbourhood, at Schönhagen.

Berger not only denied his guilt but persisted in denying that he had ever confessed it, and by so doing only injured his cause. In vain were the minutes of his examination and his evidence against himself read to him; he declared, "Those who questioned me and have written that have written lies. I never did confess. How could I, when I did not kill the man?"

When the prosecutor tried to test his recollection of what took place at his examination he turned sullen, and said, "I can remember nothing. I do not know what I said." He was questioned again in a hearing held at midnight, and again he repeated, "I cannot tell what I said at Naugardt. I did *not* murder Meier; if God could come down from heaven He would testify to my innocence. I have deserved no punishment; if I am punished a great wrong will be done."

However, it was proved that, at the time stated, his wife had borrowed a mould from a widow named Schreck. He was shown it and asked what he had to say about it. He declared he had neither seen it nor used it. "I have never made a candle in my life, either out of mutton or man fat."

The way in which the confession had been drawn from him at first is deserving of attention. According to German custom an accused is subjected to examination, and all kinds of efforts are made by the examining judge to get an accused man to acknowledge his crime. Formerly, even torture was had resort to to extract a confession. Very little short of torture had been practised on poor Berger to induce him to incriminate himself. The gaoler, Baum, to whom he had been committed at Naugardt, was the son of a gardener who had known well the parents of Berger, and Baum had himself often seen the accused when he was a young man. When Berger was committed to his charge they recognised and saluted each other. One day, February 20, eleven days after Berger's arrest, as Baum was taking him out for exercise in the courtyard, the gaoler, in confidence, urged him to confess.

"Yes," said the accused; "but, if I were to do so, how would I be punished?" "Oh!" said Baum, "you are a soldier in the reserve; they won't be hard on you, but give you a few years' incarceration in a penal establishment."

"Very well, then," said Berger, "I will confess. I killed him." Whereupon Baum communicated with the magistrate, and his confession was taken down. All this came out now, but the judges saw

nothing shocking in both torturing a poor wretch past endurance with cold and hunger and filth, or in inducing him to confess by holding out to him false hopes. That was the way in which justice arrived at its ends in those days, and the judges were satisfied with the proceedings.

It came out that the poverty of Berger was extreme, he had been unable to pay his tax three days after the murder, and the tax-gatherer declared that it was impossible to put in an execution to recover the small sum due from him as he did not possess even a bed. The man was a bad character, who worked little, and when he earned money drank it. Between Christmas 1833 and his arrest in 1835 he had been ten times had up for theft and robbery, sometimes with violence.

The judges placed no importance on the recantation of his confession made by Berger—that confession coincided in the most remarkable way with the known facts of the case. He confessed that he had knocked down Meier with a cudgel, and the medical report on the death stated that the death of the herdsman was primarily due to a blow on the head with a blunt instrument. Berger admitted that he had next cut the man's throat and wrist. These wounds were found on the corpse. He said that after the herdsman had died he cut out a piece of his flesh, triangular in shape; and from the corpse a triangular piece of flesh was missing, which, as the surgeons said, had certainly been cut away after death. What the reason was that this piece of flesh had been removed was unexplained till Berger furnished the explanation. That he had endeavoured on the day after the murder to make a candle out of the fat was corroborated by the statement of the widow from whom the candle mould had been borrowed. Moreover, the statement of both Berger and his wife that they failed to make the candle because the tallow would not set is in accordance with fact. Human melted fat will not set, and condense in such a way that a candle could be cast in a mould out of it.

It seemed to the judges quite impossible that an innocent man could have framed a false confession which should so coincide with known facts. Moreover, Berger was proved to have been in the neighbourhood at the time, and his character was so bad that there was an antecedent probability that he had committed the crime. The reason he gave for it was precisely one which agreed with his mode of life, and furnished a motive such as might actuate one of his ignorance and superstition. The man was so stupid that he injured his own cause by his lies. He not only denied that he had confessed to the crime, though his confession had been taken down

in writing from his lips, but he also swore that till he was arrested for the murder he had never heard of Meier, nor of his having been murdered.

Another weighty inducement to the judges to consider him guilty of the murder was the exact harmony between the circumstances as detailed by the wife and by her husband, so far as happened in their house, though she denied having worried Berger to the murder. Moreover, Wilhelmina Berger had told her father, Rogge, and his wife, her stepmother, at Whitsuntide in 1835, that her husband had committed the murder. This they both stated on their oath. Also, Berger when in prison had narrated all the particulars of the murder, and the attempt to make the candle, not only to the gaoler Baum, but also to the gaoler's wife, and their servant-girl, Eva Schimmel, without any deviation from the story as he told it to the magistrate, either in the outline or in the particulars.

When Berger's mother visited him in the prison, in the presence of the warder, he said to her, "What is done cannot be undone."

According to the German law, when a confession of guilt has been made formally, it is accepted, and can only be reversed when sufficient evidence is forthcoming to show that it is inaccurate or incredible. No such evidence was forthcoming. Every scrap of evidence brought together to bear on the crime went to confirm the truth of the confession. The law declared, "When a confession is supported by important evidence, then a retractation of the confession is of no avail to weaken its force."

The case seemed so indisputable that the counsel for the prisoner was forced to seek a mitigation of criminality on the plea that Berger was a man of weak intellect and unable to judge of the morality of an act. But this plea was hard to substantiate. Berger was, no doubt, a man of low moral and mental power, and with little education, but he knew the consequences of murder and of theft. The counsel laid stress on his credulity in believing in "thief's candles," but his father-in-law, and indeed all those of his class, believed equally in them. Evidence was taken from those with whom he had daily associated after the murder that he showed no tokens of uneasiness, of consciousness of guilt. He said himself, "I see now that I did wrong, but when I killed Meier I did not know what a serious matter a murder was. Now only do I understand that." And again, "I was not troubled about what I had done; I was, perhaps, a little uneasy, but I cannot say that my conscience stung me."

That the crime committed was a murder and not manslaughter was clear, because it had been [illegible] a motive and with

deliberation. He had twice gone to kill Meier, but his courage had failed the first time. Afterwards he awaited him in the wood for two hours, and cut and fashioned a cudgel wherewith to kill him; and he had taken his knife with him wherewith to perform the operations desired on the body. Indeed, the whole proceeding showed deliberation, and a callous calculation which was horrible. He knocked the man down, then let off his blood, and then only proceeded to cut out his fat. It is not to be wondered at that the judges declined to consider Frederick Berger as morally or mentally incapable of distinguishing between right and wrong, as having been guilty of homicide, and that they should condemn him as guilty of wilful murder.

The sentence passed on him was death, and his wife was discharged. There was not sufficient evidence to show that she had counselled the murder.

It will be seen that the only really incriminating evidence on which Berger was condemned was his own confession and the accusation of his wife. All the evidence collected went to establish the truth of the confession, but none appeared which could have incriminated him had he not confessed. A last attempt was made by his counsel to obtain a free pardon. This was refused, but the mode of execution was commuted from breaking on the wheel to decapitation.

On March 21, 1838, Berger was executed. The pastor refused to give him the communion on the morning of his death, because he persisted in declaring his innocence. On the night before he died Berger, at eleven o'clock, demanded to have his final confession taken down. His wish was complied with, and he then stated: "I did not murder Meier, but I found him dead. When I thus saw him the idea of the "thief's candle" came on me, and I said to myself that now I had a good opportunity of getting the tallow I wanted for the manufacture of one. For I have been a thief, but never a murderer, nor did I ever in my life harbour murderous ideas, least of all against Meier, whom I only knew by sight, and who had never done me an injury. At the sight of the corpse the desire to have a thief's candle overmastered me, and with my knife I cut out some of his fat. I folded the slice in my kerchief, and wiped my knife in the grass. But I shuddered as I held the flesh in my hand, and half resolved to throw it into the river. All that my wife told about the melting of the fat and the trying to make candles is true, but all the rest is false. I never told her that I had murdered the herdsman. I told her the truth, and I do not know how the devilish idea came into her head to denounce me as the murderer of Meier. If I knew who had

killed him I would say so, but I do not. This is my last confession, and I call God to witness that it is true."

It was remarked to him that this story lacked probability. "That may be so," said the condemned man, "but it is true for all that. I did not confess voluntarily at Naugardt. If you knew how I had suffered there you would understand how I was driven to confess what was not true, so as to escape the intolerable misery and ill-treatment. I was tortured night and day, and not treated like a human being, but worse than a dog. I was pestered continually to confess, starved, kept in bitter cold, and promised comforts if I would admit my guilt. I have nothing more to say."

On the last morning his wife entreated to be allowed to see him. He refused to see her. "I am at peace with God," he said, "in spite of the pastor, and I do not wish to be disturbed."

The wretched woman wrung her hands and cried out that she was her husband's murderer.

Berger mounted the scaffold with composure. His last words were: "God, before whom I shall shortly appear, knows that I am innocent. The sun will bring to light in time the guilty party."

In another minute he was a headless corpse.

. . . . . .

Six years passed. Berger lay buried near the gallows where he had died.

His wife, tormented by her conscience, full of remorse at having sacrificed her husband, committed suicide in 1840. She hung herself in an iron mine near her home.

In 1844 a sailor was taken in Memel, and condemned to death for a double murder of a man and his maidservant, committed when he had broken into a house for burglary.

When he heard his sentence, he exclaimed, "I had hoped that my sentence would be commuted to imprisonment for a term of years, but as I now see that I may not expect life, before I depart and appear before God I will free my conscience from a severe burden. I am not altogether and alone guilty of the crime for which I am now sentenced, but I confess that ten years ago, in the September of 1834, I murdered a herdsman in the Plantikow forest, with whom I quarrelled about some tinder. In the year 1834 I had received my discharge from the army in Bromberg, and I was on my way home, when one day I passed through the Plantikow forest, and I met there a shepherd, whom I asked for some tinder wherewith to light my pipe. We quarrelled, and in a fit of anger I struck over the head with my walking-stick, and he fell dead at

had not intended to kill him, and when I saw what I had done I was filled with terror. However, I examined him, found a leather purse that contained fourteen pfennige, a tobacco pouch, and a steel for striking a light. I left the money, but took the tobacco pouch and steel, and they are now among my effects. I declare this lest any innocent person should suffer for my crime."

The Memel authorities at once sent this evidence to those in the district where, according to the sailor, the murder had been committed. The execution was delayed. The daughter of Meier at once recognised her father's tobacco pouch. The sun had brought the truth to light.

There was no doubt remaining that Frederick Berger had died guiltless of the charge for which he suffered. His confession on the night before he died contained the whole truth.[1]

One circumstance alone remains unaccounted for—the wounds on the wrist and neck. These must have been made by Berger before he cut out the slice of fat to assure himself that the herdsman was really dead, or to make sure he should die if he were merely unconscious when he found him. He had found the man dead, or nearly dead, and had cut his throat and wrist.

Horrible and strange to relate, this is not a unique case.

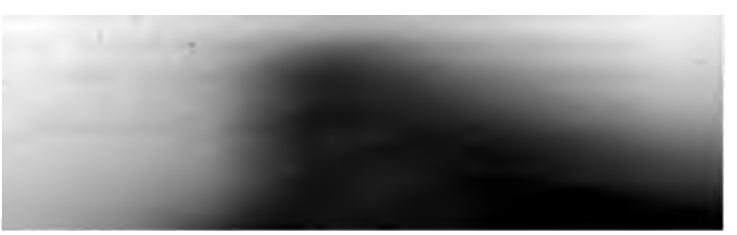
On April 13, 1619, a *Lanzknecht* was arrested in Lithuania and tortured with red-hot pincers, and on August 7 burnt alive for a similar crime. He confessed to several murders for the purpose of obtaining sinews wherewith to form wicks to "thief's candles." He also employed the fingers of infants for the same purpose. With him was in league the cook of the castle of Sorau, named George Schreiber, who also confessed to having manufactured these candles, and was executed.

At Budissin, in 1602, on November 29, two murderers were executed who admitted that they had committed the same crime.

In 1638 a man was sentenced to a month's imprisonment at Ober-Haynewald for cutting off the thumb of a man hanging in chains, that he might use it as a "thief's candle." In the biography of Frantzen, the Nürnberg executioner, he relates how he broke on the wheel in 1577 at Bamberg a man who had committed three murders for the same purpose. In 1601 he executed a man at Nürnberg who

[1] The narrative of this judicial murder was extracted from the criminal archives by Dr. Löffler, editor of the *Berlin Law Journal*, but to spare the feelings of the judges, then alive, who condemned Berger, he did not give the names of the places where the murder was committed and he was tried. As Dr. Löffler is dead, I have been unable to determine these localities exactly, but those given are not probably wide of the real scene.

was guilty of twenty murders, among which were several perpetrated for the sake of manufacturing "thief's candles." The case of Berger is the last of the kind on record, and shows us to what a late date this ghastly, demoralising superstition not only lived, but impelled to crime, for though Berger did not actually murder the herdsman, he mutilated his corpse.



PARLIAMENT HILL, LONDON, AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.[1]

PART I.

PARLIAMENT HILL, as will presently be shown, was in all probability the site of old political gatherings—was the meeting-place of a folk-moot or county court. Certainly on the top of it is still visible what looks like an ancient barrow of the bowl-shape kind, with a trench round the base; and not far from it to the north is certainly an ancient barrow, bowl-shaped and trenched. The antiquity of both barrows is sometimes, I hear, called in question. It is said that the latter—the northern one, now crowned with firs—was thrown up in the last century when Fitzroy House was built (about 1780),[2] thrown up, it is said, to form a picturesque object in the landscape. Possibly enough the mound may have been turned to some account for this purpose, and the Scottish firs now growing on it may have been planted at that time; but certainly it was not constructed for that purpose or at that time; for on the Ordnance Survey map of 1822 the tumulus is marked, and marked in the old English characters which are specially employed to denote antiquities. I may add that an old inhabitant of Hampstead—he is now on the verge of 86 years of age—the son of the man who seventy-five years ago built the Hollybush Assembly Rooms, knows nothing of any story that the mound was of recent erection. This old inhabitant is Greening, "whose evidence," writes Mr. Potter, who has been good enough to interview him on the subject of the barrow, "won for us the case of the Inhabitants of Hampstead *v.* the Metropolitan Board of Works about three years ago." He remembers the barrow eighty years ago just as it is now. As to the one on the top of Parliament Hill itself, some persons explain the excavations visible there as the traces of a windmill that is said have stood once on the spot. Possibly enough a windmill did ce stand there. But it may have stood on a barrow. Certainly

[1] A Lecture delivered at Hampstead, February 14, 1887.

[2] *Old and New London*, v. 423.

the antiquary will seem to recognise both a mound and a trench or fosse. That it cannot be the remnant of some old military earthwork is proved by its dimensions as well as its shape.

Thus, in Parliament Hill, with the old political associations which I propose to discuss and to illustrate, and in the presence near it of probably two ancient barrows, we have before us a site of unusual interest, one which it may be well to contemplate and study. London has now spread close up to it; the new life threatens to destroy the vestiges of the old. We hope this threat is not to be fulfilled; but for a while at all events we have the two lives—the old and the new—brought into a strange and suggestive juxtaposition. And in the midst of the modern turmoil and rush it may be good to give a thought to the far-away age, of which the present is the latest offspring. It may be good to recall those who in the dim distant centuries lived and moved no less eagerly than we nowadays—whose passionate grief once lifted up its voice in these fields now so quiet—whose loud acclamations once made the surrounding hills ring again. If we would care intelligently for the present, we should care also for the past. I will venture to quote those somewhat hackneyed and somewhat pompous, yet still noble, words of Dr. Johnson, when describing his visit to Icolmkill, in Iona. "We were now treading," he writes, "that illustrious island, which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible, if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish, if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of the senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and from my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."

Let us turn our attention first to the barrows, and then to the old popular assemblies on Parliament Hill.

Of the date and associations of the barrows we must be content at present to speak indefinitely and conjecturally; for they have not yet, I believe, been scientifically examined. It is possible, indeed, that they have been rifled by some vulgar plunderer. [illegible] has been, and perhaps is, a popular belief that

great treasures[1]—a belief founded on the undoubted fact that personal ornaments of value were often interred along with their possessor. Thus in one case mentioned by Mr. Jewitt, the popular belief ran that a coach of gold was buried in a certain barrow. This notion often led to depredations, and has in some cases destroyed the only possible means of precise information. The stupid burglar has thrown away as worthless what would have been full of significance for the savant. The northern barrow looks as if it might have suffered in this way. The southern, which for many an age must have been less perceptible, may perhaps have escaped the depredator's spade. At all events, if anything has been found in it, the find has not been recorded. And it is possible nothing might be or could ever have been found with ever so careful an investigation. "It is curious," says Sir John Lubbock,[2] "that in some barrows no trace of a burial has been found. Some archæologists suppose that in these cases the body was buried without any vase, ornament, or implement, and that it has wholly disappeared. I should, however," he adds, "rather be disposed to regard them as memorial barrows." But such cenotaphs are so rare that the St. Pancras barrows are scarcely likely to belong to the class. In any case, an examination by experts would be sure to yield results of importance. But it is passing strange how little notice they have as yet attracted from the learning and science of the great city that lies so near. I doubt whether any mention of the northern one could be found in any book of earlier date than Howitt's "Northern Heights of London," which was published so recently as 1869, and I do not think the southern one has yet been honoured with a mention in any book whatever. We must, therefore, I say, be satisfied with very general statements, and quite undogmatic conjectures.

Now for many ages barrow-burying was in almost universal use, that is, for the great people;[3] the "common people" had to lie without any such monument. "All over Europe," to quote again Sir John Lubbock,[4] "we might indeed say all over the world, wherever they have not been destroyed by the plough or the hammer, we find relics of prehistoric times—camps, fortifications, dykes, tumuli, menhirs or standing stones, cromlechs or stone circles,

[1] Jewitt's *Grave Mounds*, p. 60; and Wright's *Essays on Archæology*, i. 27 and 32; *Archæolog. Journ.* xi. 322.

[2] *Prehistoric Times*, 4th edit. p. 176.

[3] See A. C. Smith's *Guide to the British and Roman Antiquities of the North Wiltshire Downs*, p. 4; Greenwell's *British Barrows*, p. 111.

[4] *Prehistoric Times*, pp. 112-14.

dolmens or stone chambers, &c., many of which astonish us by their magnitude, while all of them excite our interest by the antiquity of their origin and the mystery with which they are surrounded. In our own island the smaller tumuli may be seen on almost every down ; in the Orkneys alone it is estimated that more than 2,000 still remain ; they are found all over Europe, from the shores of the Atlantic to the Oural Mountains ; in Asia they are scattered over the great steppes from the borders of Russia to the Pacific Ocean, and from the plains of Siberia to those of Hindostan. 'The entire plain of Jelalabad,' says Masson, 'is literally covered with tumuli and mounds.' In America we are told that they are to be numbered by thousands and tens of thousands ; nor are they wanting in Africa, where the Pyramids themselves exhibit the most magnificent development of the same idea ; indeed, the whole world is studded with the burial-places of the dead." [1] "According to Diodorus, Semiramis, the widow of Ninus, buried her husband within the precincts of the palace, and raised over him a great mound of earth. Pausanias mentions that stones were collected together, and heaped up over the tomb of Laius, the father of Œdipus. In the time of the Trojan war Tydeus and Lycus are mentioned as having been buried under two earthen barrows. 'Hector's barrow was of stone and earth. Achilles erected a tumulus, upwards of an hundred feet in diameter, over the remains of his friend Patroclus. The mound supposed by Xenophon [2] to contain the remains of Alyattes, father of Crœsus, king of Lydia, was of stone and earth, and more than a quarter of a league in circumference. In later times Alexander the Great caused a tumulus to be heaped over his friend Hephæstion, at the cost of 1,200 talents, no mean sum even for a conqueror like Alexander, it being £232,500 sterling.' [3] Virgil tells us that Dercennus, king of Latium, was buried under an earthen mound ; [4] and according to the earliest historians, whose statements are confirmed by the researches of archæologists, mound burial was practised in ancient times by the Scythians, Greeks, Etruscans, Germans, and many other nations." [5]

So wide-spread was the custom of which two examples are yet extant near us at Hampstead. It was a custom that would suggest itself obviously enough. The mound was possibly an enlargement of the "mouldering heap," in which the turf naturally heaved over the

[1] *Prehistoric Times*, p. 119.

[2] It is Herodotus, not Xenophon, who gives an account of this σῆμα. See *Herodotus*, i. 93.

[3] From Bateman's *Ten Years' Digging*.

[4] See *Æneid*, xi. 850.

[5] See also Fergusson's *Rude Stone Monuments*, pp. 29–34.

underlying corpse. We see such inartificial barrows in every churchyard. And by this consideration, perhaps, we may explain the fact that the oldest barrows are not round, but elliptical—are what are called long-shaped; they followed the outline of the form beneath. At a later time the circular shape was generally adopted, and employed even when the body was cremated.

Let us illustrate the custom from the oldest Greek and the oldest English Epic. In the 23rd Book of "The Iliad" we have an account of the funeral of Patroclus—how a huge pyre was reared, and the fallen hero laid thereon, and how at last the flames wrapped it round like a sheet, and Achilles stood by all through the night pouring libations—

> And calling on the spirit of his friend.
> As some fond father mourns, burning the bones
> Of his own son, who, dying on the eve
> Of his glad nuptials, hath his parents left
> O'erwhelm'd with inconsolable distress,
> So mourn'd Achilles his companion's bones
> Burning, and pacing to and fro the field
> Beside the pile with many a sigh profound. (*Cowper.*)

And next day he arranges for the heaping of a barrow in his friend's memory—a barrow he proposes himself one day to share with him, when he too "lies hid" in death. "I wish not now," he says, addressing Agamemnon and the other Panachaian chieftains,

> a tomb of amplest bounds,
> But such as may suffice, which yet in height
> The Grecians and in breadth shall much augment
> Hereafter, who, survivors of my fate,
> Shall still remain in the Achaian fleet.

And so they quench the yet smouldering fire with wine, and convey the gathered ashes to Achilles' tent, there to be kept till his ashes too may mingle with them; and then,

> Designing next the compass of the tomb,
> They marked its boundary with stones, then fill'd
> The wide enclosure hastily with earth,
> And having heap'd it to its height returned.[1] (*Cowper.*)

The old English poem of "Beowulf" closes with a like ceremony. The old hero has fought his last fight and his work is done. The wound the dragon dealt him in the recent struggle has poisoned his life, and

> from his breast went
> His soul to seek the doom of the saints. (*Garnett.*)

[1] See also what is said of Hector's barrow, *Iliad*, xxiv. 799–801.

Then for him, "the folk of the Geats" prepare a funeral pyre, hung with helmets and shields; and

> the crackling flame
> Mingled with mourning.

And then they raised

> A mound on the steep, which high was and broad,
> For the sea-goers to see from afar;
> And they built up within ten days
> The warlike one's beacon; the brightest of flames
> They girt with a wall as it most worthily
> Very wise men might there devise.

(This seems to mean that they began the cromlech or stone circle—Homer's θεμείλια, "the boundary," of Cowper's translation—while the cremating fire was still blazing.)

> They in the mound placed rings and bright jewels,
> All such precious things as before in the hoard
> Brave-minded men had taken away.
> They let the earth hold the treasure of earls,
> Gold in the ground, where it still lives
> As useless to men as it before was.
> Then, round the mound the battle-brave rode,[1]
> Children of nobles (they were twelve in all),
> Their sorrow would tell, grieve for their king,
> Their mourning utter, and about the man speak.
> His earlship they praised, and his noble deeds
> They extolled to the courtiers, as it is right
> That one his dear lord in word should praise,
> With soul him love, when he shall forth
> From his own body be severed by death.
> So then lamented the folk of the Geats
> The fall of their lord, the hearth-companions;
> Said that he was a mighty king,
> Mildest to men and most tender-hearted,
> To his folk most kind and fondest of praise.

Of some such scenes on a smaller scale these mounds near Hampstead may have once formed a part. Some such grief they may have witnessed—the grief of a tribe bewailing their chieftain, or of a people bereft of their prince.

To realise more fully such olden days, it might be of use to note the different forms of sepulture, and the different rites that prevailed, or seem to have prevailed. It would appear that inhumation was the common practice in the earliest days, which the barrows chronicle for us. The body is found in various attitudes, more or less contracted,

[1] *Cf.* Virgil, *Æneid*, xi. 188–90.

sometimes sitting as it sat when alive,[1] more commonly lying, generally on the left side. Then cremation came in, and was widely prevalent, though inhumation did not altogether fall into desuetude. At a later time inhumation once more prevailed, and now the body lies extended as with us. Funeral feasts were held at the old British funerals—the corpse was "waked"—as at the old Greek ones described by Homer. Think of those strange merriments—those wild, hysterical revelries by these barrows now so grimly silent! And sometimes, it is probable, there were yet more ghastly spectacles. Sometimes there were slaughters and sacrifices to soothe the dead, or the gods of the dead. "The very frequent presence," to quote Sir John Lubbock once more, "of the bones of quadrupeds in tumuli appears to show that sepulchral feasts were generally held in honour of the dead, and the numerous cases in which interments were accompanied by burnt human bones, tend to prove the prevalence of still more dreadful customs, and that not only horses[2] and dogs, but slaves also, were frequently sacrificed at their masters' graves; it it is not improbable that wives often were burnt with their husbands, as in India and among many savage tribes. For instance, among the Feejees it is usual on the death of a chief to sacrifice a certain number of slaves, whose bodies 'are called grass for bedding' the grave. 'It is probable,' says Mr. Bateman, 'that the critical examination of all deposits of burnt bones would lead to much curious information respecting the statistics of suttee and infanticide, both which abominations we are unwillingly compelled, by accumulated evidence, to believe were practised in pagan Britain.' From the numerous cases in which the bones of an infant and a woman have been found together in one grave, it would seem that if any woman died in childbirth, or while nursing, the baby was buried alive with her, as is still the practice among some of the Esquimaux families."[3] Often, no doubt, those who loved the dead were not unready to die with him; they hailed the flames that promised to re-unite their spirits to the spirit of their chief. The faithful retainer would say with Bardolph, in his reckless allegiance to his old master: "Would I were with

[1] See Nilsson's *Primitive Inhabitants of Scandinavia*, or the *Stone Age*, ed. Lubbock, 3rd edit. 139.

[2] "In Europe, long after the wives and slaves ceased thus to follow their master, the warrior's horse was still commonly killed at his grave and buried with him. This was done as lately as 1781 at Trèves, when a general named Friedrich Kasimir was buried according to the rites of the Teutonic order; and in England the pathetic ceremony of leading the horse at the soldier's funeral is the last remnant of the ancient sacrifice."—Tylor's *Anthropology*, p. 347.

[3] *Prehistoric Times*, pp 175-6.

him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell." But for the most part one cannot but think of such immolations with unmixed horror. Sometimes, probably in Britain as in ancient Greece, enemies were offered up to the manes of the deceased hero. Strange, fierce sights, indeed, these mounds may have seen!

But, as one tries to recall the past, the question that most frequently and earnestly presents itself is what those old ages thought about life and death. To them, too, in the midst of their feasts and their fights, in their hour of anguish, if not when they triumphed and all things seemed subdued and subservient, must have arisen the eternal questions, What are we? What is man? We must not picture them to ourselves as mere brutal savages, delighting only in ferocity and bloodshed; we must think of them, as indeed they were, as a progressive race,[1] or series of races, with gradually developing capacities and powers—capacities and powers both of mind and soul. Do not suppose that their hearts were never touched by tenderness, that those wild eyes never glistened with tears of affection, or never overran with the bitterness of sorrow. There are several cases in which a barrow, even of considerable size, has been erected over the remains of an infant, the favourite child, we may suppose, of some powerful chief. Assuredly, far away as they seem across the tracts of time, they are linked to us, these primæval pagans, by common afflictions and griefs, and common perplexities and amazements. And in his own way the ancient Celt would anticipate the cry of the modern poet:—

> Woe is me!
> Where are we, and why are we? Of what scene
> The actors, or spectators? Great and mean
> Meet massed in death, who lends what life must borrow.
> As long as skies are blue and fields are green,
> Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,
> Month follow month with woe, and year wake year to sorrow.

For him, too, life was shrouded with mystery—a mystery made supportable, it may be, by hope and faith, but yet a profound mystery. He would seem to have believed in some other existence than this present one. In the dreams that were born of his bereavement and distress the survivor saw once more the friend he had known in the bygone days; and these dreams were regarded as images of a real life. The dead friend was supposed to be living elsewhere.[2] Hence it was

[1] Even of the Palæolithic age Quatrefages remarks, "that the remains of human industry indicate a well-marked progress since the earliest ages."—*Human Species*, p. 305.

[2] See Thrupp's *Anglo-Saxon Homes*, p. 398, &c.

customary, at one period at least, to supply his tomb with food. "In front of the skeleton, and close to its hands," says Mr. Jewitt of a barrow inspected at Hitter Hill, Derbyshire, "was a remarkably good and perfect food vessel, which was richly ornamented with the diagonal and herring-bone lines, formed by twisted thongs impressed into the soft clay."[1]

These food vessels "are found both when the interments have been by inhumation and by cremation, but much more frequently [as might be expected] with the former. . . . Their average size is from four to six inches in height."[2] And drinking cups are very often found. They "are the most highly and elaborately ornamented of any of the varieties of Celtic fictile art found in barrows. They are found with the skeleton, and are usually placed behind the shoulder. In size they range from about six to nine inches in height. They are usually tall in form, contracted in the middle, globular in their lower half, and expanding at the mouth. Their ornamentation, always elaborate, usually covers the whole surface, and is composed of indented lines placed in a variety of ways, so as to form often intricate, but always beautiful, patterns, and by other indentations, &c. They are much more delicate in manipulation than the other varieties of urns." Sometimes there are still discernible in these cups traces of the liquor that was placed in them ready for the dead man's drinking. It need scarcely be said that in many barrows the weapon or weapons of the occupant are deposited by him.[3] In his new world, too, the warrior would encounter enemies, and he must needs go equipped. Inconceivable was, and perhaps still is for many people, a world without enemies—a world so dull as to have no battle-fields, and that should not provide the joy of furious combat.

As to the period to which the St. Pancras barrows belong, it is, as I have already said, impossible to speak with precision. I will try to point out the limits within which probably it must be assigned.

Adopting what is now the accepted arrangement of prehistoric and early historic times into the Stone, the Bronze, and the Iron ages, and dividing each of these ages into two parts, an earlier and a later, we have to report that, according to the leading authorities, no barrows of the Palæolithic or Old Stone or Cut Stone age have been found anywhere, though some Palæolithic skulls have been found, if not in England, certainly both in the river drifts and in caves on the Continent,[4] from which in the Palæolithic age our island, it is held, was not yet

[1] Jewitt's *Grave Mounds*, p. 18.
[2] *Ibid.* p. 97.
[3] See Lubbock's Nilsson's *Stone Age*, 3rd edit. 140.
[4] See Beddoe's *Races of Britain*, p. 9.

severed. "As yet no bone belonging to any of the extinct mammalia has been found in a tumulus."[1] "On the whole, then, the tumuli of Northern Europe appear to range in point of time from the Neolithic [or Polished Stone] down to post-Roman times." But the tumuli of the Neolithic age are long-shaped. The St. Pancras barrows are round, and therefore are post-Neolithic—belong to the Bronze or a later age. It may just be mentioned that the Neolithic race was long-headed—in the literal, not the secondary, sense of the term; and that the aphorism, suggested by Dr. Thurnam, "Long barrows, long skulls; round barrows, round skulls," seems to be now received as generally accurate,[2] though there are, or seem to be, exceptions. Thus we have a limit *a quo*—an initial limit for the date of the barrows that now concern us. A limit *ad quem*—or ultimate limit—is furnished by the fact that in England mound-burying was finally abandoned in the tenth century of the Christian era.[3] Possibly in other parts of the North the custom may have lingered later.

It seems to have been still in fashion in Denmark about 950 when tumuli were raised over King Gorm and his English wife, Queen Thyra Danebode.[4] But I think we may put our ultimate limit yet earlier, on this consideration, viz. that Anglo-Saxon tumuli are commonly of lesser size than the earlier ones. "The grave-mounds or barrows of the Anglo-Saxon period," says the late Mr. Jewitt, in his "Grave Mounds and their Contents," "are, as a rule, of much less altitude and of smaller dimensions, generally, than those of either of the preceding periods [*i.e.* the Celtic and Romano-British periods, according to Mr. Jewitt's not quite satisfactory classification]. In some districts they are found in extensive groups, frequently occupying elevated sites; at other times they are solitary, and frequently the elevation above the surrounding surface is so slight as to be scarcely perceptible except to the most practised eye." Now, one of our barrows is of considerable size. The larger one is the northern one. This I make to be some 135 yards round, measured along the bottom of the fosse—*i.e.* the diameter of the mound itself, inside the fosse, is some forty yards. The southern one, measured in the same way, I make to be some ninety-five yards in circumference, *i.e.* the diameter of the mound itself is some thirty yards.[5] These dimensions seem to point to

[1] *Prehistoric Times*, p. 143.

[2] See Beddoe's *Races of Britain*, p. 12; and Laing's *Prehistoric Remains of Caithness*, p. 68.

[3] *Prehistoric Times*, p. 121. [4] *Ibid.* p. 120.

[5] Even among the British barrows such dimensions a
man records few so large. It should not, however,

a pre-Saxon origin. Moreover, it would be difficult indeed to believe that a site so ideal in the eyes of the barrow-builder as that before us would have lain unoccupied down to Anglo-Saxon times. For conspicuous hills and slopes were specially chosen for these graves. The primitive races delighted to keep such monuments in their sight, and to give them a commanding position, haply for the sake of the dead themselves,[1] that a spacious prospect might spread itself out before them, if they should care to lift their ghostly eyes and gaze once more on the land where they had played so famous a part. So on every high hill these monuments are to be found, crowning the crests of the downs, visible far and wide. They stand out on the ridges like altars; and no doubt the spirits of those whose bodies lay within them were often invoked by those who had known and seen their prowess in life, the hero becoming a god, hero-worship passing into religion.

We may plausibly conclude that these barrows belong to the period between the Neolithic age[2] and the Roman; that is, that they are not Danish, not Anglo-Saxon, not Roman, but are of Celtic origin. Now, there seem to have been at least three different Celtic immigrations into this country—a Goidelic, a Brythonic, and a Gallic. The first is represented unto this day by the Gaels of Scotland; the second, and to some extent the third, by those whom we call by the Teutonic name of Welsh. But it is probable that all these three varieties have left an abiding mark in the districts which they successively occupied. It is very easy to talk of the extermination of the older inhabitants of a country, but there is good reason for doubting whether these exterminations could be or ever were so completely effected as some writers would have us believe. We know now that Palæolithic man lived on by the side of Neolithic,[3] and Neolithic by the side of the invading Celt, and the Celt by the side of the Angle and the Saxon. No doubt, in all the great invasions there was much ejection and much massacre, in some parts more than in others; but also there is no doubt that there was much commixture and

Lubbock points out, and as one would expect, the "size of the tumulus may be taken as a rough indication of the estimate in which the deceased was held, as James also tells us was the case among the North American Indians."—*Prehistoric Times*, p. 134.

[1] Compare the epitaph of one Lollius, who was buried by the roadside: "Hic propter viam positus ut dicant prætereuntes 'Lolli, vale.'"—See Jewitt's *Grave Mounds*, p. 135.

[2] There seems to have been at least two pre-Celtic races settled in this island. See Elton's *Origin of English History*, p. 152.

[3] See Quatrefages' *Human Species* (International Scientific Series), p. 332, &c.

absorption. The dominant people fell from its high estate, as its predecessors had fallen ; but it did not altogether cease to exist in the region it had owned and swayed. Hence, probably, many traces survived, and it may be yet survive, of populations that have long since sunk into obscurity. And thus, we are not so wholly divorced from the old Goidels and Brythons and Gauls as a superficial view might make us think. These old Celts have a place in the pedigree of the English people. And in some sense, as we stand by their graves, we may think of them, not only as a race that once inhabited the land till rudely ousted by Low German hosts, but as in a certain degree our ancestors—as having contributed certain elements to the formation and growth of what we now are.

On the whole, perhaps, we may believe these barrows to be Brythonic rather than Goidelic, or what I have called Gallic. The fact that a dense forest once spread over the present county of Middlesex—a forest of which we have yet a remnant in Caen or Ken Wood—discourages our assigning them to the beginning of the Celtic invasions. Moreover, beneath the mounds of the Neolithic period there are commonly found dolmens or stone structures—arrangements of huge stones so made as to form a sort of chamber or chambers or passage ; and such chamber-barrows were erected also in the early Bronze age. In Denmark, at least, "it appears that at the first beginning of the Bronze epoch the dead were buried in a manner similar to that practised during the Stone age—that is to say, the bodies of the defunct were deposited in sepulchral chambers made of stone and covered with tumuli ; the only difference is these chambers are rather small and generally contain but one skeleton."[1] In course of time, especially when cremation came in—it came in during the Bronze age—these internal erections disappeared nearly or altogether. Now, there is some probability, I think, that there is no such structure inside the Parliament Hill barrow, nor, I think, in the other, as the barrows have in parts been worn or cut away to such an extent that any such structure could not but be now disclosed, and there is no sign whatever emergent of anything of the kind. We may conclude, then, that these barrows do not belong to the beginning of the Bronze age. On the other hand, the Gallic Celts, as the late Dr. Thurnam suggested, seem to have raised tumuli of a more elaborate kind—what are called bell-shaped and disc-shaped tumuli. Now, the St. Pancras barrows are bowl-shaped, with trenches, and probably belong to the age that preceded these more elaborate forms. We

[1] See quotation from "Le Danemark à l'Exposition Universelle" Figuier's *Primitive Man*, pp. 284-7.

may, perhaps, then infer them to be post-Goidelic, but pre-Gallic, *i.e.* to be Brythonic.

But it is impossible to speak with any positiveness of the era of these barrows, at all events till they have been scientifically examined. It is merely hypothetically that I venture to denominate them Brythonic.

We may now ask if any chronological help is to be derived from tradition; for no one will deny that tradition, if listened to with judgment and discretion, may often be of service in such cases. Let me mention an instance in which tradition has safely preserved an historical fact, which I will venture to say is quite unknown to most people hereabouts. I was told some time ago that the Highgate ponds were dug by monks, and wondered how on earth it had occurred to anyone to connect monks with this neighbourhood. To my great surprise I learnt the other day that the land near Caen Wood did once belong to Waltham Abbey.[1] Tradition may be wrong in saying monks dug the ponds; but it is perfectly right in associating monks with the neighbourhood. As to the northern barrow, there seem to be two stories current, though I do not find external proof that either of them is ancient: (1) That Boadicea's great battle—the proper form of her name seems to be Budicca or Budic—was fought here; and (2) That here was fought a great battle between London and St. Albans. The former story is, so far as I know, of quite recent origin. The latter, I believe, is first put on record by Howitt, in his "Northern Heights of London," published, as already pointed out, less than twenty years ago.

Such mounds are not necessarily associated with battle-fields, any more than our churchyards are. They are commonly the tombs of great heroes; and they were not necessarily, or even usually, placed on the spot where these heroes won their renown. The Duke of Wellington does not lie on that ridge at Waterloo which he held so bravely through a long summer's day, but far away in the heart of the chief city of the nation whose life and honour he so nobly sustained and saved. But sometimes, no doubt, the warrior was buried where he fought—buried on "the field of his fame;" and it would commonly be so when he actually fell in the fight. Thus, the barrows may sometimes be the incidental memorials of old battles, as, according to the late Mr. Fergusson (who, however, pushed his theory too far), the stone monuments mostly are.

With regard to the Boadicea story, it seems impossible to settle the site of Boadicea's great battle with the Romans under Suetonius Paulinus. As she was Queen of Iceni or Ecenes, I suppose her capital would be at Norwich—at the town afterwards, or even before,

[1] See Lysons's *Environs*, ii. 617.

known as Venta Icenorum ; but we know that the Trinobants took part in that terrible insurrection, so justly provoked by the rapacity and insolence of the Roman legionaries. And we know that the storm of war swept over Essex, where the Celtic fury, righteously inflamed, however horrible in its exhibitions and acts, sacked and burnt Camulodunum, and the Ninth Legion was cut to pieces (possibly at Worningford), and over London, which Suetonius abandoned to the enemy, and all that were detained there by their unmilitary sex, or weary age, or the sweetness of the spot (*dulcedo loci*—even then London had its lovers) were annihilated, and over Verulamium, now St. Albans, which suffered the same fate. So probably enough Hampstead and Highgate, by whatever names they were then known, if they had any, heard and saw something of that frightful outbreak—something of the *cædes*, *patibula*, *ignes*, *cruces*, the slaughters and gibbets, and flames and crosses, for which, as we learn from Tacitus, the indignant Briton was then fiercely eager. But there are no data to fix precisely the scene of that closing conflict, where Roman discipline proved easily superior to the Briton's untrained valour. Tacitus[1] gives no hint as to the proprætor's whereabouts, when, determined to bring the matter to a final issue (*omittere cunctationem et congredi acie*), he so carefully and skilfully chose his own ground, and awaited the onrush of his enemy. Our only means of guidance and information is the description of this ground, so deliberately chosen ; and unfortunately many spots answer, or have been thought to answer, to it. We must have (1) a Roman camp ; (2) approached by a defile (*artis faucibus ;* comp. *angustias loci*, in chap. 37) ; (3) with a wood in the rear ; and (4) an open plain in front. Oddly enough, there seems nowhere any old local tradition of a conflict so critical and decisive. How impossible it is to identify the spot appears from the many very various conclusions of topographers and historians. Morant localises the battle in Epping Forest between Ambresbury Banks and Waltham. Others place it at King's Cross, which till some sixty years ago was called Battle-bridge ; it has been supposed that Suetonius' camp was on the site of what is now Barnsbury Square, where there does seem to have been some sort of earthwork. Others, again, place it at Messing near Kelvedon, some ten miles from Colchester.[2] Others suggest Newmarket Heath as the *planities aperta* of the Roman historian, or some champaign near Thetford. So we have plenty of choice. Yet, if we are wise, we shall, on our present information, choose no one of all these offers, as not one has any commanding evidence in its favour. At all events, we

[1] *Ann.* xiv. 34.

may, I think, feel quite sure that the battle, wherever it was fought, was *not* fought in the neighbourhood of Parliament Hill; for one of the most important of the four conditions of the problem is absent. So far as is known, there is no trace yet extant or recorded of any Roman camp hereabouts. I will just mention, moreover, that Boadicea did not fall in that final battle. She survived that hideous slaughter—of some eighty thousand Britons, according to Tacitus—and, according to Tacitus, ended her life by poison; according to Dion, died of some disease.[1] The latter author tells us that she was preparing to renew the struggle, and how on her death they grieved for her sorely, and gave her a costly burial (πολυτελῶς ἔθαψαν), probably in her own county—in what is now called Norfolk.

JOHN W. HALES.

[1] "Vitam veneno finivit" (Tacitus); ἀποθανούσης . . . νόσῳ (Dion, *per* Xiphilinus).

(*To be concluded.*)

Note to page 331.—It is interesting to observe how exactly both th *Iliad* and the *Æneid* can be illustrated from British tumuli and from *Beowulf*. Thus at one time in Britain it was customary to collect the ashes after cremation and wrap them in some sort of skin or cloth, and then raise a mound over the bundle; or they were placed in some sort of urn or box, and so buried. Comp. *Iliad*, xxiii. 243, where Achilles says of Patroclus' bones:—

> καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐν χρυσέῃ φιάλῃ καὶ δίπλακι δημῷ
> θείομεν.

And xxiv. 795, in the account of Hector's funeral:—

> καὶ τόγε [ὀστέα] χρυσείην ἐς λάρνακα θῆκαν ἑλόντες,
> πορφυρέοις πέπλοισι καλύψαντες μαλακοῖσιν·
> αἶψα δ' ἄρ' ἐς κοίλην κάπετον θέσαν, αὐτὰρ ὕπερθεν
> πυκνοῖσιν λάεσσι κατεστόρεσαν μεγάλοισιν.
> ῥίμφα δὲ σῆμ' ἔχεαν.

And how closely in *Beowulf* these lines

> Thá ymbe hlæw riodan hilde-deóre
> Æthelinga bearn ealra twelfa, &c.,

answer to Virgil's

> Ter circum accensos cincti fulgentibus armis
> Decurrere rogos, ter mæstum funeris ignem
> Lustravere in equis ululatusque ore dedere.

ARACHNE AND THE POETS.

SPIDERS are best known by inference. Cobwebs, *ergo* spiders. But the insects[1] themselves are not much in evidence. It is not their nature to come to the front; they are of a conspiring kind. Yet it is very curious, considering their extraordinary numbers, how comparatively seldom they are seen. A light brought suddenly into a dark room will sometimes betray one guiltily flat on the wall, with its legs all spread out round it in the very act of sudden surprisal. In cobwebbed cellars, too, there is at every turn the suspicion of long legs suddenly withdrawn into grey trunks, of shrinking away, and stealthy evanishment. But it is only the suspicion. During an autumn walk they may be seen in shrubberies or out in the country, basking complacently in the centre of their beautiful nets—comfortable dowager-spiders that a fly ought to be able to see a mile off. Or in summer, if you care to look, you will see that most awful of little creatures, the cat-spider, hunting for prey on the woodwork of your window or the sunniest patches of the wall where the flies like to settle.

Laugh if you like, but in all seriousness it is very exciting to watch this queer little tiger at work. It moves hardly faster than the minute hand of a watch. Indeed it does not *seem* to move at all, but rather as if the fly it was stalking was a magnet drawing the spider towards it involuntarily. The eye can hardly note the legs stir at all; and yet, as you watch, the interval between the tiny beast of prey and its victim steadily, perceptibly, decreases. And at last it is within leaping distance. And gets ready. But with what exasperating slowness! Will it *never* jump? And when it does, you do not see it. The act is too rapid for the eye to catch. But there all the same is the fly with the cat-spider on its back rolling over and over. And the eyesight of the small panther! The lynx is purblind by comparison. And as for its courage, the wild boar even does not excel it. Indeed, it is so brave as to be almost tame. If you threaten it with your finger, it turns fiercely on you, retreating backwards, and

[1] I call spiders 'insects' all through.—P. R.

very soon it loses all fear of you, and will go after any fly it sees in spite of you. In India I have, at Dholpur, seen the natives hunt ravine deer with the cheetah, and I have often gone hawking, both with the shahin off the wrist and the shikra in the hand. But the cat-spider is just as good, and if I had as much leisure as Queen Christina of Sweden, I should like to train these little insects. Cruel? Not at all. At least not to my thinking—nor to that of Providence. What a study on animal life it is, this crouching atom, so small and yet so fatally deadly. The ledge of the window-pane is a trifle rough; see how the spider takes advantage of every little pimple or speck of cover! Or it is smooth; see how it slips over the edge and, knowing it is quite out of its victim's sight, makes short rushes, coming cautiously up to peer over the edge after each rush to see if the fly has changed its position! And then when it gets exactly under the fly, watch it come up on the level! Is the fly washing its face? The spider advances. Does the fly stop washing its face as if disquieted? The spider stops, too. And then the lightning spring, the rough and tumble, the fearful tenacity of its ferocious grasp. It is a wonderful bit of nature: straight from the jungles. And so educational; giving glimpses under the surface; a light on the real life-story of insects.

Moreover, this particular spider is curious among its kind in that it turns its head on its shoulders to look about it. If a bird flies past the window it turns like lightning. It will watch a person cross a room. Some of its eyes being on the very top of its head, it can see behind it. No terrier ever looked more knowing or cocked its head more cleverly. All the same, it gives the little creature a very uncannily intelligent look.

This digression has taken me from my point—which was that spiders are better known by their works than by their persons. In the poets this truth is singularly illustrated by the fact that fifty references to cobwebs might be found for every one to spiders. If the insects were unsuitable for poets' purposes this would not be strange. But, on the contrary, they are full of "morals," all of which are abundantly recognised in rhyme, and suggest to the fancy an almost unusual number of metaphors, similes, and images. The chief of these Southey compendiously reproduces in the following verses from his poem "To a Spider":—

> Weaver of snares, thou emblemest the ways
> Of Satan, sire of lies;
> Hell's huge black spiders; for mankind he lays
> His toils as thou for flies.

When Betty's busy eye runs round the room,
  Woe to that nice geometry, if seen !
But where is he whose broom
  The earth shall clean ?

Spider ! of old thy flimsy webs were thought,
  And 'twas a likeness true,
To emblem laws in which the weak are caught,
  But which the strong break through
And if a victim in thy toils is ta'en,
  Like some poor client is that wretched fly—
I'll warrant thee thou'lt drain
  His life-blood dry.

And is not thy weak work like human schemes
  And care on earth employed !
Such are young hopes and love's delightful dreams
  So easily destroyed !
So does the statesman, whilst the avengers sleep,
  Self-deem'd secure, his wiles in secret lay,
Soon shall destruction sweep
  His work away.

Thou busy labourer ! one resemblance more
  Shall yet the verse prolong,
For, spider, thou art like the poet poor,
  Whom thou hast helped in song.
Both busily our needful food to win,
  We work, as nature taught, with ceaseless pains—
Thy bowels thou dost spin,
  I spin my brains.

Parallel passages to each of these may be easily quoted—for Southey was a careful student and a generous borrower. Thus, as to the web-weaving of Beelzebub, from Burns :—

Ah Nick ! ah Nick ! it is na fair,
First showing us the tempting ware,
Bright wines and bonnie lasses rare,
  To put us daft,
Syne weave, unseen, thy spider's snare
  O' hell's damned waft.

The simile of law, solicitors' clerks, "human insects catering for human spiders"—"men of law" (Crabbe) :—

There in his web th' observant spider lies,
And peers about for fat intruding flies.
Doubtful at first, he hears the distant hum,
And feels them fluttering as they nearer come;
They buzz and blink and doubtfully they tread
On the strong bird-lime of the utmost thread;
But when they're once entangled by the œi
With what an eager clasp he draw
Nor shall they 'scape till after lo
And all that sweetens life is d

And then as to the brittleness of the laws (Beattie) :—

> Laws, as we read in ancient sages,
> Have been like cobwebs in all ages—
> Cobwebs for little flies are spread,
> And laws for little folks are made ;
> But if an insect of renown,
> Hornet or beetle, wasp or drone,
> Be caught in quest of sport or plunder,
> The flimsy fetter flies in sunder.

The statesman's futile subtlety (Garth) :—

> Or spider-like, spin out our precious all,
> Our more than vitals spin (if no regard
> To great futurity) in curious webs
> Of subtle thought and exquisite design
> (Fine network of the brain) to catch a fly!
> The momentary buzz of vain renown,
> A name! a mortal immortality.

Or Churchill's—

> Henceforth, secure, let ambushed statesmen lie,
> Spread the court-web, and catch the patriot fly.

And hopes in general (Wordsworth) :—

> Hopes, what are they? Beads of morning
> Strung on slender blades of grass ;
> Or a spider's web adorning
> In a strait and treacherous pass.

The simile of the poor poet spinning his brains into "lines" is used more than once, and also applied to other "lines" of thought, as in Cowper, of commentators :—

> Comment after comment, spun as fine
> As bloated spiders draw the flimsy line.

and Churchill's critics :—

> Let wits, like spiders, from the tortured brain
> Fine draw the critic web, with curious pain.

When addressed as the actual insect in nature, spiders are very often "cruel," "delusive," "false," and "venomous." One poet calls them "villains;" another, "wily ruffians, gaunt and grim." They are "blood-bloated" and "all-bellied." Yet it is immensely to the credit of poets that they should in the case of this insect—so notoriously unpopular and unprepossessing—have been so often fair to it. Such justice is eminently unpoetical—that is to say, extremely rare in poetry, for, as a rule, poets adopt vulgar prejudices, and punctually inculcate them. It is true that in legends spiders are more often benign than malignant, affording another illustration of the

tendency of folk-lore to look upon ugliness only as the disguise of an enchanted goodness. So toads are often beneficent; serpents nearly always so. Humanity, in the real heart of it, is tenderly sympathetic. When the proper time comes everybody hopes bad will turn back to good, and ugly to beautiful. Folk-tale always ends in the recovery of lost possessions, the resumption of original charms.

But poets are not, as a rule, appreciative of the deeper sense of animal legends. Superficial ideas, such as Holy Writ or heraldry afford, they reproduce and elaborate, but they seldom catch the true spirit of traditions about animals. So it has always seemed to me; and I think I have frequently, in previous papers, illustrated my meaning by sufficient quotation. The present instance, then, is exceptional and of some interest. Its explanation, no doubt, is the poets' admiration of industry. So the spider is "grave," "patient," "industrious," and "a house-wife," and more than one bard comes forward to directly praise the insect. Southey, a very hard-working man himself, has a strong fellow-feeling with it:—

> Spider! thou need'st not run in fear about
> To shun my curious eyes,
> I won't humanely crush thy bowels out
> Lest thou shouldst eat the flies;
> Nor will I roast[1] thee, with a damn'd delight
> Thy strange instinctive fortitude to see;
> For there is one who might
> One day roast me.
>
> Then shrink not, old free-mason, from my view,
> But quietly, like me, spin out the line;
> Do thou thy work pursue
> As I will mine.

Mackay has an excellent defence to offer in the poem commencing—

> Though fear'd by many, scorned by all,
> Poor spider on my garden wall;
> Accursed as ugly, cruel, sly,
> And seen with an averted eye,
> Thou shalt not lack one friend to claim
> Some merit for thy injured name.

So he takes each charge in turn. As for its being "ugly," says he, you have only to look closer to see "a creature robed in brilliancy, with supple and resplendent limbs" (a statement which the microscope will hardly bear out); and as for "cruel!"—must not spiders eat to live? And if thou, poor spider, art cruel—

[1] Southey, in his rummaging of zoological legends and folk-lore was familiar with the frequency with which roasting spiders as specifics against various evils is inculcated.

Because thou takest, now and then,
A fly, thy mutton, to thy den,

what shall we call man who is perpetually killing, not from necessity, but for amusement?

And then we call thee sly, forsooth,
As if from earliest dawn of youth
We did not lay our artful snares
For rabbits, woodcocks, larks, and hares;
Or lurk all day by running brooks
To capture fish with cruel hooks,
And with a patient deep deceit,
Betray them with a counterfeit.

And then he goes on to plead that the beauty of the spider's skilful web alone "might for some venial faults atone;" while its patience in calamity, "its courage to endure or wait," its "self-reliance," claim several stanzas:—

Should stormy wind or thunder-shower
Assail thy web; in evil hour
Should ruthless hand of lynx-eyed boy,
Or the prim gardener's rake, destroy
The clever mathematic maze
Thou spreadst in our garden ways,
No vain repinings mar thy rest,
No idle sorrows fill thy breast.

Thou mayst perchance deplore thy lot,
Or sigh that fortune love thee not;
But never dost thou sulk and mope,
Or lie and groan, forgetting hope;
Still, with a patience calm and true,
Thou workest all thy work anew,
As if thou felt that Heaven is just
To very creature of the dust.

And that the Providence, whose plan
Gives life to spiders as to man,
Will ne'er accord its aid divine
To those who lazily repine.

Historical spiders—except that which, with the assistance of the "bird of Mecca," saved Mahomet from his pursuers, and the other that Bruce said he took inspiration from, are not honoured in verse. The latter legend is very befittingly done into rhyme by Eliza Cook. What does the patriotic Scot say to this as a setting for that immortal myth:—

It soon began to cling and crawl
Straight up, with strong endeavour;
But down it came with a slippery sprawl,
As near to the ground as ever.

Of legends of the insect several are worth notice. Thus, that which Phillips, in his "Cider"[1] refers to:—

> Happy Ierne! whose most wholesome air
> Poisons envenomed spiders, and forbids the baleful toad;

and Green notices in the line,

> As spiders Irish wainscot flee.

The superstition being that, not only did St. Patrick drive all "vermin" out of the island, but communicated to bog-oak the property of keeping spiders off. Is it not a tradition that there are no spiders, for this reason, in the House of Commons, the woodwork being all of Irish oak?

"That Apulian spider's poisonous sting, healed by the pleasing antidote of sonnets," is, of course, the tarantula, as specified in Oldham:—

> Some are at sound of christened bell forgiven,
> And some by squirt of holy water shriven;
> Others by anthems played are charmed away,
> As men cure bites of the tarantula.

Or in Herbert's lines:—

> As peculiar notes and strains
> Cure tarantula's raging pains.

That the spider is venomous is of course a scientific fact. Its jaws, so to speak, are perforated exactly like a viper's tooth, and communicate with a poisonous secretion, which thus passes into any wound inflicted. In the poets the fatal gift is of course as much exaggerated as the deadliness of owls' hootings or the balefulness of toad's spittings. But never surely so delightfully set forth as in Spenser's original exposition of the Vanities:—

> An hideous dragon, dreadfull to behold,
> Whose backe was arm'd against the dint of speare,
> With shields of brasse that shone like burnisht golde,
> And forked sting, that death in it did beare,
> Strove with a spider, his unequall peare;
> And bad defiance to his enemie,
> The subtill vermin, creeping closely neare,
> Did in his drinke shed poyson privilie;

---

[1] The context is as follows:—

> More happy in her balmy draughts (enriched
> With miscellaneous spices) and the root
> For thirst-abating sweetness praised, which wide
> Extend her fame.

What is the poet referring to?

Which, through his intrailes spredding diversly,
Made him to swell, that nigh his bowels burst,
And him enforst to yield the victorie,
What did so much in his owne greatnesse trust.
O, how great vainnesse is it then to scorne
The weake, that hath the strong so oft forlorne!

And King Endymion had a cohort of gigantic spiders, and they spun a web from the Moon to the Morning Star, and upon this, the Field of Gossamer, was fought the most fantastic fight that ever the gods saw. Three days it raged, the Moon-folk and the Sun-folk fighting; till King Endymion cut away the web, and thus, in one appalling, overwhelming act, closed the fearsome strife. Do you remember, too, how in Laputa the professor intended that spiders should supersede silkworms, for, said he, they not only spin silk but they weave it as well; and how, to make the tissue complete, he fed them on beautifully-tinctured flies? And why should he not have done so? In the Islands of the Blessed they are apparelled in spiders' webs, naturally stained purple, for Idmon, the dyer in purple, was father of Arachne.

Weaving spiders come not near;
Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence!

Poor spiders! Titania wore their web, and yet would not have her weavers near her. "Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence!" Yet Puck swings on their threads, "hung between two branches of a briar," the fairies' lutes are strung with gossamer; their steeds reined with "smallest spiders' web," and Titania's "waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs."

Then the Interpreter showed them into the very best room of the house, a very bare room it was, so he bid them look round about, and see if they could find anything profitable there. Then they looked round and round—for there was nothing to be seen but a very great spider on the wall—and that they overlooked.

Mercy. Then said Mercy, Sir, I see nothing. But Christiana held her peace.

Interpreter. But, said the Interpreter, look again. She, therefore, looked again, and said, Here is not anything but an ugly spider, who hangs by his hands upon the wall. Then said he, is there but one spider in all this spacious room? Then the water stood in Christiana's eyes, for she was a woman of quick apprehension; and she said, Yea, Lord, there *are* more here than one. Yea, and spiders whose venom is far more destructive than that which is in here.

This is a delightful passage, spoilt, perhaps, to some by the fact that the translators of the Bible ought probably to have said lizards instead of spiders, and that the "semam" of the original is still an termined quantity. Not that such a detail disturbs the poets. em this insect is of one species only, and without varieties.

It is "the spider"—that spins web "out of her own bowels." And yet how prodigious, far-reaching, and deep-searching in its influences on the economy of insect life is this many-tribed insect.

Who has not at one time or another thought the lives of insects enviably free from care? When out among the heather, or resting some summer's noon under a tree, how happy the small-winged folk, sunning themselves on the flower-heads, seem to be, without, apparently, any troubles or even responsibilities. They zigzag and flutter about as if time and place were nothing to them. This field or the next—what does it matter? Now, or by-and-by? But whenever I hear anyone envy the life of flies, I think to myself, "My friend, you have forgotten *the spiders.*" Sunshine and wings and flowers—a delightful combination, no doubt. But think of the spiders. It is worth while to do so, for it may turn over quite a new page in nature for you.

Imagine, for instance, that the insects which you see "dancing" in the air, out of pure light-heartedness, too happy even to sit still on a flower, or even to make their choice on which one they will settle, as you imagine, *are afraid to alight.* Fancy, if you can, that every blossom, every tempting twig, has a hungry spider upon it, and that the flies know it, and dare not rest. What, then, becomes of all their light-heartedness, of the gladsomeness that keeps them so buoyantly ever on the wing? From every resting-place, bright petal or green leaf, cruel, patient eyes are looking out and up at the winged things half-minded to settle and yet afraid. Fangs are working and mumbling together in the excitement of expectation, legs are drawn up all ready to spring—and the fly knows it. It hovers over the welcome perch, the tempting honey, but instinct tells it of a peril that is ambushed; its courage fails it, and, just as you think it is going to settle, it is gone. How "frivolous," "giddy," and all the rest of it, it seems, this fly in the summer's sunshine, dancing from flower to flower, does it not? But, my friend, are you sure that the fly did not see something? Look close yourself at the purple cushion of that scabious. Nothing? Look closer. Nothing still? Look underneath. Ah! Now, suppose yourself a fly, and that spider as large as yourself, and then conceive, if you can, the blood-curdling horror of such an apparition suddenly confronting you. If you had human wits about you before you met it, the odds are that you would be a gibbering idiot for ever afterwards. Human reason could not possibly stand the shock of such a fearful sight. Spiders the size of bullocks would kill at sight.

> Mock the majesty of man's high birt
> Despise his bulwarks, and unpeopl



No wonder then that the fly was reluctant to settle on the scabious, and that it "danced" about the flower so long, and eventually decided not to sit down. But the "giddiness" and "light-heartedness" has all gone out of the picture.

Of course I do not assert that my idea is correct. It may be only a fancy. But it is, at any rate, perfectly safe to assume that, in a very large number of cases, the precipitancy of a fly's departure is due to a very proper discretion, and not to silliness. Also, that very often indeed when an insect seems unreasonable in its sudden changes of intention, it has, as a matter of fact, the best of all reasons for its conduct, namely, escape from death. The purple cushion of the scabious, so warm with the sun shining full on it, and each of the little flowerets that compose the disc so full of fragrant honey, is the very ideal of a resting-place for a fly. And so, too, thinks the fly, till there grows up gradually over the edge of the flower two fine green legs tipped with little claws. Then it is time to be off—there is none to waste. If the fly stands upon the order of its going, there will follow the legs a pair of grass-green nippers, exquisitely sharp at the points, toothed, too, on the inner side, and hollowed like a cobra's fang to carry poison. And above the grass-green nippers will be two rows of eyes as bright as diamonds—and that is the last the fly will remember. So it wisely goes at once.

The knowledge of this prevalence of spiders goes some way to give a just appreciation of insect life. At any rate, without it, any idea of that life must be as ridiculously incomplete as if we were to think of mice in kitchens without cats and traps. For myself, I know this perpetual recurrence of spiders and their webs in every crook and cranny of the country makes me think of insect existence as anything but careless. It rather seems to me a constant ambuscade. Fortunately, the flies do not know it, or I should think they would abandon life in despair; and fortunately, too, they have no nerves, or they would go mad with horrors and the apprehension of them. To me, then, there is always present in the quietest scenes in nature an underlying grimness which makes insect life very real and serious. The birds seem merely an awkward incident in fly-life; their prodigious havoc among the winged things only occasional and local as compared with the ubiquitous and universal spiders'. The former, no doubt, are active and voracious, and very numerous. But what is their activity, voracity, or their numbers by comparison with the myriads of these little, subtle, and nimble blood-suckers? They are everywhere —*among the* grass, in the herbage, the undergrowth, the shrubs, the trees, *in the* hedges and the ditches, on railings, —all

and the ground; creeping, hiding, web-spinning, leaping, they cover the earth in a universal conspiracy. Darwin's revelation of that awful force, the earth-worm, revolutionised my ideas of the under-world. Till then I had considered it inert or passive, the solid basis and ground-work of the shifting, active life of the upper-world. I had never regarded it as itself a scene of a pitiless diligence in ruin, the laboratory of a vast disintegrating agency that is incessantly toiling to bury cities and destroy every vestige of man's occupation of the earth. With something of the same completeness came upon me the discovery of the all-pervading presence of spiders. Science calls them by the names of beasts of prey, and it was well to do so. For if you will take a foot of ground out in the country any summer's day as your sphere of observation, and watch for a while, you will see the cat-spider come creeping along, suddenly springing as it goes at everything that looks like a fly; the wolf-spider pass rapidly across with business-like directness; the lynx-spider sidle from blade to blade. Or spread a handkerchief under a bush, and strike the branches with a stick. Spiders come tumbling out, or hang in mid-air by the threads that, even against so sudden an alarm, they have all prepared.

So far, then, the spider in verse. But, as I said at starting, the creature is infinitely better known by its handicraft than its presence, and poetical references to its web are in proportion more numerous. There is, however, but little variety in the treatment. Occasionally the web is called "arras," "tapestry," "a thin grey pall," a "clue," a "bower," but, as a rule, it is either the open-air "filmy," "silken" thread that catches the garden fly:—

> So the false spider when her nets are spread,
> Deep ambush'd in her silent den does lie;
> And feels far off the trembling of her thread,
> Whose filmy cord should bind the struggling fly,
> Then if at last she finds him fast beset,
> She issues forth and runs along her bower;
> She joys to touch the captive in her net
> And drag the little wretch in triumph home.—*Dryden.*

Or the dusty-covered cobweb of the attic or cellar and neglected library:—

> For a deep dust (which time does softly shed
> Where only time does come) their covers bear,
> On which grave spiders streets of web had spread
> Subtle and slight, as the grave writers were.

Or other room where—

> Her disembowelled web
> Arachne[1] in a hall or kitchen spreads
> Obvious to vagrant flies; she secret stands
> Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
> Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
> Inextricable; nor will aught avail—
> Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue.
> The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
> A butterfly, proud of expanded wings
> Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares
> Useless resistance make: with eager strides
> She, towering, flies to her extended spoils.

This "trumphant" descent of the spider upon its victim is a very favourite fancy of the poets; and, though I have never myself recognised any such exultation in the demeanour of the little fly-catcher, I have often imagined that I detected a high-stepping affected way about it when, having done up its prey into a parcel, it minces off to its dining-room with its dinner dangling behind it. At any rate, there was abundant self-satisfaction, and not without cause either. For, taking nature all round, I know no episode that excels in interest the successful web-spinning of spiders. Savages are laboriously ingenious in trap-setting, but "Arachne" gives them points at every stage. And how curious it is to see Nature admiring herself, so satisfied with the perfection of her own work, that she copies it in flowers:—

> Fair[2] Cypripedia, with successful guile,
> Knits her smooth brow, extinguishes her smile—
> A spider's bloated paunch and jointed arms
> Hide her fair form, and mask her blushing charms;
> In ambush sly the mimic warrior lies,
> And on quick wing the panting plunderer flies.—*Darwin.*

Did the poets know that "gossamer" was spiders' web? Many certainly did not; some are doubtful: some undoubtedly did. Thus, Darwin, accurately excellent, speaks of the adventurous flight of the newly hatched gossamer-spider:—

> So shoot the spider brood at breezy dawn
> Their glittering net-work o'er th' autumnal lawn;
> From blade to blade connect with cordage fine
> The unbending grass, and "live along the line."

And again, in "Prince Arthur," is the line:—

> On the buoyant air sublimely borne.

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[1] Spiders never seek the fly,
But leave him of himself to apply.—*Butler.*

[2] A flower from South America, part of which looks like a spider.

And again, in Charlotte Smith :—

> Small, viewless aeronaut, that by the line
> Of gossamer suspended, in mid-air
> Float'st on a sunbeam. Living atom, where
> Ends thy breeze-guided voyage? With what design
> In æther dost thou launch thy form minute,
> Mocking the eye? Alas, before the veil
> Of dense clouds shall hide thee, the pursuit
> Of the keen swift may end thy fairy sail.

But some were in doubt (and I even suspect Southey), while others undeniably held the theory that the "gossamer" was condensed dew. That Spenser should speak of "the fine nets of scorched dew" is not remarkable, nor that—is it Cowley?—should have :—

> Cobwebs that do fly
> In the blue air, caused by the autumnal sun
> That boils the dew that on the earth doth lie.

Nor, perhaps, that Quarles should say :—

> And now autumnal dews are seen
> To cobweb every green.

But when I find Thomson speaking of "the filmy threads of dew evaporate," the superstition seems to me to have lived too long even among poets.

As "gossamer" the poets perpetually admire the glistening threads. But as cobwebs they abhor it, especially (which I think delightfully poetic) when they remember it is spun out of the insect's "bowels." Sometimes, as in Pope's appreciative lines on "the spider's parallel designs," or Crabbe's straightforward admiration of its diligent "geometry," Arachne fares well at her wheel, but, as a rule, she is considered sinister and treacherous :—

> The subtle spider never spins
> But on dark days her shiny gins;

and her devices for securing food, so patiently worked out, so admirably efficient when complete, are looked upon as wicked frauds upon the confiding flies, snares for the innocently unwary. In metaphor they are, therefore, usurers, attorneys, murderers, and Jews. But, for myself, greatly as they mar my pleasure in the country by constantly intruding upon pleasant scenes, the evidences of strife and suffering, I have somehow as kind a liking for spiders as for flies, and, as Scott says, feel as tenderly for spiders "as if I were a kinsman of King Robert of happy memory."

PHIL. ROBINSON.

THE MAID OF NORWAY.

AN UNWRITTEN CHAPTER OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

DURING the last lustrum of the reign of Alexander the Third of Scotland misfortune had marked that monarch for her own. Domestic bereavement after bereavement followed in quick succession, as if it would appear that the gods had determined to crowd within the brief period of five years everything of grief and sorrow from which hitherto his Scottish Majesty had been spared. The son of Alexander the Second and of Mary de Couci he had succeeded to the throne when a child of eight, and his reign of over forty years had been tranquil and uneventful. He had married Margaret, the daughter of Henry the Third of England, and the union had been blessed with three children—Alexander, David, and Margaret. The most prominent feature in his rule was the part he played in resisting the claims of the English king to pose as the feudal superior of the districts north of the Tweed—claims always in dispute, occasionally admitted, and ever rejected when opportunity offered. Homage for Scotland Alexander declined to pay either to Henry the Third or Edward the First; homage for the lands which he held in England he would gladly render, as was his due; but as for his own realm never, by St. Luke's face, he swore, would he bend the knee in craven submission. Upon the coronation of Edward the First he attended at Westminster and was called upon to swear fealty to the English king as his over-lord. For the lands he owned in Northumberland and Cumberland Alexander tendered homage, but he was careful to except his own kingdom from the act. The Bishop of Norwich hereupon interposed, suggesting that fealty should also be sworn to Edward for the realm of Scotland. Alexander refused. "To that," he said, "none has a right save God alone, for of him only do I hold my crown." Nor on this occasion does his repudiation appear to have been contested. Upon this question of homage the late Sir Francis Palgrave, in a work as rare as it is valuable, makes some weighty remarks.[1]

[1] Documents and Records, illustrating the History of Scotland, preserved in the Treasury of Her Majesty's Exchequer. Introduction. By Sir Francis Palgrave.

"The Scottish writers," he says, "upon Scottish history, warmed by the courage and heroism of Bruce and Wallace, as represented in the poetry and popular legends and traditions of their country, have characterised the repeated submissions to the English king as acts of disgrace and stains upon the national honour. But the justice of the cause must be judged according to the conscience of the parties; and if the prelates, the peers, the knights, the freeholders and the burgesses of Scotland believed that Edward was their over-lord, it is not their obedience but their withdrawing of it which should be censured by posterity. Outward acts must be always received as the testimony of inward sentiments; and if men, without compulsion, continue and persevere in a series of consistent acts testifying sentiments which they inwardly repudiate, the whole basis of the law of nations is destroyed. There is not, however, any reason for believing that until the era of Wallace there was any insincerity on the part of the noble Normans, the stalwart Flemings, the sturdy Northumbrian Angles, and the aboriginal Britons of Strathclyde and Reged, whom we erroneously designate as Scots, in admitting the legal supremacy of the English crown, until the attempts made by Edward the First to extend the incidents of that supremacy beyond their legal bounds provoked a resistance not undeservedly earned and deserved by such abuse. Then flaws were found in his title, and the Under-King of the Scots, as the Anglo-Saxons styled him, and his subjects were induced to deny the supremacy hitherto felt and owned by them, and which Bruce and Balliol began by acknowledging with equal alacrity."

Whilst staying at Windsor with her father Margaret, the wife of Alexander, gave birth (Feb. 1261) to a daughter, Margaret, who was afterwards married to Eric, King of Norway, and thus became mother of the child called the Maid of Norway, who by a series of unforeseen circumstances was to be summoned to fill the throne of Scotland. For death was now busy in the midst of the household of the Scottish monarch. In 1273 Alexander lost his wife; seven years later died David, his youngest son; in 1283 his daughter, who had been united to the King of Norway, was committed to the dust; whilst the same year saw the death of his eldest son, Alexander, who had married Margaret, daughter of the Earl of Flanders, but without leaving issue. Thus for the moment the daughter of Eric of Norway was the only direct successor of Alexander of Scotland. The estates now assembled at Scone, Feb. 5, 1284, and there pledged themselves, failing any legitimate children their king might still have, to acknowledge the Maid of Norway as the sole and absolute heiress to the realm. To invalidate this decision, Alex

a few months afterwards married Joleta, the daughter of the Count de Dreux, at Jedburgh. It was said that on this occasion, among the figures of a masque performed in honour of the ceremony, was seen a mysterious form which none could distinguish whether 'twas man or ghost. The apparition was, however, looked upon by the assembled guests as boding no good, and as a sure presage of immediate death. The prediction was fulfilled. Early in the March of the following year Alexander, whilst riding in the dark between Burntisland and Kinghorn, fell over a cliff and was killed on the spot.

> Scotland mourned hym than full sare,
> For under hym all his leges ware
> In honoure, quiete, and in pes;
> Forthi cald pessybill king he wes,
> He honoured God and holy kirk,
> And medfull dedys he oysed to werk.

So sang an old chronicler, and thus the Maid of Norway had now developed into Margaret, Queen of Scotland.

There is little doubt that when the news of the death of this good and great king travelled south of the Tweed it caused genuine sorrow to the English court. Between our first Edward and Alexander the Third the most cordial relations had existed. We have only to study the pages of Rymer to see that when the Scottish monarch made any complaint to his brother of England—as when for instance he remonstrated at the conduct of the English bailiffs upon the East Marches, or begged that the liberties of his kingdom, of which Edward was the over-lord, should not be violated; or as when he recommended certain of his subjects journeying to London to be taken specially into the English king's favour—we have only, I say, to read the correspondence that passed between the two sovereigns on those occasions to note how kindly and fraternal each was to the other. When Alexander made a point of going to London to attend the coronation of Edward, an allowance of one hundred shillings a day, equivalent to sixty pounds of our money, was granted him out of the Royal exchequer at Westminster; nor was this we find by any means an isolated case of his being a recipient of English bounty. Aware of the greed of tradesmen when royal personages appear upon the scene, Edward, by a special mandate, decreed that the arrival of the King of Scotland with his suite should not be made the pretext for raising the price of provisions and other goods on his line of march through England. Upon another occasion Alexander having [illegible]d that certain lawsuits, which promised to disturb the *entente le* between the two kingdoms, should be referred to an

arbitration, according to the laws and customs of the Marches, Edward readily assented. Indeed, throughout the correspondence that passed at this time betwixt Edinburgh and London, whether petition for loans on one side or the feudal claims of supremacy from the openly ignored but tacitly admitted over-lord on the other, there never appears to have been a hitch or the semblance of antagonism.

The death of the Scottish king and the consequences that would ensue from such demise were not lost upon so astute a monarch as King Edward. The crown of Scotland had now devolved upon an infant, and that infant a female ; for, as with England so then with Scotland, the distinction of sex was no obstacle to the possession of the throne. The child princess was now Margaret, Queen of Scotland, with as full claim and right to the sway of the sceptre as had ever been demanded by her predecessors. Why, then, should he not avail himself of his opportunity? was the one great thought which inspired the English king as he cast his eager gaze upon the vacant throne across the Tweed. Edward had a son, called after his own name, who in the ordinary course of nature would succeed him, and transmit it was hoped to another generation the proud Plantagenet line. Did it not, therefore, seem pointed out by the hand of heaven that a union of the two realms should be effected through the marriage of his eldest son, the Prince of Wales—that wild country which had been so recently conquered—with this young Queen of Scotland? Across the border the same idea had curiously enough been entertained by the Scottish Guardians, who, in the absence of the child sovereign then in Norway, were entrusted with the regency of the kingdom. We learn from documents now made public and still preserved among our archives that, a few days after the death of Alexander, the bishops of St. Andrews and Glasgow, "in their own name and in the name of the clergy, of the earls and barons, and of all others of the realm of Scotland who had been present at the burial of the Lord Alexander of good memory, the late King of Scotland," had sent from Dunfermline John St. Germain, prior of the Dominicans at Perth, in company with another friar, one Brother Arnald, to the English court, entrusted with the delivery of a very important message. What the nature of this important message was the papers before us do not reveal, but, taken in connection with what subsequently occurred, there is no rashness in assuming that it related to the settlement of the Scottish succession. This much, however, is beyond dispute—so confident [illegible] to the result of his negotiations with the

that he embarked for France shortly afterwards, and spent more than three years upon the Continent.[1]

At the same time, as so often happens when a regency assume the sway of affairs owing to the absence or minority of the sovereign, a division of opinion upon the question of the succession burst forth north of the Tweed. The claims of Robert Bruce were now advanced by his partisans. This rival was the son of Isabel, the second daughter of David, Earl of Huntingdon, brother of that William, King of Scotland, who had been taken prisoner by Henry the Second of England, and already he had a large following among the more powerful of the Scottish nobles and clergy. A meeting of these was now summoned at Turnberry Castle in order to arrive at some definite line of action. There, in the courtyard of the castle, assembled Patrick, Earl of Dunbar, with his three sons, the Earl of Mar with his two sons, Robert Bruce, Lord of Anandale, Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick, James Stewart, Malcolm of Lennox, and others. A bond of mutual defence was drawn up, which pledged each member of the confederacy to act in accordance with the verdict of the majority—in other words, to support the pretensions of Robert Bruce. Should any one give his word to this course of action and then withdraw from it, he was to lay himself open to attack, and to the spoilation of all his goods. No mention was made of the name or title of the Maid of Norway, though it was assumed on that occasion that the throne of Scotland would be occupied by one of the royal blood, who should obtain it "Secundum antiquas consuetudines hactenus in regno Scotiæ approbatas et usitatas"—according to the ancient customs hitherto approved and observed in the realm of Scotland.[2]

Either the proceedings of this confederacy never came to the knowledge of Edward, or, if they did, he calmly ignored them. He was "over-lord" of Scotland, and not to be deterred from his purpose by any opposition, whether slight or rancorous. From the documents before us it is evident that he was still occupying himself with all the necessary preliminaries for the betrothal of his son with the little Queen of Scotland. Two messengers—Otho de Grandison, a gallant knight, and William de Hothuln, a Dominican friar—had been despatched by him to Rome to communicate certain weighty information, and to solicit from Pope Nicholas the favour of

[1] March 29, 1286. Documents illustrative of the History of Scotland. Selected by the Rev. J. Stevenson. Two volumes. The Scotch documents preserved in the Record Office (Exchequer and Treasury of the Receipt) are among the most interesting of the national archives.

[2] September 20, 1286. *Ibid.*

a bull of dispensation for the union of Prince Edward with Margaret, the heiress of Scotland, since the young couple, being cousins, were within the prohibited degrees. This request was granted, and a bull, permitting in general terms a contract of marriage, was issued from the Papal chancery. Of this bull, three original copies are preserved among our archives in the Record Office ; to each is appended a leaden seal by a cord of yellow and crimson silk. The words of the document are brief. The Pope expresses himself as most desirous of settling the feuds and animosities which had so long existed between the two kingdoms, and, therefore, any step which had for its object to link the two countries together was to be encouraged, and met with with his full approval. He was of opinion that the marriage of Prince Edward of England with Margaret, Queen of Scotland, would lead to so desirable a consummation ; but as the two who were now anxious to become one flesh were within the forbidden degrees of affinity, their union could not be blessed by Mother Church without Papal sanction. That permission His Holiness was now graciously pleased to accord, since it would conduce to the suppression of past jealousies, and to the alliance of the two realms under one crown. "Let no one, therefore," warned Nicholas, "infringe the clauses of this dispensation, or seek to hinder them. Should any, after this admonition, dare to thwart our will, let him know that he shall incur the anger of Almighty God, and of His blessed apostles, Peter and Paul." [1]

The next move in the negotiations was made by the father of the future bride. Eric of Norway was no opponent to the scheme. He had been beholden to the King of England for various favours—one of which, as I see from a little bill before me, was for a loan of £1,333 6*s.* 8*d.*—and accordingly, with the diplomacy of the suppliant, had no intention of gainsaying the wishes of his royal patron. On the contrary, he furthered them to the best of his ability. He despatched three of his most trusted agents to France, where Edward still lingered, to discuss the terms of the marriage and to give his consent to the bestowal of the hand of his daughter.[2]

These preliminaries arranged, nothing now remained but to obtain the consent and approbation of the nobles of the three realms of England, Scotland, and Norway to such details as should be considered necessary for the happiness of the engaging parties and the welfare of the united kingdom. A meeting was held at Salisbury by the English, Scotch, and Norwegian representatives to draw up the clauses of the marriage settlement and to deliberate upon the terms

[1] November 16, 1289. *Ibid.* [2] September 17, 1289. *Ibid.*

on which the union was to be entered into. The result of the conference was as follows:—The young Queen was to quit Norway a perfectly free agent, and to arrive in England or Scotland under no obligations whatever as to marriage. Should her proposed union meet with the approval of the Guardians of Scotland, then, but not till then, was the betrothal to take place. Before her Majesty passed through England into Scotland it should be the duty of King Edward to see that the latter kingdom was free from all tumult and disturbance, so that the Queen on coming into her realm could live there in all security as "verreye dame e royne e heritere." If among the Guardians of Scotland there should be found any calculated to work her mischief or to do her cause hurt, the same were to be removed and others substituted, the selection being made by the united powers of England, Scotland, and Norway. In case of any disagreement between these three countries, the voice of England was to be paramount, and from her casting vote there was to be no appeal. As to all such decisions the King of Norway was, however, to be fully informed. Such was the nature of the convention known in history as the Treaty of Salisbury.[1] A few weeks after the framing of its clauses they were confirmed by a Parliament held at Brigham. In the summer of the same year a council assembled at Northampton, where Edward again ratified the treaty, and pledged his royal word that if Queen Margaret became the wife of his son, the Prince of Wales, the independence of Scotland should in no wise be tampered with.[2]

The young Queen was now to be shown that, whatever might be the upshot of these negotiations, neither England, nor her husband who wished to be, was indifferent to her infantine charms. Presents of a valuable character were entrusted by Prince Edward to the hands of one Walter de Langton for the use of Margaret when she should be domiciled in Scotland. The list is before me, and from its catalogue the following may be specified. First, there was a silver-gilt pitcher, with the arms of England and Castile chased on the outside, and which had been, in the first instance, given to King Edward by the Bishop of London. Then the Archbishop of Canterbury sent a couple of gold shell-shaped cups; whilst his brother of York was content to present only one, but with the arms of France and Navarre cut on an enamelled shield. The abbey of Reading gave also a silver-gilt cup, for there seems to have been in those days the same lack of originality in the bestowal of wedding gifts as exists in the present. From the Bishop of Ely came a two-handled gold vase with a cover on an enamelled stand, with the arms of France chased

[1] November 6, 1289. *Ibid.* [2] July 18, 1290. *Ibid.*

on the outside. The abbey of St. Augustine sent also a small gold vase with a lid of exquisite workmanship. Various other presents of plate—chiefly gold cups and silver basins—at the same time were despatched north, to be housed in the Edinburgh regalia until they were required for the use of the child sovereign. The arrival of these treasures only increased the desire and curiosity of her future subjects to see the little Maid of Norway and do her homage. It was not yet decided by the English council whether Margaret was to land at Edinburgh or to proceed further south and enter the Thames. One part of the programme had, however, been definitely settled. The heiress of the Scottish crown was to quit Bergen as soon as the necessary means of transit were provided, and then subsequent events were to determine as to the establishment of her residence. Upon King Edward now devolved all the arrangements for the passage from Norway. An embassy, consisting of the Abbot of Welbec, Henry de Rye, and others, was despatched to the Scandinavian realm to settle the preliminaries for the departure of Margaret. It was expected that the King of Norway would accompany his daughter, and thus every thought which care and consideration could inspire was taken that during the voyage the royal party should be in the enjoyment of every comfort. With this object Edward caused a large ship to be arrested at Great Yarmouth—the roads of Yarmouth were in the Middle Ages the favourite haven around our coasts for vessels of heavy tonnage—the fitting up and victualling of which he entrusted to one Matthew de Columbariis, the chief butler of his household, who has kept a curious statement as to his expenditure on this occasion. Let us examine a few of its items. The original account is among the treasures of the Record Office; it consists of a single membrane fairly written, with the marginal remarks of the surveyor of Yarmouth, and is slightly stained with damp[1].

The supplies were provided with a liberal hand. Neither the royal party nor the crew were as yet under the influence of the temperance movement, for among the entries we notice thirty-one hogsheads and one pipe of wine, in addition to ten barrels of beer. It was in the days of heavy feeding, when indigestion appears to have been one of the frailties of the flesh then unknown. For there, stored in the hold of the Yarmouth barque during this brief voyage—it had at last been decided that Edinburgh was to be the destination—were fifteen carcases of salted oxen, seventy-two hams, four hundred dried fish, two hundred stock-fish (at that time we drove a roaring trade with Iceland in stock-fish), one barrel of sturgeon, five dozen of

[1] September, 1290. *Ibid.*

lampreys so beloved by our Henry, who never smiled again after the shipwreck of his son, though he was able to enjoy, not wisely but too well, his dinner, and fifty pounds of a fish entered as "whale." To give a zest to this Gargantuan *menu* there were the necessary condiments of twenty-two gallons of mustard, with salt, pepper, vinegar, and onions, and garlic in proportion. Nor did the attentive Matthew de Columbariis forget that there was a young lady on board, to whom "sweets" would be more attractive than the stronger diet supplied to the sterner sex. If it were to pander to the delicate palate of Margaret that we come across in this account the liberal entries of the pounds of gingerbread, the jars of figs, the masses of raisins, the loaves of sugar, the ginger, citron and mace, not to speak of the trifling dessert of five thousand walnuts, her Majesty had certainly little cause for complaint. We have made no mention as to the cheese, gruel, beans and peas, tallow candles, wax, and plate and linen provided on this occasion. Enough has been said to show that, during a month's voyage, the commissariat supplied on that occasion would not have broken down. The vessel was gaily painted, and banners and pennants bearing the English arms fluttered at the mast-heads.

It is sad to have to relate that after all the care and anxiety that had been lavished upon these preparations and negotiations they were to come to nought. Was it not Lord Beaconsfield who said "the unforeseen is sure to occur to upset our calculations, and mar all the plans that prescience can suggest"? The proverb "Man proposes, but God disposes" is scrawled over almost every page of history. We draw up our careful treaties with all the subtlety of diplomacy so as to make alliance doubly sure, we plot our little combinations to cause rival dynasties to coalesce, we enter upon great wars to strengthen national stability, we plan, and scheme, and quarrel—then, when we fondly hope that our aim is to be attained, some complication occurs which we never expected, some consummation for which we had never anticipated and therefore had never provided is sprung upon us, and lo and behold! all our trickery and forethought have been expended in vain. We have proposed, but have been disposed of. To this list of schemes that have fallen through, history has to add the meditated marriage of the Maid of Norway. At the appointed date the vessel sailed from Yarmouth to fetch the young Queen from her Norwegian home, with its elaborate provisions and crew of forty hands. She reached Bergen in safety, the royal party were taken on board, her bows were turned south, and in due time it was known that the arrival of

Margaret might daily be expected in Scotland. But it was ordained otherwise. "The child," writes Mr. Stevenson in the careful and scholarly preface to his work, "on whose frail life were centred so many hopes, was not permitted to see them realised. It would appear that she died just before reaching the Orkney Islands (possibly in a bay in South Ronaldsha), leaving her hereditary kingdom, in which her personal claims were scarcely recognised, to all the dangers and miseries of a disputed succession."

ALEX. CHARLES EWALD.

THE SENCHUS MOR:

ANCIENT IRISH LAWS AND CUSTOMS.

Heirs to all the ages.—*Tennyson.*

THAT "the child is father of the man" is as true of nations as it is of the individual life; therefore as a help to divining what the future of the Irish race may be, and what the Irish really are in the present, a glance into their historic past is invaluable. Any doubter of the saying, that the laws of a nation act formatively on the conscience of that nation, would be converted to belief on comparing Irish popular feeling of to-day with the Senchus Mor; and any disbeliever in Mr. Galton's theories would, after making this comparison, be inclined to outstep that patient investigator in his faith in heredity. The descendants of those who lived under Brehon Law adopt methods, all unconsciously, in conformity with the practice of ancestors whose laws and customs were codified 1500 years ago. The author of Heredity says that progenitors farther off than great-grand-parents are hardly ever represented in their descendants by transmitted traits of character or feature; but the Senchus Mor tells a different story. The earliest records show that society was based on the tribal system, and something that, for want of a better word, may be described as the clan-feeling is strong in Ireland to this day. One of the myths handed down to do duty for history represents a niece of Noah and a near descendant of Japhet as among the first colonists of the Emerald Isle; while to this day it is the amiable weakness of every Irishman (and perhaps still more of every Irishwoman) of any pretension whatever, to claim descent from one or other of the Milesian kings. Hospitality to strangers was by law obligatory in ancient Ireland, and, if ever there were a law moulding the character of a nation, then was it this one of the old Brehons touching hospitality. In this year of grace one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven, the peasants in Ireland delight in verses, and buy them largely whether as "ha'p'ny ballads," cheap "song-books," or in dearer forms. At the beginning of the Christian era, when Conchobhar

MacNessa was monarch of all Ireland, the judicature belonged to poets alone ; and the *chief* Brehon in earlier times was also a poet. Epoch-making judgments were handed down in metrical form, perhaps from the time of Amergin Glungel, the first poet-judge, and contemporary of Moses. There is a sentence in the Senchus limiting the king's power in a very characteristic way. It runs : "For the king excels all in testimony, for he can, by his sole word, decide against every person except those of *the orders of learning and religion, who are of equal rank with himself.*" In Erse the word "ards" stands for nobles, and "ards" also stands for the learned. The Senchus Mor is full of evidence of the development of the ancient Irish mind on the nobler side. Christianity was accepted with enthusiasm from the first preaching by St. Patrick. The pagan Irish martyred none of the missionaries or neophytes. Profane learning receives to this day due honour from the Irish race, and it has been well said that the emigrant Kelt is even now the New World's missionary. Imagination, which enters largely into the records of the primitive epoch of every race—its "dusk of the gods"—irradiates all the ancient Irish writings. It is, moreover, imagination of a peculiar sort, and like nothing so much as that displayed in peasant-talk of to-day and in the ballads much applauded at fairs. Those same fairs seem to be important on some principle of heredity ; for it was established by custom, if not by law, that *each king attending a fair* wore his "royal robe," as may be seen in the description of Cormac, one of the kings most sung by the ancient Irish chroniclers. Cormac, of the "golden, slightly curled hair," is very like some darling of the people whose glories, when recited by some wandering minstrel much out at elbows, stir the hearts of the dwellers in one of the miserable slums of Dublin, or the less wretched populations of the poor—and increasingly poor—country towns. It reads : "He stood in the full glow of beauty, without defect or blemish. You would think it was a shower of pearls that were set in his teeth. His lips were rubies. His shapely body was as white as snow. His cheek was like the mountain-ash berry. His eyes were like the sloe. His brows and eyelashes were like the sheen of a blue-black lance."

The italicised words in the following are exactly what an Irish peasant would now say of some hero, or bard :—

> The poets of Fail here look upon
> The Senchus as the work of Fergus ;
> But if it be viewed as regards the chief of the work,
> *Dubhthach was above all the men.*

This is the Dubhthach who, with St. Patrick and seven others,

"were the nine pillars of the Senchus Mor," and who, helped by Fergus the poet, took what the older poet-judges, "their predecessors, had sung," and "*put a thread of poetry round it for Patrick.*"

The Irish of old got through a good deal of quarrelling, and seemed to like it. In "these degenerate days," not brute force but more Parliamentary methods would obtain, in place of ancient ways, if the sister island managed her own affairs. Those who hold that plenty of opposition is the secret of success in Parliamentary government will not refuse Ireland Home Rule to-day because of the pugnacity of the descendants of a warlike race. A curious inherited remnant of a custom seems to underlie the following proceeding, which occurred in Munster about two years ago. Two sisters, who were in business, had a habit of putting off the payment of debts as long as possible. A tradeswoman in their town was their creditor for a considerable sum. The plan she pursued was to hire a deputy "to fast upon" her debtors. As their business would have suffered by a scandal, the sisters bought off the "faster" by the speedy liquidation of their debt. The following account, taken mainly from the learned introduction to the fourth volume of the Senchus Mor, shows the widowed shopkeeper to have acted, not, as she imagined, on a clever and original plan, but on an hereditary memory.

The "Athgabail," or Law of Distress, seems to have been the universal remedy by which rights were vindicated and wrongs redressed. Under it, the plaintiff or creditor, having first given the proper notice, proceeded, in the case of a defendant or debtor not of chieftain grade, to distrain. If, however, the defendant or debtor were a person of chieftain grade, it was necessary not only to give notice, but also "*to fast upon him.*" This fasting upon him consisted in going to his residence, and waiting there for a certain time without food.

The "Athgabail" is so curious throughout that we are inclined to extend our quotation: If the plaintiff did not within a certain time receive satisfaction for his claim, or a pledge therefor, he forthwith, accompanied by a law agent, witnesses and others, seized his distress. The distress when received was in certain cases liable to a "stay" ("anadh"), which was a period varying according to fixed rules, during which the debtor received back the distress, and retained it in his own keeping, the creditor having a lien upon it. This was a "distress with time," but in other cases an "immediate distress" was made, the peculiarity of which was that, during the fixed period of the ..., the distress was never allowed to remain in the debtor's possession, but in that of the creditor, or in one of the recognised greens

or pounds. If the debt was not paid by the end of the stay, the creditor took the distress away, and put it into one of the pounds. He then notified this fact to the debtor. The delay in pound (dithim) was fixed according to the nature of the cattle distrained upon. Feeding and tending expenses ran against the distress. At the end of the delay in pound the forfeiting time began to run, during which the distress became forfeited at the rate of three "seds" (cows) a day until entirely forfeited. The entire value of the distress might exactly equal the debt, in which case the latter was considered liquidated. If the forfeited distress did not equal the debt, then a second distress was taken; or if it exceeded the distress, the overplus was returned. The creditor and his law agent managed these proceedings with the aid of the witnesses of the several steps, and other necessary parties. The debtor might, instead of letting his cattle go, give his creditor an article of value, or a hostage in the person of his own son, in pledge that he would within a given time try the right to the distress by law. If the creditor were unfaithful, the pledge became forfeit for the original debt. At any time after the end of the "dithim" the debtor could recover his cattle by paying his debt and such expenses as had been incurred; later than the "delay in pound," he could only redeem such as were still unforfeited.

Many variations occur, but such is the general outline of the ordinary law of distress, as shown forth in the Senchus Mor. Sean, son of Aighe, passed the first judgment regarding distress. He lived about 100 B.C. Sir Henry Maine has pointed out the curious analogy—almost amounting to identity—between ancient Irish and Hindoo law on this point.

The learned will object to our statements as to a far-reaching heredity in things Irish, alleging that Brehon law reigned for 1500 years—and, consequently, only ceased to operate comparatively recently—only the district known as the Pale, and certain towns of the seaboard, being in any degree under English law, until in Elizabeth's time the power of the chieftains was broken and the ancient laws abrogated. All this is true, so far as it goes. But how will these learned objectors account, except on the principle of a truly *secular* heredity, for the fighting proclivities of Irishwomen? Till "The Judgment of Brigh" (697, or thereabouts) women were subject to military duty, fighting in the ranks on exactly the same terms as men. Connected with Adamnan's journey through Ireland at that time, the "annals" record a great event which they dismiss with enigmatical brevity: *Dedit legem innocentium populis.* T[illegible]de nothing less than a great social reformation, which

was received enthusiastically by the whole people; and the law for exempting women from fighting was called by Adamnan's name.

In the "Laebhar Breac" there is the following "Vision of Adamnan," which would be precious if only for its redolence of the soil: "Adamnan happening to be travelling one day through the plain of Bregia, *with his mother on his back*, when they saw two armies in conflict. Then Ronait, mother of Adamnan, observed a woman with a reaping hook in her hand, dragging another woman out of the opposite battalion with the hook fastened in her—for men and women went equally to battle at that time. After this, Ronait sat down, and said: 'Thou shalt not take me from this spot till thou exemptest women for ever from being in this condition, and from excursions and hostings.' Adamnan then promised that thing," taking advantage of a great religious revival to ameliorate the condition of Keltic womanhood. Whoever denies the remarkable fighting proclivities of Irishwomen proves himself thereby ignorant of the life of the Irish of our great cities. And yet the *compulsory* fighting of Irishwomen came to an end 1200 years ago! Since then women have only fought *for pleasure*! Was it not O'Connell who overheard this appeal: "Lave go aff me hair, Molly, an' I'll foight tull I doie!"

"There isn't a man in Meath wouldn't carry her round Ireland on his back!" exclaimed an enthusiastic gamekeeper, some years ago, when asked if the people "really liked the Empress of Austria," then in Ireland for a few weeks' hunting; and he had no idea he was using a 1200-year-old locution. And "wouldn't I carry ye, darlint, home on me back, if I could!" was said only last Saturday by a Cork peasant to the present writer, who hesitated to accept the offer of a lift in a trap.

Are these trifles too light to point a moral with? nay, a golden pen has traced the query—

> Shall the mere curl of eyelashes remain,
> And god-enshrining symbols leave no trace
> Of tremors reverent?

Truly, every Irish soul is

> Doom-gifted with long resonant consciousness,
> And perilous heightening of the sentient soul;

and must often muse, with Fedalma—

> Perhaps I lived before
> In some strange world where first my soul was shaped,
> And all this passionate love, and joy, and pain,
> That come I know not whence and sway my deeds,
> Are old imperious memories, blind, yet strong,
> That this world stirs within me.

In the preface to the second volume of the Senchus, the learned editor says: "The opinions hitherto entertained and generally promulgated of the ancient laws of Ireland have been chiefly derived from interested persons who felt bound to advocate the introduction of English law. In the controversies on this subject, the defects of the Irish laws were mainly noticed, while the great principles recognised therein were entirely overlooked. But if we are to judge of the Irish laws on the whole, and see how far they were adapted to attain that which jurists assert to be the object of all law—viz., not merely to settle disputes as they arise, but to infuse into the hearts of the people a love of justice—we shall find that the great lawyer who was most influential in the final overthrow of the Irish laws, and who has freely criticised their provisions, has himself furnished the strongest testimony to the extensive and beneficial effect of the ancient laws and judicial system of Ireland upon the character of the Irish race, in those remarkable words with which he concludes his 'Discovery of the true Causes why Ireland was never entirely Subdued and brought under Obedience by the Crown of England, until the beginning of His Majesty's (James I.) happy Reign.' 'There is,' says Sir John Davis, 'no nation under the sun that doth love equal and indifferent justice better than the Irish, or will rest better satisfied with the execution thereof, although it be against themselves, so as they may have the protection and benefit of the law, when upon just cause they do desire it.'" The Senchus Mor was in force over the whole of Ireland from St. Patrick's time till the end of the eighth century—a period marked by a wonderful growth of civilisation and learning. Ireland gained at this period the name of "The Isle of Saints." She sent zealous missionaries forth to evangelise Central Europe, and learned men to civilise all parts of the continent. Irish monastic schools produced, among others, Virgilius, Bishop of Salzburg, and Johannes Scotus. Irish centres of learning were much frequented by foreign ecclesiastics, because of the peace and security enjoyed there where Brehon law was enforced, and also for the sake of the teaching they afforded, and their wonderful libraries.

Ancient Irish law may be said to be the mould out of which has come the spirit of that race, which in the present time is nearly as numerous in Great Britain as in Erin, and which numbers its millions in America and Australia. The Irishman is generally unconscious of it, but the old ways, in great things and in small, seem literally bred in his bone. The upstart English politician dismisses Irish discontent as "pigheadedness," "sheer cussedness," or the like; and asks, "Have we not given the Irish English institutions? Don't

we treat them as we treat Hodge?" But if even this were accurately true, is it not, still, the fable of "The Fox and the Stork"? The reasoning mind sees in fox and in stork inherited peculiarities which fit each for certain conditions of existence, and unfit each for certain other conditions. Walpole's "Kingdom of Ireland," the work of an enlightened Englishman, and, it is said, a Conservative in politics, is a book which it should be made compulsory to read by all those thousands who, to-day, are chattering more or less ignorantly upon the Irish Question. Mr. Walpole gives a clear and accurate account both of ancient land tenure in Ireland, and of the feudal system by which it was sought to drive the old ways out. He considers feudal tenure to have been the parent of the "Land Question," Ireland's bane for 700 years! Its root idea was that all the soil belonged to the king, and could be granted by him to his followers, on condition that they and their retainers rendered him service in the field at his good will and pleasure. Soon grants became, with their obligations, hereditary, and passed to the heirs of grantees without the consent of the tenants, who, by the process of subinfeudation, were bound to the lord by the grantee, just as he was bound to the king. The feudal system could not be applied to Ireland without revolutionising society, because the tribal system was firmly established there. Mr. Walpole says, "Its application was in the eyes of the Irish nothing but a high-handed invasion of the rights of property, and an act of shameful injustice." Under the feudal system the land was inalienable; it reverted to the king on the failure of heirs to the grantee or his successors, and also if he became attainted for treason. (Of this latter provision the Crown availed itself in regard to millions of acres in Ireland from first to last.) In time the whole island came to be parcelled out, nominally at least, in enormous grants, among a few individuals. Under the native system, on the other hand, the common land of the tribe was enjoyed by all the tribesmen, partly for grazing and partly for tillage. Heads of households had their portions allotted to them. The right of user was based on sub-membership only, and the ownership vested in the tribe. The male members of the "*stirps*" were considered as partners in the specifically appropriated land. The law of primogeniture was unknown. On the death of a father, his sons, who were householders under the Irish custom of gavelkind, took each a share of his holding. They had been his partners during his life, and his property survived to them as co-owners. Under the *Geilfine* system, the original acquirer of the land, as each son grew up, planted him out, as it were, on his share of the paternal acres. (The man who lately set up his son of twenty and his new daughter-in-law in the "*foine* pigstye" his English landlord's agent had just built

for him—reinstating the pig in the family living-room—was certainly actuated by an hereditary instinct !) This planting-out was done successively to four sons, the fifth—the favoured one—remained with his father, and inherited the original home. By which two things are evident: first, that it is no modern characteristic of the Irish race to have large families ; and, second, that when in Munster they talk to-day of a favourite child as "the fair-haired boy," and in Leinster of "the white-headed boy," the peasants allude—generally without knowing it—to the *geilfine* system, *geil* being fair or white, and *fine*, a family. (The name of *geilfine* originally applied to the group of five families, however, not to the fifth son, taken separately.)

Each of the five in the group planted out other five, until from each of the first five there were seventeen offshoots, when the process ceased, and no further subdivision was made. When a group became extinct, the lands were taken by the other groups of the family. And nowadays, the Irish peasant looks "within" and sees these things "mirrored there." The result is an impulse which works against the system by law established, which runs counter to all his inherited instincts. There is a narrow view dignified by the name "commonsense," which would legislate for the present as if there never had been a past. Its advocates tender such advice to Irish malcontents as follows: "Take things as they are : Never look back : Thrive under a system under which others thrive : Believe in the newly-awakened conscience of England : Say where the shoe pinches, and all will be set right." Could anything well be more unscientific than this so-called commonsense? Are not men the sheer product of the past? Ignoring it, they yet daily reproduce it. It is a healthy discontent that nerves the round man to struggle out of the square hole. Must not a shoe ever pinch where sandals, not shoes, are the want? It is said that the early rays of a rising truth are first caught in France ; they certainly often find their earliest *artistic* expression there. And what is the message of the French scientific novel but the doctrine of heredity? "Heritage, inevitable as birth ;" "A heart without a livery, naked manhood," exists not for the thoughtful. But, alas, the Politician is not thoughtful ! He calls on thought,

> On dexterous thought, with its swift alchemy
> To change all forms, *dissolve all prejudice*
> *Of man's long heritage*, and yield him up
> *A crude fused world* to fashion as he would.
> Thought played him double, ...
> . . . . but served anon
> As tribune to the larger soul which brought
> *Loud mingled cries fr*
> *That ages had inst*

AT BÖSIG.

HOW much of Europe is still unknown ground to English travellers! Even as in the days of Goethe and Schiller the region of Saxon Switzerland was utterly unknown to the then travelling public, and travelled Goethe seems never to have penetrated into the inner depths of that marvellous district; so now there are lovely scenes and wondrous localities that are unknown ground to the thousands of English tourists who but slowly break away from the round of travel of their fathers.

An exaggerated example of this treading in others' steps, and ignoring all ground that has not been well trodden, was that of the party of Americans met at Dresden. They had arrived in Europe at Brindisi; visited Naples, Rome, Florence, Milan; gone right away from Milan to Munich, and, as though shot from a mortar, from Munich to Dresden; but, arrived at Dresden, they heard of Prague, and they had not seen it. How to do it? Head waiter explained there was an early train; they could leave Dresden in early morning, and be back again in the evening and see Prague. The very thing! It was but 150 miles there, and they could easily travel 300 miles in the day, and see Prague, and *they did it*; one of their number, a lady, refusing the task, and preferring a calm day's run up to Schandau and back on the pleasant Elbe steamers.

To the town-loving tourist, who wants but to see what others have seen, these Americans were right. There is nothing between Dresden and Prague; but to the traveller who loves nature in her most fantastic and capricious moods, and to one who can linger with delight amidst mighty relics of a terrible, momentous past, these Americans rushed blindfold through one of the most deeply interesting districts of all Europe.

The line upon which they travelled skirts one of the most charming mountain districts of Bohemia, where art and history combine with nature to give pleasure to the traveller. Old ruins cap the peaked hills in profusion, but sometimes scarcely a pathway leads up to them, and no inn is found to prove that the ruins are visited.

On the line of railway that runs from Tannenberg to Bakof is a

little station called Niemes, and on the left-hand side of this station (travelling Prague-wards) rise the towers and walls of a great castle.

The high hill upon which it stands is some two miles distant from the railway station, but as this distance is over an open plain, and the tiny village that rests beneath the castle heights is plainly in sight, no care need be given to the fact that no vehicle is to be seen, and scarcely anyone is met from whom to ask the road.

Leaving the station on one sunny morning in early spring, we struck across the fields to the ruins, that grew in importance as we neared them. We soon reached the little village, and entered a small inn to make inquiries as to getting up to, and into the ruins.

Seated at a table near us were two foresters going into their accounts. A great stove was in the centre of the room, with seats all round it, so that the backs of the sitters leant against the stove. After waiting some time a woman appeared, but after again waiting a tremendous time she once more came in, and in confusion told us she had no beer nor even any bread, but if we went up the road to the castle we should find another Gasthaus, and there they would get the key of the castle for us.

After this remarkable experience of a German, or rather Austrian, inn with no beer, we went on through the hissing geese of the village; and found the other inn on the slope of the castle heights a cleaner, pleasanter place, where even a decent bottle of Hungarian wine was to be had, a small, stinking, hand cheese was produced, and some good bread and butter. We were the more astonished at this accommodation when we returned again to the inn after visiting the ruins.

The key of the castle was sent for, and a strange, fat, dirty old fellow came in, blowing and snorting, and taking snuff, as our own forefathers did, by the handful. Asking us, "*Komma Sie bei da Bohna?*" which we presumed meant, did we come by rail, he led the way with the keys up to the first arch and buttress, that had been the entrance to the castle walls.

This arch was of very rude early work; the place for the great bar, some eighteen inches to two feet wide, was still distinct; but on we went, our old porpoise puffing ahead of us, up to a second gateway. The path was skirting up one side of the hill, and traces of one wall that had enclosed it were still to be seen; but at this second gateway a great mass of slabs of basalt piled themselves up to about eighty feet on the right-hand hillside, and blocked all passage except through this second gateway, which was of better workmanship.

Beyond this the path went [illegible] which

we were puzzled how goods or cattle could have passed, and then terminated at a third gate of far greater proportions, and with much more finished work about it.

Inside this gate was an extremely picturesque view, that at once repaid us for our little pilgrimage, and here we sat down upon the wall to linger over it, and get some information from our strange forbidding old guide.

How had this rocky, rough, and treacherous pathway ever served for a main entrance to a building that must have housed hundreds of inhabitants? Before us lay the massive gateway, and just to our left a great round tower, nearly a hundred feet in height, and with walls of immense thickness, but with apparently no entrance to it. From this ran an embattled wall connecting the tower with a grey-pointed gabled ruin, above which soared a yet higher tower, that overlooked a great mass of ruins ending in the apse and little tower of the ruined chapel.

The view was so picturesque that for a time we sat unheeding the old man's words, but at last his pronunciation became clearer to our ears, and we began to take in his description.

The rough roadway up which we had come had formerly been covered with a wooden way, up which horses could easily pass; a wall had enclosed this roadway; thus, with the three defensive gateways, making this a difficult place to assault. The gateway within which we were sitting was perched upon a precipice of rock, and blocked all passage round the mountain, and was protected by one great tower that overhung its battlements.

The old man's eyes sparkled as he told us that this was the Hunger Tower, that devilish invention that most of these Bohemian castles seem to possess. Now, there was no entrance to it; formerly there had been wooden steps, it was thought, up to the top, or to an entrance that was some ten fathoms from the ground, but now there was no entrance. Down into this Hunger Tower had been thrown, to die and rot, all who may have offended the various owners of the castle, and bit by bit we gleaned that it had a most changeful history. This Hunger Tower *had never been opened*, and there yet lay within, the relics and remains of many a poor wretch who had disappeared from the world in the Middle Ages. The simple dread of the villagers still lends terror to this tower, and they call it the Devil's Tower, and tradition speaks of a mighty treasure that is lying in its awful depths.

The old man gave colour to this statement by saying that the [illegible]nks of the monastery connected with the castle had let their

jewels and treasure down into this walled pit to preserve them when the castle was being besieged.

"My grandfather," went on the old man, "bought the castle, the whole of it, for fifty florins, but Count Wallenstein would not let him keep it." How strangely the name of Wallenstein struck upon the ear, seated amidst these ruins, and facing a tower wherein lay hid secrets that would have lent additional gloom to the strange superstitious count who had once possessed this castle, and of whose descendant the old man was speaking!

"Yes," he went on, "my grandfather bought this castle—'twas his. And do you see that hole there?" pointing to an attempted excavation at the base of the Hunger Tower. "He began to get into that tower, but he was stopped; he gave it up. Why, the walls are fifteen feet through."

We could see that whoever had begun the hole had got into about three feet of solid work, and we thought what a strange sensation it would be to be present when this Hunger Tower was opened. What relics of history would be brought out into the daylight! for these Hunger Towers were used with awful frequency in the good old days. The horrors of them may be imagined, and in the Prague Museum or Rudolphinum an artist has painfully depicted the tortured wretches dying of wounds, madness, and starvation.

But we were sitting out in the bright sunshine, our thoughts only buried in the blackness of that once living tomb.

We discovered afterwards that our old guide's story was partly true; but it was not the castle but the woodwork and all he could carry away his grandfather had bought for fifty florins, in the year 1785, when Joseph II. commanded the removal of the monastery then established there. The mischief of this petty sale can hardly be estimated, for of course the purchaser went to work to obtain all he could.

His grandson took a huge pinch of snuff as he found we were lingering too long in one spot, and led us on up past the little stations now used as a pilgrimage, round into the interior of the convent-castle.

Here we found ourselves in a courtyard that had been rudely plastered, and at one end of which was the place for an altar, and crude frescoes we could see had once covered the walls. Recesses in the walls were the confessionals, we were told, for still annually a great pilgrimage was held in this courtyard. Fourteen hundred people confess, even to this day, in these ruins, beneath these worn pictures that depict scenes from the life of St. Benedict.

On the Feast of the Virgin, the great day of the pilgrimage, a local chronicler says, "these old ruins swarm with people, and the silent walls resound with the songs of pious pilgrims who come here to offer sacrifice to the Creator. At such times of pilgrimage the scene here is very lively. There is eating and drinking, pictures and songs, the coming and going, the Bohemian and German songs alternately ringing forth, the meeting of old friends, and the glorious landscape around gives to the pilgrimage to Bösig a peculiar charm that makes one long for its renewal."

But now the courtyard was silent and empty, and we clambered on over the ruins into the kitchens of the castle. Here was a great rounded chimney built of rough stone, and all the arches were formed without keystones and of unworked stones. Near here was a dungeon with a rough hole worked through a large stone, through which food was passed to the prisoners.

Opposite this was the great Rittersaal, and here a very tiny bit of the wooden roofing had escaped the ravages of time and destroyers. The roof was formed in two bays with plain bosses, and at one end was a great round fireplace ; but all trace of decoration was gone, and we did not linger long in this part of the castle, but retraced our steps back to the cloisters and the chapel.

The cloisters have been nearly wholly destroyed, but two octagonal pillars are left, and these have a good moulding at the base.

The interior of the little chapel was remarkably picturesque ; the windows were of the Early Decorated order, and much of the work was left, by which one could judge of the beauty of the little building when still undestroyed. A good sedilia was still left, and the steps leading up to the clerestory could yet be mounted, and the narrow passage round the church was yet practicable. The capitols to the pillars were well carved, introducing the bay and ivy leaf and the trefoil. A slight appearance of the Flamboyant was noticeable in the curves of some of the mouldings. The bosses and corbels could be well examined in the clerestory, and the work was good and artistic ; and here also were thickly scattered the bullets still embedded in the walls from the siege which took place in the Seven Years' War. The view from these clerestory windows was very remarkable and charming, perched as they are on a precipice some hundreds of feet above the valley.

It was impossible to get any dates out of our old guide, so we left this point, hoping to obtain some positive facts upon the castle in some work upon the subject. One fact he persisted in, that the two great towers were built in the eighth century.

Down in the chapel, beneath one of the northern windows, on either side were two recesses. The one to the east had been opened, and an upright skeleton found within without coffin or shroud; so that probably we were standing in front of the scene of one of those awful tragedies, when living men were slowly walled up in a living tomb.

We left the little chapel regretfully, for it seemed to speak volumes of the ages that had gone—of wars and ambition, and cruel hate and intrigue—of love and religion, and of all the exciting, tumultuous life when Church aimed at power with crushing and relentless deeds. We wandered and scrambled on through many a room, where abbot and knight had dwelt, where great chimneys spoke of blazing hearths and jovial fare; or through dank dungeons with the slimy rock forcing its way up through the building, on which had lain the manacled prisoners whilst their hearty hosts feasted and caroused above.

Our old guide pointed out in one of these rooms a great chimney, into which, in the year 1866, he had crowded all his goods and chattels. All around the castle, in the plain beneath, lay encamped some 18,000 Prussians, and the villagers expected a great battle would take place near their little township, but they were saved from this misery. The Prussians marched away towards the Giant Mountains, and the battle took place at Königgrätz, not very far distant.

We had seen glimpses of the view to be had from the various points of the castle walls, but to obtain a commanding sweep of the whole panorama we prepared to mount the steps of the great central tower.

We found here we were the first visitors of the season, and we went in over the bodies of millions of flies who had sought this last refuge from the winter's snows. The interior of the tower has lately been restored, and a good stairway leads about half-way up the tower into a charming hall, called a Ritterhalle, a vaulted gothic chamber with three gothic windows, from which is seen a wonderful prospect. The arms that decorate the chamber are those of Count Wallenstein-Wartenberg, the present owner of the castle.

But we did not rest here, but mounted again the further steps up to the summit of the tower; and as we stepped out on to the flat roof, and looked out over the embattlements, a view stretched out around us most beautiful and marvellous in its magnificence.

Great tra[illegible] lay like dark patches upon a mighty plain, th[illegible] orchards and meadow-land

and brown earth. Mountains innumerable sprang up all around, and far away, on one hand, the distance was blocked by the white snow-capped heights of the Riesengebirge.

A little more to the north, beyond a level, varied plain, rose the peaked height of the Roll, capped by another old robber-knight's stronghold; and these two castles of Bösig and Roll could command the district for a hundred miles. But Bösig was generally a royal castle, whilst the Roll towers were in the hands of the Wartenberg family. But these two powerful castles stood not alone, for from where we were standing many another ruined-capped height was visible, and the castle-satiated Rhine tourist will perhaps wonder at the statement that about twenty ruined towers and castles can be seen from this commanding height of Bösig; all highly interesting, but as yet little visited by English travellers.

"Thousands of people come here," said our guide, "but no English," as we stood in wonderment at the view around us, and asked if he did not get many English there.

Away to the south with a good glass Prague may be seen; to the south-east the Moravian mountains; to the north the Schneeberg, near Tetschen, and the Lausche, which is not far from Zittau, in Saxony; and to the west in the far dim distance the heights of the Erzgebirge, whilst the Riesengebirge are seen to the eastward.

A reference to a map will show the wide tract of country embraced in this prospect, and give some faint idea of its glory and beauty. Immediately beneath us, to the west, lay a tract of forest, and beyond this shone in the sunlight the only water which lit the scene, and this we found was artificial, being the two great lakes that were formed for fishponds by Karl IV., about the year 1366, whilst he was living at Bösig. We noted well the position of these two lakes, lying beyond the dark tract of fir forest, that stretched away for some miles from beneath the castle to their shining waters. The opposite hill of the Neuberg, a lower height than Bösig, somewhat blocked the near view in this direction. This hill has traces of fortifications upon it, but now they are very slight.

We stayed leaning over the battlements of this mighty tower, unwilling to leave the eye-feast spread out before us. Beneath us now was the great Hunger Tower, and we could look down upon the platform that ran round within its embattlements, upon which the "shooters" could walk, and also see the central hole down which went the living into hellish tomb.

From this vantage height we could gain a full idea of the power and greatness of this castle in its days of glory, when emperors held

their court here; and we could map out winter and summer refectory—cloister and abbot's dwellings of the time when the Church held sway within these walls.

And all around the castle hill were the low lines of trenches thrown up by the Swedes under Gustavus Adolphus, or rather some ten years after his death, for at the time of the fight of Lützen, Bösig was in the possession of the Swede's great enemy, Wallenstein.

How often may this weird man have mounted the steps to this tower, and here alone, almost as it were amidst the stars, fretted and chafed his ambitious soul. Far beneath him, some eight hundred feet below, in the night, would twinkle the few lights of the little village, or the camp fires that were always then burning in Bohemia; but up here he would be alone with his plotting, restless thoughts.

He came into possession of this castle in the year 1624. It was then in an utterly ruined condition, but he commenced to restore it, and established an Augustinian monastery here; as a thankoffering for the victory over Mansfeld at Dessau an altar to St. Mark.

But in 1633, to fulfil a vow made at the battle of Lützen, he commenced to establish an abbey of the Benedictines upon an extensive scale within these walls.

The monastery was to have been the dwelling-place of thirty monks, twenty priests, ten professors to instruct the novices and aspirants to priestly office, twelve choristers, and twenty recluses—twelve to reside in Bösig and twelve on the near hill of Neuberg. The count had set apart the sum of 200,000 florins for the building of this monastery, but his assassination at Eger ended this scheme to conquer heaven, and the stones which had been gathered together to build a monastery were used to build the little inn and other houses in the village. "Denn ewig wanket des Geschickes Wage." The scales of Fate had, indeed, ever been wavering and changeful in parcelling out history to this castle-crowned height. Back into the dim life of the eighth century, when heathendom still reigned in the land around it, tradition (as handed on to us by our old freebooter guide) places a castle upon this mountain-top. We obtained various uncertain and exaggerated facts from him between sundry pinches of snuff whilst we were gazing down upon the ruined walls and battlements. But it was only after we had left the ruin that we were able to obtain an insight into its genuine history.

Whether this was one of the heights seized and temporarily held by the Romans when, in 174, they forced their way into this part of Europe, has not yet been proved; but on a height not very far from it son[illegible]oman work are to be seen. The first

mention of Bösig really occurs in the year 878, and the first dated document extant is yet 300 years later, in 1185; but after this date the history of the castle and township can well be traced, and full of battle and bloodshed, intrigue and murder, it is.

Lying as it does close to the mountain passes into Saxony and Germany, and guarding the tremendous plain and table land around it, it constantly attracted the attention of German or Pole, Hungarian or Moravian, who in turn ravaged the district. In 1278, when Rudolf I., of Mähren, conquered the district, Bösig was made the prison of King Otakar's wife and son and daughter; and a romantic story is told of the escape of Kunigunde, the queen.

In 1337 the castle became a royal palace, and the Emperor Karl IV.—he who was forced to quit the battle-field of Creçy—often resided here; and in the year 1366 formed the great lakes that are now so charming a feature in the landscape.

But after Karl's death the castle did not long remain a royal possession, and when King Sigmund of Hungary invaded Bohemia, in June 1462, to once more try and regain his kingship of that torn and devastated country, he laid siege to Bösig, surrounded it, and stopped every exit from the mountain, and left no means unemployed to reduce it by starvation. But this failing, he resorted to stratagem, and inducing the governor, Count Prokop, to leave the castle, immediately seized him as a prisoner, bound him, and placed him in such a position that an assault from the castle would inevitably slay him. But all this was to no purpose—Bösig still held out. Sigmund had to give up the siege as hopeless; when, after he had supposed that the besieged must certainly be utterly starving, one day a fat pig came rolling from the battlements stuffed with peas, as a present from besieged to besiegers.[1] But the Bohemians had learnt before to laugh at Sigmund's "bravery."

During the Hussite wars, the Kelchners (Chalicers), as the Bohemian historians even of to-day term them, spared not Bösig, powerful as it was. In October 1421 they fell upon the little town of Weisswasser and burnt it; the greater part of the burghers were slain with the sword, and the Augustinians found their death in the flames. John of Michalowic regained the town, but a reinforced body of the Hussites again attacked it, destroyed the part of the abbey at the foot of the hill, slaying the inhabitants, took the cattle, and laid it waste. How we could picture the plain around filled with the raging, enthusiastic, fanatical Kelchners, with their iron-bound

[1] This story is also told of Carcassonne, in France.

flails and moving waggon forts, singing psalms for the capture of this stronghold.

Continuous mention is made of Bösig after this date—of its various lords, its repairs, and at last again of its destruction in the year 1620. From Bavaria this time came the destroyers, and after this date the wasted castle fell into the hands of Wallenstein, who set about its restoration as already mentioned; but at his death it again became crown property, and Ferdinand III. presented it, together with other property and lands, once more to the Augustinians, with an endowment of 70,000 gulden.

But once more was it given up to the flames by the Swedes, in 1642, at the time when a Swedish officer, Adam Pfuhl, boasted he alone had set on fire 800 places in Bohemia.

Not yet was the eventful history of Bösig at an end. A Spaniard, the Abbot of Emaus, rebuilt a great part of it, including the quaint little cloisters, now destroyed, and established a monastery here for seven priests; but a more important office was yet in store for it, and at Ferdinand's death a statue of St. Benedict was borne here from Prague with great pomp, that soon attracted a numerous crowd of pilgrims to worship before it. In the year 1740 no less than 40,087 persons communicated at this shrine, and gifts of the richest and of the costliest poured into the monastery.

But yet once more this peace and prosperity was to be disturbed, for in 1778, when the Prussians, under Prince Henry, ravaged this part of Bohemia, the monks for safety asked for a Prussian guard to protect them, but their guard proved their ruin. In the Austrian camp it became known that a Prussian guard was at Bösig; some 200 Croats stormed the place, but were beaten back by the Prussians who rushed to its rescue; but the Croats had so nearly gained an entrance into the inner court that through the holes they had forced the Prussians saw some well-packed coffers. The temptation was too strong, and when a stronger body of Austrian troops came up they found the monastery deserted; the Prussians had regained their camp, and Bösig's treasures had accompanied them.

In 1785 this eventful history was ended by the Emperor Joseph II. suppressing the monastery (distributing the statues, &c., to various churches), and the grandfather of our snuff-taking old guide buying the monastery and castle for the sum of fifty florins.

It was upon the walls that had witnessed such strange changes and chances that we were now gazing; and our interest increased as we passed down the steps, and through the ruined walls, and down the sloping pathway, with wondering looks back at the

two mighty towers and ruined gables that we were loth to take leave of.

We said good-bye to our old greybeard, who bore well his seventy-six years and his wounds—for we heard in the village he had stood fire as a freebooter, and had three balls in him—and we started off to make a cut through the forest for Hirschberg.

Before entering on the dark and doubtful path beneath the pines we took one last look back at proud Bösig; its two great towers reared up their heads far above its embattlements, and the whole ruin stood grandly out against the deep blue of the clear bright sky.

It was our last peep of a place that had proved itself intensely interesting, and grandly majestic in its history and in its ruin. And when, after a successful, but often pathless, walk through the forest, we sat by Karl IV.'s lake-side at Hirschberg, we felt well satisfied with the destiny that had allowed us to visit Bösig.

JAMES BAKER.

OLD AND NEW TORIES.

THERE is nothing our friends the Tories so much resent as the imputation of any tendency towards Liberalism in politics. But they resent almost as much the imputation that their politics are simply those of their predecessors, and are directed to, or result in, absolute stagnation. So that it is a little difficult to know what to call them, or how to classify them. They seem ashamed of the old name, or, at least, claim to be exempt from its associations. Here, for instance, is Mr. Curzon, M.P., complaining in the *National Review* of "the absolute hollowness of party nomenclature." "The venerable distinctions between Conservative and Liberal are played out," says he; "the old watchwords and symbols and cries are so much obsolete property which encumber the stage. . . . The Conservatives of to-day are not the Conservatives of 1832–67, nor the Conservatives of 1867–85."

Now, for my humble part, I do not believe this for an instant; and I should like, if possible, to persuade others to share my scepticism, so that they may not hope from the Tory tree ever more than the Tory fruit, nor be led astray by false guides who will lead them nowhere. When the leopard changes his spots it will be time to believe in Tories turned Reformers; and he who can define a Tory Democrat will perhaps teach us yet to square the circle. For what are the political characteristics of Toryism as displayed in the last hundred years, and as distinct from the ephemeral accidents and necessities of to-day? I should say, a tendency to aggression abroad and to immobility at home; but I shall here only deal with the characteristic of immobility, assuming that to be its predominant tendency. If Toryism does not mean this, but is as open to ideas of change and progress and equality as Liberalism, then, of course, we are all again a happy and united family, divided by no differences of principle, or of any fundamental political faith. Let us shake hands all round, and rejoice over the burial of party government.

So desirable a consummation as this extinction of political parties would certainly seem to lie not so very far from hope of

attainment, could we take as fairly representing modern Toryism the articles on the subject by Mr. Curzon and Mr. Whitmore in the *National Review* and *Murray's Magazine* for January respectively. Mr. Whitmore is famous as the Conservative member for Chelsea, but his article entitles him to greater fame still. All Liberals in a state of depression should regard it as the very balm of Gilead, or as a river of water in a dry place. "Our policy must," he says, "be bold and creative;" and so he make it with a vengeance. The Conservative programme in his hands covers a far wider field than the Queen's Speech of this Session. It includes (1) The reform of the House of Lords; only *good* peers to vote. (2) The reform of the Church; it is to be purified of its tainted sheep. (3) The abolition of sales of livings. (4) A thorough revision and readjustment of ecclesiastical emoluments and duties. (5) The facilitation of the sale of glebe lands. (6) The cheapening and simplification of land transfer. (7) Leasehold enfranchisement. (8) Compulsory allotments. (9) A peasant proprietary in Ireland. (10) The promotion of the health and safety of the artisan classes. (11) The popularisation of county government; a question that is to be "approached with courageous thoroughness and with a desire for finality."

Is not this enough to take his breath away from the most sanguine Liberal; to make the old-fashioned Tory's hair stand on end, and, above all, to keep all good Tory peers within easy distance of their House at Westminster?

So Bentham, Mill, Fawcett, and a host of others were Tories after all without knowing it! or Neo-Toryism is only an *alias* for Radicalism! One of these alternatives must be true; and I am more inclined to suspect Mr. Whitmore's Toryism than the Liberalism of Mr. Mill. It reminds me of a story of the French civil wars in the Memoirs of Madame de Larochejaquelein, in which a republican French soldier, forming one of a party sent to recover a lost position, galloped, in his impatient zeal, so far ahead of his comrades that he found himself in the heart of the enemy before he knew where he was. Luckily for him, however, he was dressed in the accoutrements of a dragoon he had killed the day before, so that, being taken by them for one of their own party, he was by them welcomed accordingly. Conservatives of Mr. Whitmore's type should take heed lest a similar fate befall them, for certainly they are so thickly accoutred in the trappings of their opponents that, but for their word to the contrary, no Liberal would dream for a moment of calling their Liberalism in question.

Evidently Mr. Whitmore himself has some uncomfortable feeling of this sort, for, at the end of his most exhilarating article, he performs a verbal process similar to that which in turf dealings we call "hedging." He deems it as well to protest his adherence to the "fundamental principles of Toryism," and to have a fling at an entirely bogus conception of Radicalism. As he knows that most Radicals would be as content as himself to leave institutions like the Monarchy untouched, provided they could carry out a tithe of his Tory programme, he perceives the necessity of casting about for some sort of differentiation between himself and Radicalism. So, failing to find it in their respective programmes, he essays to touch it in the difference of their motives: "We differ from the Radicals in every leading motive that guides our actions. We have no class hatreds. We wish to promote sympathy and co-operation between classes. . . . . We are not inventors of discontent; we wish to spread contentment among the citizens. . . . . Unlike the Radicals, we are resolved 'our greatness may not fail through craven fears of being great.'"

But this sort of thing, which might pass muster at a Primrose meeting, will not really save Mr. Whitmore. In the first place, what do motives matter, provided their resultant actions are beneficial? History sets little or no store on the motives of its actors. Were all, for instance, who voted for the repeal of the Corn Laws actuated by equally pure motives? Or will it matter to the landlords who are concerned whether Mr. Whitmore's Conservative motives for compulsory allotments or leasehold enfranchisement are a degree or two purer than those of Mr. Collings or Mr. Broadhurst, assuming that there is any difference at all? In this hurried existence of ours we can only concern ourselves with measures; the motives of those who carry them out we have neither leisure nor reason to analyse.

In the second place, this assumed distinction between Radical and Tory motives is purely imaginary, and is really nonsense of the very first water. Political institutions are simply the machinery for promoting the greatest possible welfare of the community; and one may wish to reform or abolish the House of Lords with as much frigidity as a mechanician would feel towards a wheel of a clock, which, he might deem, interfered with its working. Radicals are not behind Mr. Whitmore in desiring the promotion of sympathy and co-operation between classes; and that is why they would remove, as far as possible, those social or legal inequalities which at present serve as a barrier. They share Mr. Whitmore's wish not to diminish "the just influence of wealth and posi-

of course they might call for a more accurate explanation of his vague term *just*. Like Mr. Whitmore again, they have no class hatreds, though they may be opposed to the exorbitant claim of one class to have absolute control over the legislation affecting all other classes. Like Mr. Whitmore, they would wish to spread contentment amongst our citizens, and very much as he would, by compulsory allotments and the other methods he has so ably indicated. Like Mr. Whitmore, they are proud of the past achievements of the nation, and hopeful of the future; but by such achievements they mean, not those aggressive and tyrannical wars which have spread desolation and woe over the face of the earth, but the triumphs of peaceful colonisation, of cultivated prairies, of increased commerce; and they measure the Empire's greatness, not as the Tories and Imperial Federationists (who are only our friends the Jingoes again) do, by its acreage, but by its agency as a power of peace and civilisation, and its subservience to the increase of human happiness upon earth. As to their craven fears of our being great, they are much more afraid of our becoming bankrupt.

Therefore, I defy anyone to establish the smallest real and ostensible difference between Mr. Whitmore's Conservatism and any one else's Radicalism. Regarding even what Lord Beaconsfield called "the capital institutions of the country," Radicals do not differ from Mr. Whitmore more than they do from one another. Most of them no doubt would like to see the veto of the Crown regulated, or its power of dismissing a Ministry or of dissolving Parliament at its free will and pleasure; but for all immediate and practical purposes these questions lie as far out of the range of their consideration as they do from that of Mr. Whitmore.

There is as little consensus of opinion among them about the House of Lords. Some would like to see it ended; others, with Mr. Whitmore and Mr. Curzon, to see it merely mended. But the only chance of getting it mended is to clamour for its being ended; for in politics you must pitch your requirements always higher than your expectations. Mr. Whitmore suggests that hereditary peers should not be entitled to vote till after a period of probation, and the performance of some public service; that certain lines of misconduct should disqualify altogether; and that the Crown should be empowered to create a limited number of life peers. But the consent of the peers is a *sine quâ non*, and they would as lief vote for their own abolition as for their own reformation. What is the use of repeating for ever the experiences of 1856 and 1869, when the House of Lords rejected with contempt the creation of life peerages like those which

in the Austrian and Prussian *Herrenhäuser* leaven the thick aristocratic dough with the profane breath of the outside democracy? The only way to settle the question is for the country some day to return a House of Commons pledged to refuse supplies till the anomaly of hereditary legislators ceases once for all to reduce free government to an absurdity, and our Constitution to a ridiculous farce. But at present the yoke seems popular enough.

It is desirable thus to cut away all the logical standing-ground from these pretended apostles of a new and enlightened Toryism, because, however sincere Mr. Whitmore himself may be, it is difficult not to associate this sudden Conservative zeal for reform with the necessity of maintaining the union of the Unionist party; in other words, of making Toryism palatable to its newly acquired Liberal allies, the "crutch" by which it climbed into power, and hopes to stay there. This no doubt deceives many. But if Mr. Whitmore has failed to point out any definable political difference between Neo-Toryism and Radicalism, I doubt whether the attempt to set up superiority of intelligence as a feature of the former has really been more successful. "To be a Conservative," says Mr. Whitmore, "is no longer considered a sign of intellectual mediocrity;" and no doubt his own remarkable Conservatism is proof enough of the rank injustice of that inscrutable popular error. But when Mr. Curzon goes on to state that Lord Carnarvon's saying that three-fourths of the literary power of the country, and four-fifths of its intellectual ability, are on the Conservative side, would now be regarded as "the obvious reflection of a well-informed person," I cannot resist contrasting the words of Mr. Alfred Austin in the same number of the very same Tory periodical: "Ever since the first Reform Bill literary criticism has been written mostly by Liberals; a result only to be expected, seeing that the Tory party, if not exactly, as its enemies declared, the Stupid Party, unquestionably became, as if deliberately, and *has since remained*, the non-intellectual and non-literary party." Moreover, on a recent occasion, in spite of this overbrimming fund of Tory talent, did not Lord Salisbury compass land and sea to get a Liberal proselyte to fill up a gap in his reeling Cabinet? Does not this fact make it look as if the one saying for which Lord Carnarvon is likely to be remembered somehow fell short of that strict veracity which might have been expected of so profound a thinker as that great Conservative comforter?

But Mr. Curzon himself may supply us with a sample of the wonderful intellectual superiority he claims for the Tory party. It would seem that the brilliancy of his [illegible] somewhat dims the

brilliancy of his logic. For having made a calculation that 28 per cent. of the members of the new House of Commons are under the age of forty, and that of this percentage many more are Conservatives than Liberals, he actually concludes therefrom that a greater number of young Englishmen (clerks, shopkeepers, &c.) favour the Conservative than favour the Liberal party with their patronage; as if the age of a candidate depended in some mysterious way on the age of the voter, or the age of a member was a necessary reflex of the age of his constituents! How in the world can we tell whether a member owes his seat to the votes of young or of old electors, or in what proportions to both? Or should we argue that because 72 per cent. of the House are over forty, therefore 72 per cent. of their constituents must also be the same? I hope I may have misunderstood Mr. Curzon's argument, but here are the words: "If my argument about the younger generation of Englishmen throughout the country be true" (*i.e.*, that they have a strong Conservative bias) "we might expect to find some reflection of the fact in the character and conformation of that Assembly" (*i.e.*, the House of Commons); and then he proceeds to find it in the fact that more constituencies have returned young Conservatives than have returned young Liberals; a fact that surely proves no more than that more Conservatives than Liberals under forty were returned to Parliament, not necessarily because they were young, but because they were Conservative; not because most electors were young, but because on that occasion most electors voted for the Tories. Mr. Curzon's conclusion may, as a matter of fact, be right, but it no more follows from his premisses than from the word Abracadabra.

Mr. Curzon claims for these young Tories that they "are animated by a hearty contempt for the sham distinctions of party titles, a healthy freedom from the shackles of old superstitions." These, of course, mean the political faiths of the real and genuine old Tory party; but why should we believe that all the 92 Tory members who are under forty are infected by the Liberal proclivities claimed for them by Mr. Curzon? Since when, or for what reason, has the age of forty become the dividing line between progressive and unprogressive Toryism? I have always regarded forty as about the age when wisdom begins to dawn upon the mind, and thought of all of us who are below that age as the victims more or less of inexperience, immaturity, and folly. I suspect we should get on as well or better if no one under forty were admissible to Parliament. I, for my part at least, would far rather fall into the hands of the Tories above forty or fifty or sixty than into those of

Mr. Curzon and his anonymous crew; and I should expect to find among them far more liberality and political wisdom than among those on the sunny side of forty.

I am even driven to defend those elder Tories against the reproaches and revilings so freely lavished on them by their younger colleagues. Time mellows even the bigotry of Toryism, and the Tory who has seen many Sessions has lived to see the hollowness of most of his own party's watchwords, and no longer sees revolution and anarchy in every advance to a better state of things. For him England's sun has been so often to set for ever, that at sixty he rather doubts whether it will ever set at all. He no longer, as in his youth, sees sign-posts at every turn and corner pointing unmistakably to disintegration of the Empire. Separation did not come, as he prophesied, from granting Home Rule to the Colonies, and he keeps his suspicion to himself that it will not come from granting it to Ireland. He is more of a philosopher and less of a politician. Perhaps he even cherishes some secret shame when he recalls his own speeches against admitting the Jews or the Catholics to Parliament; against letting the artisans and peasants have votes for Parliament; against repealing the Corn Laws; against conferring free government on the Colonies, and when he mentally contrasts his own predictions with results; and no doubt he smiles to himself as he hears his successors in the business of obstruction using the very same declamations he once so delighted in himself, in those long years of wasted energy when, in or out of Parliament, he ceased not day or night to bellow forth to yawning or gaping listeners his denunciations of lamentation and ruin and woe. His prophecies never raised him to the rank of even a minor prophet after all, and so he does not believe that those upon whom the mantle of his inspiration has fallen, and who now regard him as a spiritless and useless old fogey, will succeed any better than himself either in opposing the work of reform or in rightly forecasting the evils that will flow from it. He simply lets the young ones have their say, knowing the vanity and emptiness of it all.

From men of this sort a Liberal expects, and generally finds, more reasonableness and courtesy than from the more youthful, and therefore more fanatical, exponents of Toryism. The enthusiast for things as they are is, as a rule, young. For thoroughgoing intolerant Toryism, commend me to its more juvenile representatives of either sex, whose sole political idea that approaches to definiteness is that Ireland should be disfranchised and ruled by martial law, and who

know and care as little about the laws of their own country as about those of Kamtschatka.

But since it is certain that in the young Tory party of to-day there are far more of the latter type than of the type of Mr. Whitmore or Mr. Curzon, there is no reason to anticipate the smallest difference between the Toryism of the future and that of the last eighty years. Parliamentary types are the most persistent of all, and the phenomenon of Liberal-Conservatism is no new one; it generally ends, after a few years, in Conservatism of the less attractive but more familiar stationary sort. The only alternative is in Liberalism open and avowed, as the only escape from a false and intolerable position. Mr. Whitmore will have to steer a very careful course, if he remains true to the principles advocated in his own article and, at the same time, to his party leaders. So will a good many others who, at the General Election, hoisted pretty freely the Liberal flag. It will be for spectators to watch with interest their Parliamentary fortunes, and to anticipate with some amusement the almost inevitable result. Having won their seats to a large extent by Liberal votes attracted by their Liberal proposals, they will have either to seek to carry them out—in which case they will run the danger of being driven out of their party; or they will deem it prudent to drop their dangerous proposals—in which case they will run the danger of losing their seats. The dilemma is an obvious one, and contains all the elements of an interesting situation.

The conclusion, then, would seem to be, not that there is any difference between Tories under or above a certain age, or between the Toryism of to-day and the Toryism of Pitt's time, but that some Tories, irrespective of age, are more open than others to ideas of reform. But it always has been so, and there is nothing new in the situation at all. It is the stale old play, with the same parts but with different players. Or if it is contended that the Tory party as a whole has advanced, and not merely a section of it; that throughout the mass stirs an ardent desire for reform; of course none will be more gratified than their political opponents whose contentions on behalf of the necessity of reforms meet with so ample and unexpected an admission, and so hopeful a guarantee, if not of active assistance, at least of the withdrawal of the immemorial obstruction.

But it really comes to the same thing, for the gain in amity thus secured between Liberalism and one section of Toryism implies a loss of amity between the two different sections of Toryism. Already we see it beginning: one section in accord with the Liberal party in favour of non-intervention abroad, retrenchment and remission of

taxation at home, reform of the Church, reform of the House of Lords, of the Land Laws; the other section utterly indifferent, or, rather, hostile, to all these ideas. It is a difference regarding principles, not merely details, and can hardly fail to end in an open breach, which will sooner or later drive the more advanced wing into the Liberal ranks. So that, in spite of the momentary difficulty of saying who's who or who's what, or whether anybody can be fairly called anything, all who love clear issues and cleanly-cut distinctions will have no difficulty in distinguishing between Toryism and Liberalism: the former as much as ever the party of old abuses, of wars and annexations, of ever increasing expenditure and taxation, of class legislation, of political privilege and inequalities; the latter, notwithstanding recent deplorable aberrations in some directions, still, as ever, the party of reform, retrenchment, peace, justice, liberty and equality. The issues are the same and as simple as they ever were, and the conspiracy to obscure them is already fast collapsing.

J. A. FARRER.

ADAM BEDE AND PARSON CHRISTIAN.

I REMEMBER well the sensation caused by the first appearance of George Eliot's "Adam Bede," especially in the little village on the borders of Derby and Staffordshire, on the banks of "my beloved nymph, fair Dove," as Cotton calls her in his "Stanzas to Izaak Walton." No such literary thrill has run through all classes as it caused in my time, except the issue of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." In that tale Mrs. Stowe had painted the black peasantry of America as living men and women; and in "Adam Bede" George Eliot had followed her in an endeavour to show us the peasantry of pale-faced England as also living spirits in the world. Since the poet Crabbe, she was the only British writer who had looked on the mass of our people as of the same blood as the literary caste, and so worthy to have their joys and sorrows depicted as in sympathy with ours.

"Have you seen my portrait painted by my niece?" asked an old friend of mine one night as I stepped into the reading-room of the village where we both lived at the time.

"No! I didn't know you had one an artist," I replied. "Has Miss Evans turned out to be one like her father, but in another line, of painting, instead of carving in wood and stone?"

"Not that one, but his brother's daughter, Mary Anne Evans. But she calls herself 'George Eliot' now. Not that it's her real name, but a literary one. She has written a book about me and my wife, and touched us off to the life; you must read it."

"Yes, I will, for you are just the man for a novel," I answered.

He laughed. He was greyheaded, and I but a conceited, saucy youth then. The speaker was in real sober truth Mr. Poyser. Not that such was his real name, but so re-christened by his niece, the more is the pity for her fiction. I see him and his good wife now as plainly as then: she, with her broad, massive, square forehead—true Evans; and he, round, laughing, easy, and with a twinkling eye all her sharp thorns of speech, which he took as easily as if they

ere the tickling of a butterfly's wings on his face—or like the pin-ion for her special use as the old schoolmaster, Massey, declared be. Both have since gone over to the majority, and are, "like at is told," vanished to the unseen land, and only leave a plea- w on the wall of memory as I look back to the things that . Yes, old and charming friend, you were not the beer- eeper of Wirksworth, the landlord of a petty public-house, who d as shoeing-horn to his guest's liquor, but George Gough, of the Manor Farm, Mappleton, on the banks of the Dove, whose self (and wife), house and garden, have been as beautifully fixed by the sun of your relation's genius on our literature, as the rays of the physical sun fix a shadow on the photographer's glass, or rather with the power the old Arab stories relate the ring of Solomon gave to his chosen followers, to fix a shadow on the wall, as the body passed, of whom-soever they would!

He was not only a thoroughly representative British farmer, but a man of keen literary taste, and bright wit, and proud of believing he inherited some of his grandfather's love of antiquarian research—for he was a descendant of Gough, the archæologist, and his wife the sister of George Eliot's father.

I did not fail to read the book, and devoured the whole in one day as a first taste; and, as all others, was enchanted to see, for the first time in our modern prose literature, a writer who could see anything different to "yokels," "clodhoppers," "chawbacons," and drunken, grinning idiots, amongst the villagers of England. Since the death of John Bunyan, no man, except Crabbe, had recognised the deep force of character, mental power, and tragic thought that our people possess and live amongst, and yet with manly hearts go on with the work and duties of commonplace daily life, and all its oppressing work and dirty toil, as a sacred duty—"as unto God, and not as unto man," in willing and happy faith of the reward awaiting them from their Father God, as the author of "Adam Bede" had represented. It was a new discovery to our artificial, continental, and sceptical literature. And yet it was whispered, by the few of her relatives and friends who knew the secret of who George Eliot was, that she was not a believer in the faith whose outcome she so truly and pathetically wrote of, but was a "backslider"—to use the word of the peasantry for such—and in some way a source of pain and shame to her family. What that source of shame, or the blot in their eyes was, I never learnt for years after. But when I did, it struck me that she wrote out of the anguish of her secret heart, at the impossibility of ever undoing the wrong to her mind, soul, and honour

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I did not fail to read the book, and devoured the whole in one day as a first taste; and, as all others, was enchanted to see, for the first time in our modern prose literature, a writer who could see anything different to "yokels," "clodhoppers," "chawbacons," and drunken, grinning idiots, amongst the villagers of England. Since the death of John Bunyan, no man, except Crabbe, had recognised the deep force of character, mental power, and tragic thought that our people possess and live amongst, and yet with manly hearts go on with the work and duties of commonplace daily life, and all its oppressing work and dirty toil, as a sacred duty—"as unto God, and not as unto man," in willing and happy faith of the reward awaiting them from their Father God, as the author of "Adam Bede" had represented. It was a new discovery to our artificial, continental, and sceptical literature. And yet it was whispered, by the few of her relatives and friends who knew the secret of who George Eliot was, that she was not a believer in the faith whose outcome she so truly and pathetically wrote of, but was a "backslider"—to use the word of the peasantry for such—and in some way a source of pain and shame to her family. What that source of shame, or the blot in their eyes was, I never learnt for years after. But when I did, it struck me that she wrote out of the anguish of her secret heart, at the impossibility of ever undoing the [illegible]oul and honour

her self-will and strong passions had plunged her into. She seems to me to have always in her tales been looking back on the pure life of the village, and the content supplied to the rustic inhabitants of it by their full faith in Christ and in God's loving rule of them and all things, with a longing remorse and despair such as Eve might have looked back with to the Eden she had quitted, and to which she knew there was no return. Eve lost it for hope of feeling the effect of the knowledge of good and evil; Mary Anne Evans sought, in the association with unbelieving companions, and in the study of sceptical writers, a similar knowledge, and both alike lost mental peace by attaining it. But I do not mean to preach a sermon on her moral and religious shipwreck, though an impressive one it is, but to relate a few personal anecdotes about the persons who live in her tale; not as fictions, but as facts; not in the forms that have often been asserted as her models, but as the actual men and women she had before her.

Dinah, the preacher-woman, there is not the slightest doubt, was suggested by the history of her aunt, Mrs. E. Evans of Wirksworth, who was once the most popular Wesleyan orator of North Derbyshire and Staffordshire. With a strange perversity, her niece always denied this. But the fact cannot be contested. This lady is said by all biographers, and by her depictor, to have ceased to preach after her marriage to Mr. S. Evans, who was himself, to the end of his days, a popular speaker in the Connexion; but although this is sanctioned by the novelist's own statement about Dinah Morris when she marries her to Adam Bede, it is not correct. Mrs. E. Evans was far too devoted to her work to be stayed by marriage, or even the later rule of the Methodist Conference prohibiting female preachers. The plan therefore adopted—and which was (as I was told by an intimate friend of hers, himself an aged local preacher of Ashbourne, the Oakbourne of the novel) contrived by herself to evade the decree of the "Legal Hundred" in Conference assembled—was that her husband, Samuel Evans, of Wirksworth, used to be entered on the "Plan of Circuit" to preach at two different chapels on the same day and hour, and she used to select at which of them she should appear as his substitute. Thus by a little of the art of casuistry the law of the Connexion was obeyed, and the resolve to "win souls" on the part of Mrs. Evans (Dinah Morris) attained as well. "We were forced to give way to her," continued the old preacher, "for her temper was so quick and masterful that she ruled the whole circuit, as well as she did her husband Sam Evans."

By this authentic anecdote it will be seen that the meek-spirited

Dinah was not a mental portrait of Mrs. E. Evans, though in essential soul she was, and in good part suggested the figure in the picture. Nor was the bodily presence of the novelist's heroine from her, but, I believe, was taken from an earnest and beautiful preacher-woman, who was popular on the Ashbourne circuit at the date when "Adam Bede" was written. Her beauty was of the type of the rapt saint in an old picture, and the description of Dinah Morris in the first chapter of "Adam Bede," when preaching on the green of Ellaston, the Hayslope of the tale, is exactly that of the Ranter preacher-woman I allude to: "It was a small oval face, of a uniform transparent whiteness, with an egg-like line of cheek and chin, a full but firm mouth, a delicate nostril, *and a low, perpendicular brow*, surmounted by a rising arch of parting, *between smooth locks of pale reddish hair.* . . . The eyebrows, of the same colour as her hair, *were perfectly horizontal and firmly pencilled*; the eyelashes, though no darker, were long and abundant; nothing was left blurred or unfinished. . . . The eyes were of no peculiar beauty, beyond that of expression; *they looked so simple, so candid, so gravely loving*, that no accusing scowl, no light sneer, could help melting away before their glance."

Yes, that is she, as she now stands before me: Sarah Smith the farmer's daughter, of the little hamlet of Okeover, which nearly adjoins Ellaston (Hayslope), and photographed as she stood, rapt by deep religious sympathy and passion, to preach hope and comfort to the rough young farming-men and miners of the borderland of Stafford and Derby, along the valley of the pellucid Dove. George Eliot always strenuously denied having had her aunt, E. Evans, in her eye when she drew Dinah Morris, and probably saved her conscience the irritation of a lie by the reflection that the mind was that of Evans, but the bodily personation that of Smith. And further to excuse her equivocation, Mrs. E. Evans was a Wesleyan, and Sarah Smith a Ranter, as the people call the sect, or Primitive Methodist, as they are officially styled, as she makes her Dinah to be. Yet there is not a doubt Elizabeth Evans was her original thought; but Elizabeth Evans was a dark, small woman, not fair and statuesque like Smith.

Yet Adam Bede was the portrait that attracted the national attention most deeply, and the one as to whose personal identity there has been most discussion in literary circles. Some assert the model was her own father, Robert Evans. This is a great error, as his talents—and the whole family were above, far above, the average of mental ability—were much inferior. The real Adam Bede was, indeed, my old friend in youth, William Evans, of F[illegible]

man of genius and success as a Gothic artist, sculptor, and church-builder. His career was most extraordinary, and his genius in his art unrivalled for centuries past. He was not a mere draughtsman, but a reproduction of those executive artists who filled Britain with the minsters, cathedrals, abbeys, and churches in the days of the Plantagenets and Tudors, and whose devotion to their science and art made them careless as to the fame of a literary repute. I need not stay to transcribe his personal appearance, for it was done exactly by his niece, George Eliot. But he was not, as supposed, "a fine specimen of Anglo-Saxon manhood," as some foolish writers have said, for he was by blood a Welshman or Kymro, a pure Ancient Briton in body, mind, and features. A day's journey in Wales will show you a hundred of his like. He had the square, massive features of his splendid and tenacious race, and the full, high development of forehead and coronal brain that distinguishes the Kymric people, with all the deep but silent poetic feelings and devotion to literary ideas and religious conviction of his nation. He was, and always had been, a High-Churchman of the British type, convinced of the Apostolic origin and purity of his National Church, and doggedly proud of its traditions and temples. It is strange that George Eliot did no justice to her relative as a poet in sculpture, but leaves him in her tale, first and last, as merely a worthy energetic village carpenter, and gives us no suggestion of his artistic and executive brain, without which the revival of the Brito-Arabian style of architecture, called Gothic, of our age, would never have been accomplished. He designed and began it when the men who were afterwards associated with him, Pugin and Scott, were children, or only drawers and draughtsmen of old fragments. But William Evans (Adam Bede) never boasted of this fact, and never seemed to see or care that those who followed in his footsteps were reaping fame as well as wealth, whilst he was only known to the inner circle of art-lovers as the unrivalled executer and secret suggester of great works. If allowed to carry out his ideas to perfection, and to the satisfaction of his taste, he was supremely happy, and left it to inferior men to air and puff their vanity in the newspapers and magazines, as if his works and thoughts, which they had, as draughtsmen, put upon paper, were the offspring of their sole genius.

I had often wished to learn from himself some account of his life and works, but as he was the most modest and silent of men, I failed to do so, though we were on the most intimate terms of friendship. But one Sunday, in the spring of 1858, as he and I were strolling home from afternoon service at Okeover Church, he stopped on the crown

of the bridge over the Dove which unites Staffordshire to Derby, to watch the dancing stream, and the ousels flitting over it, and the cloud of green-drake flies sporting upon the water. He looked intently at the scene, and I remarked, "How beautiful it is! the first time I saw the river from this spot, Mr. Evans, I felt as if it would make me a poet."

"Yes," he answered, "many strange thoughts come into us when we are young. I used, when a lad, to compare the leaves of the alders, as they grew, with the carvings of them in stone in Ashbourne Church, and wish I could do it as those old men did."

"I wish you would tell me how you became a Gothic artist, sculptor, and builder," I here said; "for I know that you were not brought up to be so, from what folks say."

"Well, then," he replied to my delight, "I'll tell you, though I do not think I ever told anyone before. I don't care to be talked of. I wish to make all my works perfect. If I can do that, it is enough for me. No, I was not educated to the work I do. My father was, as you know, a Welshman, and a wheelwright and carpenter at Ellaston; for I never quitted, nor do I intend to leave, the district of my birth. I learnt his trade, but from a lad used to copy or design Gothic sculpture in wood, and, as I grew up, was always urging my father to go into church-repairing or building. He used to say, 'Nay, my boy, we get a living by cart-wheels, and to cart-wheels I'll stick, and so must you.' I did as a son should to his father—obeyed; but my desire for artistic work was like a fire inside me, it made my bones ache with longing desire to use my hands and mind for other things than ploughs, cart-wheels, and cottage doors. I dreamt of it at night, and I thought of it all day long, whatever I was doing; and all my spare time I spent in visiting and looking at churches, at Haddon Hall, at Chatsworth, and carving in oak imitations of what I saw, or designing fresh forms. So it went on, I entreating my father to begin such work, or at least to find me money to start it myself—I even worried him at meals daily; but his reply was always the same: "I'll stick to wheels and wrighting.' One night my discontent and rage to launch out to my instinctive work had been like a nightmare to me, and at breakfast I felt frantic and could not eat. I refused to speak to my father—and took up a copy of the *Staffordshire Advertiser* to read, to work off or hide my rage and despair, and the first thing my eye caught was an advertisement for tenders to repair Tutbury Church! I flung the paper on the floor, and cried out, 'Father, I must do it—will do it. Here's an advertisement for tenders to

Church. Let me send one. I've saved a little out of my wages, and if you won't help I'll pull on alone by borrowing.'

"'If you're such a fool,' replied my father with anger, 'as to try, you may, for I can't stand you longer, always fooling about architecting; you'll never get the job. And if you do, you'll fail over it.'

"'I'll try at any rate,' I said, and ran out to harness the pony into the market-cart. I found the wheel was off it for repairs, but at once put it on the axle as it was, harnessed, and drove off like mad. But before I reached Tutbury I cooled enough to reflect that I was about to offer for a contract with no knowledge of what was required—no plans, no estimates, and not knowing to whom I was to apply for them when I reached the town, for in my excitement and hurry I had never read the advertisement through, but only the heading, nor had I looked at the date for tenders to be sent. I stopped the pony and was about to turn back to learn these points, when I reflected upon the contemptuous laugh my father would give if I did so and confessed my folly; and that I should become the standing joke of the Ellaston wits for life, so I pushed on and determined to take my luck. I drew up to the vicarage at Tutbury, and found the vicar was at the vestry-room at a committee meeting. I went on to the church and got hold of the sexton, who was there waiting to answer the calls of the committee, and observed some half-a-dozen gentlemen with rolls of paper in their hands. My heart fell, for I knew they were builders or architects, and guessed that it was the day of tender for the works, and I was too late. However, I thought, I am in for it, but I won't return without a last try, so took the sexton aside and tipped him, with a request to get the vicar to come out and see me, as I had special business with him. He pocketed the shilling, and soon returned with his chief. We stepped into the churchyard, and I told him my errand.

"'You're too late,' replied he, 'the tenders were sent in last week, and we fix for our man to-day. In fact, we were about to vote when my clerk called me out. I thought you wanted me about a wedding or a funeral.'

"'Can't you, sir,' I exclaimed, 'put it off another week? I never saw the advertisement till this morning, and I started without breakfast, in such a hurry that I did not even read the notice to learn the date. If you will let me see the plans for five minutes I'll tell if I can bid for the work. Give me a chance. I've been begging my father to let me begin church-work for years, and this

morning he consented. If I go back without seeing the plans he will never assent again.'

"He must have seen I was as near crying as a school-boy who has forgotten his lessons, or blundered over his copy-book.

"'Well, young friend,' he answered, 'come with me to the vestry, and I will try what I can do for you to get a few days' delay.'

"We went, and the good parson spoke. 'Who is he—a friend of yours?' 'Is he an architect?' 'Who recommends him?' was the cry round the table. The vicar looked nonplussed, but the insolent tone of the speakers roused my Welsh blood, and all my fears vanished.

"'Gentlemen,' I said, 'I am a total stranger to your good vicar, though he has admitted me to you. I am not an architect, but a carpenter. I have no recommendation, for I started in such a hurry after reading the advertisement, that I would not go to ask any; but Sir C. Leighton, or Mr. Harrison of Snelston Hall, for whom I have worked and repaired carvings, would have given me them had I asked.'

"The lot, whilst I spoke, were shuffling the plans and papers on the table, and smiling with a sneer at me, when a gentleman-farmer-looking man with a red face glanced at me, and asked, 'Mr. Harrison?—my friend, Mr. Harrison? A first-class man. I hunt with him. If he would give a recommendation, gentlemen,' he said to his fellow-committeemen, 'you may rest secure this young man is respectable.'

"'No doubt. No doubt,' was the general answer. 'But what can we do?—the young man has no estimates, has not seen the plans, and to-day is the day to decide.'

"The farmer jumped up, and declared he was not at all satisfied with any of the estimates. 'Give the young man a chance. If he has friends such as my friends Leighton and Harrison'—he dropped the title I noticed—'he will be respectable——'

"I broke in, for I saw I had now a 'friend on the committee,' 'Let me have the plans for—say twenty-four hours, or to-morrow at this time, gentlemen, and I will bring an estimate,' I cried.

"'Do it for Mr. Harrison's friend,' cried the farmer.

"'Yes, I think we might grant that,' said the vicar.

"I was told to withdraw, and in ten minutes called in and given a copy of the plans, to be brought back the next day with my estimate. I took them, and drove home as hard as the pony could go. I ate nothing, but sat up through the night, and by ten o'clock next morning had all in order, though more by guessing than calculation.

the pony in the trap, after a standing mouthful of food to myself, and was off again to Tutbury, and arrived in time."

"Did you get the work?" I asked, breathless.

"Yes, I did,"—and the grey-headed man looked at me with an air of triumph, and a strong glance of fire in his eyes—"but," with a sigh, "it was a scandalous shame, for my estimate was only £19 lower than that of a native of Tutbury, whom they knew to be a trusty hand at work, and I was a stranger."

"You were fortunate to have been a trifle cheaper in your figures," I returned.

"It was not that, young friend," answered the honest and true-hearted man. "Had I been above the native, it would have been all the same. I won, because I had a 'friend on the committee,' the farmer, who did not know me, but who wished to flash the boast of acquaintance with the baronet and squire I had spoken of; and he declared he would smash up the whole bag of tricks rather than I should lose the contract, and as he had the most obstinate temper of the lot the others voted with him. And now to give you a lesson," he continued, "that you will find useful as you try to push your way in the world—there is no such thing as competitive success on earth—it is always the 'friend on the committee' who pulls you through. Competition is a farce, remember that."

"But you must have competed often since then?—had you always a toadying farmer on the committee for all your great works?"

"You are mistaken," replied Adam Bede (Williams Evans); "I never competed again. I felt so ashamed at the injustice done in selecting me that I have refused to have it inflicted on me a second time."

"How have you then progressed so wonderfully as to have a European fame as an executive Gothic architect?"

"In this way," was the answer. "I always tried to do my duty, even if I lost money by it. I never scamped a piece of work, or let others do it for me. Thus, on looking into the plans for that Tutbury restoration, I saw they were not in accord with the original design of the church, so I talked over the architect-draughtsman, and suggested alterations to make the repairs harmonise. I drew out sketches of my ideas, made full-sized wood models with my own hands, and offered to allow any alterations I proposed to be introduced into the plans without extra charge by me, or increased payment on my contract. He was a man of sense and taste, and I had my way. The work was well done in the organ-loft, and the rest. Everyone was pleased, and I got recommendations to architects by it. It was not done

as we should now carry on a restoration, but taste was defective then. I worked hard with my own hands, besides, and lost nothing by the affair. By it I got connected with church restoration, and in time with Pugin and Scott. With the latter I soon became right hand, and he never does a stroke without consulting me. I always pleased by my work and style."

"I suppose you have done since then many larger affairs?"

"Yes, I have, of large ones, either wholly built or extensively restored sixty-five churches and cathedrals, and I have endeavoured to have every one more perfect than the last. The finest minster restorations I have executed are the two now in my hands, St. Mary's, Stafford, and Lichfield. There, I have a fairly free hand."

"But of all you have done, which church, minster, or hall do you consider your masterpiece?" I asked rather impertinently, as young men will.

He hesitated, turned, and scrutinised me for a few moments, and played with his glasses as if with a chisel, then answered, "It is hard to say. I love every one best whilst I am doing it, but to my feeling the most perfect and complete work, as a piece of art, I ever accomplished, was the little church at Okeover we have just left. It is small, it is almost like a gem for size to some I have done, but all in all it is the most perfect work of my life. Mr. Okeover gave myself and Gilbert Scott free hands to do as we desired, cost was nothing, perfection and artistic beauty were to be all, we were bound by no contracts, and I put my whole soul into it, and so did Scott. Yes," he continued as if speaking to himself, "I think that was the most beautiful thing I ever did. But, then, Mr. Okeover is himself an artist by genius, and he can comprehend art. Now, sir," he continued, moving on, "you will understand why I so often come from Ellaston to church at Okeover,—it is a pleasure to feel I once had a free hand to form my own thoughts into things to be seen, and to know that the man for whom I did so can appreciate the result."

We parted at the stile, with an invitation to come over to his workshop at Ellaston, to examine some splendid carvings and sculpture preparing for Lichfield Cathedral. Some time after I did so, and also was allowed to inspect his residence throughout. It was, as a basis, the old house of his father, but by the son's wealth and genius transformed into the most beautiful Gothic villa in Europe. The old walls were cased in and out with the richest arabesque or Gothic work in oak and walnut. Windows, doors, porches—without, within, all was wainscoted in black, or dark oak, from floor to cei in every room, and the furniture was in exquisite keeping

was the dream of its designer's life, fixed in imperishable form, and the cost must have been immense. Beside it the richest decorations of a palace looked poor, and had its creator and owner been a vain man, who advertised his genius, it would have been visited by connoisseurs from all parts of the earth as a wonder. But Evans was still Adam Bede : not the British peasant, the mere vigorous craftsman of his great-niece's novel, but the sterling Englishman, the true resolute Briton, whose one idea was to do his duty, and to leave the rest to God.

He was also a man of fine and noble intellect—a deeply religious man. He has been dead many years, but he has left proof behind him of the mighty capacities of the race he sprang from, and its superiority to the vain and apeing Frenchman, or the volatile and selfish and effeminate Italian, or the stolid, conceited German. Why George Eliot omitted to display the noble career of her uncle, as well as the man in the humble field where he began his life, is a mystery. It would have added force to her work, and only been justice to him.

Mr. W. Evans was born at Castle Donnington, in July, 1797, and died by an apoplectic stroke on the 20th July, 1868. He had resided sixty years at Ellaston, and I believe his only daughter, Mabel, Mrs. Meakin, now lives in his villa, or, as he rightly called it, cottage, in the same hamlet. His latest works, after Lichfield, alluded to above, were, a new church at Smallwood Manor, and another at Kingston, near Uttoxeter; and his final one, the edifice of Cheddleton Church, near Leek, for Mr. Scott, junior.

On the death of William Evans, his business as a Gothic executant architect was passed on to Mr. Thorley, of Snelston, Staffordshire, who had been his clerk of works, and no doubt he conducts it upon the same lines as those of its founder, except as to inborn genius.

But although George Eliot had unrivalled skill in delineating the outward presentment of our villages, and the mental power of our peasantry, she failed totally in showing her readers the atmosphere of "reverend and godly fear" in which they breathe, act, and live. My reader may think this a strange assertion, for she in all her tales constantly speaks of religion, and is supposed to have incarnated the old Methodist spirit in Dinah Morris. All her characters are professedly religious, or are conventionally so. She never depicted one, that I remember, who was intended to be an infidel, or without a God in his thoughts, and yet, to those who knew it, she entirely failed to impress on her readers the spirit of instinctive belief that our people, as a mass, have, of living and working under the pre-

sence of unseen powers, and the government of God, and the sense of religious duty. This spirit is really in all our working or peasant class, whether they profess piety, or hate religion as many do.

But where George Eliot failed, a new aspirant has fully succeeded in displaying the varied tone of the national and especially rustic mental atmosphere of our people. I allude to Mr. Hall Caine, whose "Shadow of a Crime" struck a new note in this respect, in advance of George Eliot and her echoes from the hedgerows. The leading idea of it was action dictated by duty; and in his recent tale, "A Son of Hagar," he shows a fuller appreciation of the same impress of unseen powers upon our peasantry, in a wider variety of the orders of it, than his first novel had opportunity for. He speaks of abandoning this field of portraiture in his preface to "A Son of Hagar," but I hope not, for he has planted a tree of fame in his vocation which only needs time and attention to spread and fill the earth inhabited by British men.

His plot is woven with consummate skill, and his style and surroundings ring with the sounds of village life--the cock, the twitter of wild birds; and the rush of the breeze over the hills and woods rings in his style. The yeoman squire, or statesman of the Ghylls, Paul Ritson, is true to the life. A hardy wrestler, and a farmer ploughing and tending his own stacks with his own hands as if a farm labourer, and yet all the while a gentleman in every essential respect, is an old friend to us who really know and have had eyes to see the life lived in our villages and dales, though quite new to our fiction. His crippled brother, Hugh, is well drawn also: a countryman, yet educated to a bookish, sedentary, commercial profession as a mining engineer, shows us the effect of town training upon country traditions. And the contrast between the villainy of Hugh Ritson and the town-bred rascal and blackguard, his half-brother Paul Drayton, is well done. Drayton is without traditions, honour, faith, or self-respecting pride, as the City scoundrel is. Mere brute pleasure and gratification is the object of his life. Hugh Ritson is, though a professed atheist, haunted by the ghost of his dead faith and traditional sense of duty and honour, and suffers terribly at every step in crime; whilst his confederate, Drayton, without a flinch of pain—like Ajax, after he had been hardened by dipping into the river of Hell—goes through all, till his deserved doom overtakes him, as a sport, and he meets it with callous indifference.

But the finest portrait of the picture is old Parson Christian, the vicar. He is quite new to our literature since the days of Chaucer, but perfectly familiar to those who have seen many parts of b-

England and studied her people and her byways: in heart and soul a sincere Christian, who does not show his faith by dead repetition of Scripture texts, but by a living life embodying the doctrines of the Gospel of Christ in his daily existence. Outwardly, in dress, and partly in acquired dialect, a peasant, who ploughs his own glebe, takes his oats to the mill to grind, carries turf for his neighbours in payment of horse hire for his plough, and hums country ballads as he turns the furrows, as a ploughman would, and yet is a scholar and gentleman at heart, and although a child in evil, yet in understanding and heart a man—as the author finely shows when the rogue-lawyer of the tale tries to tempt him by bribes to sacrifice his ward, Greta Lowther, the heroine, to Hugh Ritson.

"Hugh Ritson," said Mr. Bonnithorne, the lawyer, to the apparently simple parson, "is a man of spirit and brains. Now, that's the husband for Greta—that is, if you can get him, and I don't suppose that you can; but if it were possible——"

Parson Christian faced about: "Mr. Bonnithorne," he said, gravely, "the girl is not up for sale, and the richest man in Cumberland can't buy her. The thirty pieces of silver for which Judas sold his Master have been coined afresh, but not a piece of that money shall touch fingers of mine."

"You mistake me, Mr. Christian," protested the lawyer, with an aggrieved expression; "I was speaking in our young friend's interests."

Who cannot see the fine but subtle and impassable line that divides the two men? Both educated, but as far apart on all bases of life and thought as the poles.

It would be a natural mistake of the reader of the present generation to suppose that Parson Christian is a purely ideal character, or at least a portrait of a time long past. But in truth the good Christian is as real a man as Fielding's Parson Adams or Goldsmith's Dr. Primrose must have been, and he is as vivid a figure in living memory as my old friend William Evans of Ellaston. I could give the names of many such dear simple souls whose habits of life were just as primitive, though they belonged to my own generation. Cumberland has produced several Parson Christians, and Lancashire at least one such man, and to my own knowledge Derbyshire and Lincolnshire have known men of his kind and class. There was "Wonderful Walker" (known to all Wordsworthians), the clerical "jack-of-all trades," who was master of all. Then there was the old vicar of the e church at the head of Wastdale—and who that ever met that int soul can forget him! Some years ago, while striking across

the hills of South Cumberland, I came upon one of those churches in the mountains which Wordsworth describes, and there in the afternoon sunshine the parson was busy, in his shirt sleeves, and a white overall, whitewashing the outside of the church. But the original of Mr. Hall Caine's Parson Christian is, I think, not a Cumberland but a Lancashire minister. His name in actual life was Peter Walkden, and he was the flesh-and-blood counterpart of Mr. Caine's vivid portrait. Peter Walkden lives in "A Son of Hagar" as he lived in life, though the people grouped about him are, of course, not those by whom he was surrounded. Peter was a dissenting minister; his living was worth some thirty pounds a year, and this sum was made up of pew-rents added to sundry small annuities, such as the lawyer Bonnithorne pays him in Mr. Caine's story. He had a croft and kept a cow, a couple of pigs, and of course a coop of fowls. Every day of his life he worked in the field, sometimes for himself, but generally at day's labour for the farmers around. He kept the diary to "view his life and actions in" which the reader of "A Son of Hagar" has learned to love, and I can testify that those quaint entries of Parson Christian's about calling at the village inn for "a penny pot of ale" are almost literal transcripts from Peter's book. Of course Mr. Hall Caine has passed the good old Peter through the imagination, just as George Eliot did with my friend William Evans; but all the lines of fact remain, and Parson Christian will live because he is so like life.

What an inimitably accurate picture of village life, far from the roar of city sounds, is the smithy scene, where Gubblum Oglethorpe and the rest are discussing the prudence of Hugh Ritson's mining ventures and his many difficulties! The shrewd insight into his affairs, and the supreme confidence in their own superior wisdom, that the group of gossips display, are delightful, and such as I have often listened to as the sparks flew like shooting stars from under the smith's hammer, with an added zest through the fear of a scratch on the face or hands from them, as the orator, seated on the side tool-bench, skilfully caught up the drift of thought of his hearers, and shaped his discourse by it as skilfully as ever did a "Demagogos" in the "Agora" of an old Greek republic, or one of his modern imitators when pouring forth his wrath in Hyde Park. Listening to such a speaker, one feels how true is the remark of George Cooper, the Chartist agitator, in his Autobiography, that "a demagogue is never the leader of the people; he is always their follower, and, whatever his own ideas, must bow to theirs."

I should wish to show another sign of original genius in Mr. Hall

Caine, besides his appreciation of the mental atmosphere of people, and the manner in which he keeps our ears filled with the *sounds* of a village, as completely as Dickens does with the roar of wheels and the clatter of horses' hoofs upon a pavement, in all his tales: and that is, how he shows in every turn of his narrative the eye of an artist or of a painter of landscapes. I do not mean in set "descriptions," for there is, I believe, hardly one such in the book, except the burning of the flour mill, and that is necessary for the development of the plot. I allude to the instinctive touches of scenery that have nothing to do with the plot, but come in spontaneously, as the tones of a man's voice do unconsciously as his emotions, whilst speaking, influence the inflections of his voice. One of these is the note as if in a reverie of the squirrel on the oak-tree near the cottage of Laird Fisher; but here it is, for the picture is too delicate in its tints for me to endeavour to describe it :—

"When he," Hugh Ritson, "passed Mr. Bonnithorne in the hall at the Ghyll, he was on his way to the cottage of the Laird Fisher. He saw in the road ahead of him the group which included his father and the charcoal-burner, and to avoid them he cut across the breast of the Eel Crags. After a sharp walk of a mile he came to a little whitewashed house that stood on the head of Newlands, almost under the bridge that crosses the fall. It was a sweet place in a great solitude, where the silence was broken only by the tumbling waters, the cooing of pigeons on the roof, and the twittering of ring-ousels by the side of the torrent. The air was fresh with the smell of new peat. There was a wedge-shaped garden in front, and it was encompassed by chestnut trees. As Hugh Ritson drew near, he noticed that a squirrel crept from the foot of one of those trees. The little creature rocked itself on the thin end of a swaying branch, plucking sometimes at the drooping fan of the chestnut, and sometimes at the prickly shell of its pendulous nut. When he opened the little gate, Hugh Ritson observed that a cat sat sedately behind the trunk of that tree, glancing up at intervals at the sporting squirrel in her moving seat." . . . "As he passed out through the gate he could not help observing that the cat from the foot of the chestnut tree was walking stealthily off with something like a dawning smile on its whiskered face, and the brush of the squirrel between its teeth." [1]

The outward world of nature seems to reflect in its acts and movements the internal soul of the living man as he goes to and returns from his evil act. He sees his own soul reflected upon the mirror, as if it contrasted even the inanimate trees and the actions of

[1] Vol. i. pp. 94–101.

the living brute near him. Probably Mr. Caine may have been unconscious of this, but his genius saw it if his reflection failed to observe the fact.

I should like to point out some other fine touches of the author, but space forbids ; and besides, it would spoil the delight of his reader in meeting them as he goes through this exquisite story. The peasant characters are drawn from the life. They are not pasteboard figures cut out to suit the passing fashion or fad of the hour. Impossible models of abstract virtue in corduroy and fustian are not to be found in Mr. Caine's studio. His models get drunk, swear, fight, are base, brutal, and ungrateful, as we find men and women in life to be. Nor are they equally impossible scoundrels, who became rascals and brutes on well-argued theories of crime being virtue and honesty vice, such as the French school of novelists delight to present to us. Hall Caine has looked at men for his education as an author, not to books of abstruse metaphysics written to prove that all that is, is wrong ; and all that is not, is right.

He cannot fail to please, therefore, for he is fresh and breezy, and we hope to meet him often in the same green lanes and dales he loves so well and paints so accurately.

FERRAR FENTON.

SCIENCE NOTES.

The Stereograms of the late Charles Breese.

"IRON" tells us that Mr. Mallin, a photographic artist of Southport, "has recently been very successful in taking instantaneous photographs of flying gulls;" that the photographs were taken under ordinary conditions and with ordinary apparatus. They are described as "striking examples of the speed with which such objects can now be produced."

I suspect that only a few of my readers may know that more than thirty years ago the late Mr. Charles Breese succeeded in producing similar instantaneous photographs on collodion films. These are equal, and in some respects superior, to anything that can now be done by the modern gelatine process.

He gave me as a wedding present half-a-dozen of them. This was in 1859, and they still remain as well defined as ever. They are stereograms surpassing in true stereoscopic atmospheric perspective anything that has been produced by any other photographic artist. One of them, which bears the title of "What are the wild waves saying?" is a stereoscopic picture of a wave curling over and breaking upon the beach. Just above the wave are two seagulls flying. In another picture is a lark taken on the wing.

His most remarkable achievements were an instantaneous picture of the full moon, and one of the crescent moon and Venus. These were taken with a common camera on a fixed stand. Had they not been instantaneous the full moon must have been an ellipsoid instead of a circle, and the planet a streak instead of a point, on account of their shifting position.

He was accused of imposture by contemporary photographers, and the moon picture, which is less than $\frac{1}{10}$ of an inch in diameter, was denounced as "a painted moon." I knew him well, and am certain that this accusation was false. One evening, when I had been lecturing at the Midland Institute with a lime-light lantern, he brought me a print of this picture on glass, to be thrown in magnified dimensions on the screen. The result was a convincing refutation of the charge,

though the definition of telescopic detail was marred and blurred by the imperfections of the collodion film, which, when magnified, displayed a network of cracks.

When he died I purchased from his executors all the remaining prints of his stereograms, and still have a large number of duplicates. They are all good, but their merit is by no means equal. Some are moonlight scenes produced by a curious device. The landscape is taken in sunlight; the moon, which was taken as a special picture, is printed in combination with this, taking the place of the sun, and the general lighting of the landscape is subdued by some means to produce a most perfect representation of moonlight effect on the sea, on land, and behind clouds. I have again examined some of the moon pictures (at the time of this writing), and find that by selecting a good print and magnifying it in various degrees I obtain broad details corresponding to those shown on the actual moon by corresponding telescopic magnifying. The face that appears to the naked eye disappears, as with the telescope, and the maria are distinctly displayed. The streaks radiating from Tycho are faintly indicated and blurred, apparently by the travelling of such thin lines. The globular form is displayed as by the telescope.

The Action of Wind on Sea-level.

WHETHER or not the winds that blow over the ocean alter its level by their friction is a question that has been much discussed—some maintaining that the level of the water is sensibly raised in the direction towards which the wind is blowing, others disputing this. A letter from Professor J. S. Newberry to *Science* throws some light on the subject. He says: "At eleven o'clock on Thursday evening, the 14th instant (October 1886) I witnessed here (Bay Island) a remarkable effect of the late tremendous wind-storm. This commenced about 7 A.M. and began to let up at eleven o'clock in the evening, or a little later. I then went down to the shore in front of my house and found the lake lower than the average by fully six feet. This is the greatest depression from such cause I have noticed during a residence here of nearly twenty-four years. We have not, within this period, had such a high wind steadily continued for so long a time. The captain of the steamer *Chief Justice Waite*, running between Toledo and the islands, reports the fall of water-level at Toledo as about eight feet."

Such facts as these (many others of similar character are
certainly do show that a very strong wind may pile 1

water when acting on the comparatively small surface of an inland lake, but do they justify the conclusion that when a similar wind sweeps over the ocean the piling up will increase proportionately to the surface, or increase at all?

It appears to me that there will be no increase beyond that which is indicated by the heights of the waves; that the six feet of recession in the case described by Professor Newberry simply corresponded to the advance made by the waves in breaking on the opposite or lee shore of the lake, and that in the case of the ocean the wind can only heap the waters in like manner to a height corresponding to that of the waves.

A little reflection will show why this should be the case. The action of the wind is superficial. It may succeed, under favouring conditions, in blowing shallow water up hill to a considerable distance, but if the water be moderately deep, *i.e.* deeper than wave-height, the superficial heaping in any given direction must produce an underflow in the opposite direction by the action of unequal pressure on a fluid. The water would thus "find its level" by an undercurrent running in the opposite direction to course of the wind.

Organic Phosphorescence.

IN a note on "Fish and Phosphorus," July 1883, I stated Radziszewski's theory of animal and vegetable phosphorescence. The researches show that it is the result of slow oxidation of certain organic compounds (hydrocarbons and aldehydes). According to this the glow-worm and other luminous animals give out animal light as they give out animal heat, by the slow combustion of compounds elaborated from their food.

It should be noted that the substance named phosphorus has nothing to do with this kind of phosphorescence, and that the notion that fish-food is special brain nutriment is a baseless popular fallacy. It is a double-barrelled fallacy. It assumes that the brain demands more phosphorus for its nutrition than other organs of the body, and that fish-food contains an exceptionally large quantity of this element. Both of these assumptions are erroneous.

Another theory of the origin of the phosphorescence of fishes has been offered, viz., that it is due to a luminous bacillus, to which Dr. Hermes has given the name of *Bacterium phosphorescens*. He has separated these microscopic things (animal or vegetable, as you use) from phosphorescent fishes, and inoculated other fish with them, thereby rendering the fishes luminous. They have also been

cultivated in gelatine and stirred into sea water, which they have rendered phosphorescent.

This does not occur in fresh water. Fresh-water fishes may be inoculated, but display no phosphorescence unless placed in salt water.

So far as I am able to learn at present, it appears that these researches merely show that the bacilli and the phosphorescence have been found to co-exist, but, as bacilli are now found everywhere, it may be that the *Bacterium phosphorescens* is merely a companion of the phosphorescence, just as the celebrated comma-shaped bacillus is shown to be a companion of cholera, and not its cause.

I have made many experiments and observations on the phosphorescence of dead fishes. Every species that I have tried, and these include nearly all that we use for food, are phosphorescent when exposed under favourable circumstances in temperate weather. I find that both the external surface and the flesh of the fish when it is cut open are phosphorescent.

One of my observations strikes a very damaging blow to this bacillus theory. I have seen the flesh of crabs that have been boiled become remarkably phosphorescent on its dried surface after a short exposure to the air. The roe of the same crabs exhibited no phosphorescence at all. Some of the roe sprinkled on the white flesh appeared as black spots upon a bright luminous ground.

Even if it be proved that the bacillus is a necessary factor in producing the phosphorescence the theory of Radziszewski may still be sound.

Cosmic Dust.

A. E. NORDENSKIÖLD (*Comptes Rendus*, vol. 103, p. 682) has recently examined a powder which fell for about half an hour on the surface of fresh fallen snow on the Cordilleras, in November 1883, during which month a peculiar red glow was observed in the sky in the evening, and the atmosphere was highly charged with electricity. The powder was collected by C. Stolp and forwarded to Nordenskiöld. "It consists mainly of irregularly-rounded reddish-brown grains, frequently agglomerated in somewhat larger masses, which showed no signs of fusion, and dissolved, though slowly, in hydrochloric acid. The powder also contained a small quantity of annular scales, probably felspar, and green hexagonal plates, which consisted chiefly of mica." It had the following composition :—

Sesquioxide of iron, 74·59 ; oxide of nickel, with traces of oxide of cobalt, 6·01 ; traces of copper oxide ; phosphoric acid, 0·63 ; sulphuric acid, 0·37 ; silica, 7·57 ; alumina, 2·90 ; lime, 0·31 ; magnesia, 3·88 ; loss on heating, 2·61. A small quantity of alkali is also probably present. The above is from the abstract of Nordenskiöld's paper in the January number of the *Journal of the Chemical Society* of the present year, where I have just met with it.

On turning back to my notes in *The Gentleman's Magazine* of February 1884, I find that this dust from the Cordilleras corresponds remarkably with that which I obtained from the snow which fell on December 5th and 6th, 1883, on my garden in Stonebridge Park. The following is my description, as published in the above-named note:—"On thawing the snow I found a deposit of black and brown gritty particles, which, when dissolved in acid (hydrochloric), gave the usual reactions of iron. By precipitating the dissolved iron with carbonate of baryta, I obtained from the filtrate distinct traces of nickel in the form of apple-green hydrate, but not a weighable quantity." The quantity upon which I operated was too small for an exhaustive analysis.

Microscopic examination by myself and Mr. Cowper Ranyard revealed agglomerations of the smaller particles similar to those described by Nordenskiöld, and similar scales and plates. My dust was of darker colour, probably due to carbon precipitated from our more smoky atmosphere. Some of its iron was in the condition of magnetic oxide, as proved chemically, and also by spreading it on paper and moving a magnet under the paper. Whether the iron was originally in the state of magnetic oxide, or reduced from that of sesquioxide by heating with the carbon particles, I am not able to say. The peculiar pear-shape of a few of the particles suggested the first-named explanation as regards these. Most probably there was originally a mixture of both sesquioxide and magnetic oxide particles.

I fully agree with the conclusion of the abstractor that "the composition of the powder shows that it is not a product of the Krakatoa eruption, and is not of terrestrial origin," and that "it is evidently of cosmical origin."

The subject is exceedingly interesting and demands further investigation. I am glad to learn from this paper by Nordenskiöld that he is still proceeding with it. It should be remembered that he found dust of similar composition on snow in Stockholm, and in Calabria on February 16 and 19, and March 10, 1884 (*see* Science Notes, April 1885). That in Calabria, like mine at Stonebridge Park, contained magnetic oxide of iron.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

D'Avenant's Relationship to Shakespeare.

THE theory said to have been put forward by Sir William D'Avenant that he was the son of Shakespeare has been scouted by writers of the present day, who dispose with a wave of the hand of most traditions concerning the poet which the generations following his own were at the trouble to collect and transmit. The view in question seems to have commended itself to antiquaries and biographers so careful as Aubrey, Oldys, Anthony à Wood, and Malone. That future writers have discarded it is creditable to their zeal for Shakespeare rather than to their anxiety to arrive at the truth. The story reaches us from different sources. Oldys in his MS. notes, a selection from which were issued by Mr. Thoms, says: "If tradition may be trusted Shakespeare often baited at the Crown Inn, or Tavern, in Oxford, on his journey to and from London. The landlady was a woman of great beauty and sprightly wit; and her husband, Mr. John Davenant (afterwards mayor of that city), a grave melancholy man, who, as well as his wife, used much to delight in Shakespeare's pleasant company. Their son, young Will D'Avenant (afterwards Sir William), was then a little schoolboy in the town, of about seven or eight years old,[1] and so fond also of Shakespeare that whenever he heard of his arrival he would fly from school to see him. One day an old townsman observing the boy running homeward almost out of breath, asked him whither he was posting in that heat and hurry. He answered, to see his *god*-father Shakespeare. 'There is a good boy,' said the other, 'but have a care that you don't take *God's* name in vain.' This story Mr. Pope told me at the Earl of Oxford's table, upon occasion of some discourse which arose about Shakespeare's monument, then newly erected in Westminster Abbey, and he quoted Mr. Betterton, the player, for his authority." This may be regarded as the original

[1] He was born at Oxford in Fe[illegible] March 3 of the same year.

statement. "Mere idle gossip," is the remark of the modern Shakespearolator. So be it: gossip transmitted by Betterton through Pope to Oldys. Let us take another aspect of the story.

Aubrey and Malone upon Shakespeare and D'Avenant.

AUBREY, in his "Lives of Eminent Men," the original MSS. of which are in the Ashmolean Museum, is responsible for the statement that Shakespeare was wont "to goe into Warwickshire once a year, and did commonly in his journey lye at the house (the Crown) in Oxon, where he was exceedingly respected." To Anthony à Wood Aubrey states: "Now Sir William would sometimes, when he was pleasant over a glass of wine with his most intimate friends, *e.g.*, Sam Butler, author of 'Hudibras,' &c., say that it seemed to him that he writt with the very same spirit that Shakespeare (did), and seemed contented enough to be thought his son." Aubrey once more chronicles that Robert D'Avenant, Fellow of St. John's College, Oxon, and a Doctor of Divinity, the elder brother of Sir William, used to say that "Mr. William Shakespeare had give him a hundred kisses." Anthony à Wood, it is true, does not refer to the alleged parentage. In the "Athenæ Oxonienses," however, he is at the trouble to affirm that the elder D'Avenant "was of a melancholy disposition and was seldom or never seen to laugh, in which he was imitated by none of his children but by Robert his eldest son"; and, again, that Mrs. D'Avenant "was a very beautiful woman, of good wit and conversation, in which she was imitated by none of her children but by this William." Anthony à Wood also mentions the frequent visits of Shakespeare to the tavern kept by D'Avenant, and as he is known to have been told of the supposed relationship he seems, instead of giving, as has been said, no "heed to the scandal," [1] to convey it in unmistakable innuendo. Malone meantime, in his ill-digested but admirable and trustworthy "Historical Account of the Rise and Progress of our English Stage," says that the suggestion in Aubrey's MSS. transcribed by Wood is confirmed by a subsequent portion of the MS., "imperfectly obliterated in another ink, and therefore probably by another hand than that of Aubrey." This portion was read by Warton, the historian of poetry, who, Malone says, informs him "the effect of the words is that D'Avenant was Shakespeare's son by the hostess of the Crown Tavern."

[1] Maidment and Logan's "Prefatory Memoir" to their collection of D'Avenant's ps, 1872, *et seq.*

CONTEMPORARY REFERENCE TO THE EXTRACTION OF D'AVENANT.

AGAINST this testimony modern biographers have opposed, first, the inherent improbability (*query*, impropriety) of the story, the absence of corroborative evidence, and so forth, and, principally, the failure to supply any testimony on the subject from writers contemporary with D'Avenant. Some testimony of the kind I think I can furnish, and as every fact of slightest interest concerning Shakespeare is of value, I have raked up an old story which might otherwise have been allowed to sleep. On the publication (1651) of the first edition of D'Avenant's "heroic poem" of "Gondibert," the English wits, chiefly refugees in Paris, were enchanted. A poem strictly moral in aim, and, it must be confessed, intolerably dull on perusal, written on the lines of a tragedy, offered as much attraction to them as the windows of an unoccupied house bordering on a newly macadamised road offer to boys. Satires upon poet and book were accordingly constant. Aubrey says, "The courtiers with the Prince of Wales could never be at quiet about this piece." In 1653 appeared accordingly a collection of poems, with the title, "Certain Verses written by severall of the Author's Friends to be re-printed with the Second Edition of Gondibert." Two years later this was followed by "The Incomparable Poem Gondibert, vindicated from the Wit-Combats of Four Esquires, Clinias, Dametas, Sancho, and Jack Pudding" (then follows a motto in Greek, Latin, and English), printed in the year 1655. So scarce are these little books, which were priced £7 7*s.* in the "Bibliotheca Anglo-Poetica," that no writer on D'Avenant, except the elder D'Israeli, appears to have seen them, and the latter is generally assumed to be a vindication of D'Avenant by himself, instead of, as it is, a wild satire upon him. To understand what follows, it is necessary to say that D'Avenant sought to derive his name from Avenant, which he speaks of as a Lombard town. One or two references to this fanciful derivation are given, the most striking, being in a poem in the second tract, entitled "Upon the Author writing his Name, as in the title of the booke, D'Avenant." The opening lines of this are :—

> Your wits have further than you rode,
> You needed not to have gone abroad—
> D'Avenant from Avon comes.

Unless this refers to the supposed relationship to Shakespeare it seems unmeaning. The Avon was not in those days a classic stream. Shakespeare, however, was [illegible] "Sweet Swan of Avon ;" as in imitation

Isis." If this reference is not to D'Avenant's parentage, I shall be glad to be instructed in its real significance.

Decline in the Price of Rare Books.

IN following the sale of the famous Seillière library, the conviction is forced upon one that the price of books, *qua* books, is diminishing. Reprinting in facsimile, the multiplication of handsome editions of works once almost inaccessible, and other similar causes explain this. Two score years ago, to obtain a poetical work of Wither or a play of Heywood, it was necessary to purchase an original edition. The same held true of such curious French works as form portions of what is known as the Shandean library: "Les Pensées, etc., de Bruscambille," "Les Bigarrures et Touches du Seigneur des Accords, etc." These books have one and all been reprinted, and the old editions, even when in fine condition, fetch prices much lower than were at one time paid for them. The French public meantime seem content to collect the early works of Romanticists, or works with the illustrations of engravers from Gravelot to Gavarni. Taking accordingly the average prices realised in the Seillière sale, they were twenty to thirty per cent. lower than those of the great sales of the previous generation. Unique books, which are more interesting as art specimens than as books, Livres d'heures, incunables of a certain description, the rarest Elzevirs and Aldines, are well in demand. Some books, moreover, in historic bindings, are much sought. A fine binding, Grolier or other, recommends a book more than almost anything else. It was curious to see a fine Froissart by Nic. Verard, in four folio volumes, go for a hundred pounds, while a tract of a dozen pages, with the Grolier device, fetched twice the sum. In Paris, meanwhile, at the same time the Seillière was going on, a first edition of the collective works of Racine was being sold for 679 francs, while Laborde's "Choix de Chansons" fetched 1,640 francs, and "Les Amours de Daphnis et Chloé" 900 francs.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.
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JUDITH.

BY LILLIAS WASSERMANN.

CHAPTER I.

THE silence in the wood was so unbroken that the falling of a leaf made a perceptible sound, or at least the gentle severance of it from its hold upon the bough did. The birds were perfectly still, as they often are late in the afternoons of autumn, and a solemn quietude, which was yet not peace, reigned over the world of nature. The rays of the low sun came stealing through the drooping branches, and lighted up the trunks of the pine trees with a ruddy glare.

A woman, who was gathering twigs into her apron, came out of the gloom of the wood, and stood for a while in one of the open spaces—a space where there was a pool, formed by the damming back of a small runner. She looked down at the water, which had caught the evening glow upon its stagnant surface; and up at the light upon the trees. Then she cast her eyes upon the bundle of sticks she was carrying, as though determined to avoid some unpleasant yet fascinating sight. Suddenly she gave a cry of horror and disgust, and let her apron drop, and the sticks which were in it fall to the ground. Directly after, she laughed out, and the laugh was not a pleasant one to hear. Lifting one of the twigs, she examined it curiously. It had growing upon it one of those brilliantly coloured fungi which are so frequently seen in damp parts of plantations, and probably under some special kind of trees. This one was tinted with a vivid crimson, and had exactly the appearance of a great gout of blood.

After she saw what it really was, the woman raised her head, and looked straight before her at the dull red water and the dull red sunset.

"It's no manner of use," she muttered, in a tone of sullen despair; "they're all of one colour, look wh[illegible]ad, or

is it that the devil's at work, holding it before me for ever, to get me used to the sight of it?"

She was a grand-looking woman of five or six and twenty, with a sort of statuesque beauty of line and contour; but she appeared thin and ill-nourished, her complexion had the pallor of semi-starvation, and her brown eyes had that wolfish glare in them that one sees in a caged and underfed wild creature. She gathered her sticks together again, and walked steadily on to the outskirts of the wood, where the cottage in which she lived was situated.

Her husband was overman at the colliery whose tall chimney and skeleton framework and pulleys showed dark against the sunset sky; and this cottage, on the outskirts of the long, straggling village street, was one of the perquisites appertaining to his position.

The woman lifted the latch and entered, when she at once gave an exclamation of pleased surprise.

"Why, Bill, I thought ye were at work to-day?" she said, as she hastened to the fireside and threw down her burden of twigs, which were to be presently placed in the oven to dry. Unlike most of the pitmen's wives, whose fires never need kindling, because fuel was free, and therefore they were never allowed to die out, Mrs. Felton required wood as well as coals. She was of South Country origin, and never learnt the native knack of "happing up and beating down," so as to keep a fire smouldering from night to morning, as the rest did. The young fellow who was sitting by the fire gave her no greeting, save an unintelligible murmur; but he scanned her earnestly from head to foot, and his eyes rested longest upon a big purple bruise which showed on the pallor of her temple, just where the rippling waves of her dark red hair ended.

Slowly a flush crept over his own face, and his fist clenched itself involuntarily. He jerked out an exclamation of anger and pity combined, and then turned away with a sigh.

The woman took a low stool from the opposite corner, and sat down close beside him, first displacing and driving away with no gentle hand a couple of sleek greyhounds. These animals retreated growling, and sought refuge under the big four-post bedstead which stood against the furthest wall.

"Be off, you brutes!" she said, angrily. "You won't get everything you want when he's out of the way!—I hate the very sight of them, Bill, with their glossy skins, and their snaky heads, and their bodies that swallow decent folks' dinners, and never look a bit the better for it."

"Ye're tired, Judith, lass, or ye wouldn't be so cross," remarked

her companion, quietly. He spoke with the ordinary Northumbrian burr and drawl, but the accent of the woman whom he called Judith was remarkably pure. She had, in fact, been lady's-maid to Squire Riddel's young wife, and had been little more than two years in the North when she fell in love with the splendid animal, Dick Felton, and married him ; spite of every warning she received as to his dissolute habits and brutal temper. There was a sensual element in the beautiful woman's nature to which Dick's big, robust physique appealed irresistibly ; and for a short while after marriage she was perfectly satisfied with what the village folks called her "bad bargain." But there was more in the woman than the mere gratification of passion could content ; and before long she awoke to the fact that she had given herself, body and soul, into the power of a creature with the licentiousness of a Tiberius and the cruelty of a Nero ; a tyrant who wanted no wife, no companion, but merely a slave whom he could torture and ill-use at will.

For a year and a half she had borne worse usage than, perhaps, ever fell to a young wife's lot before ; and her master and tyrant fancied that her spirit was subdued and her will conquered, and flattered himself that she was now well broken in. But a sullen, silent rebellion was working and fermenting within her all the while, and there was no knowing how soon it might break forth.

The one gleam of comfort in her melancholy lot was the quietly persistent kindness and sympathy shown to her by Bill Felton, the half-brother of her husband. This boy—who was a couple of years her junior, and who, because of his delicate health, and steady, studious habits, was looked upon as little better than an idiot by big Dick—was Judith's sole confidant and friend. The women of the place shunned her as an alien, and declined to pity her, because she never either gossiped or complained, but held herself proudly aloof, and suffered in silence. She understood the difference between pity and curiosity, and preferred to eat her heart out in solitude to becoming an object for their contemptuous comment.

But with Bill it was different. He was one of the family, and there was no need to wear the mask before him. Bill knew perfectly well what a brute Dick was, and pitied any woman who had given herself into such vile keeping. The lad began by being intensely sorry for her loneliness and her misery, and trying to patch up a peace between the ill-matched couple ; and when this attempt failed he did his best to soften her hard lot by giving out to her unfailing kindness and sympathy. Many a time he had gone without his dinner that he might [illegible] ught any of his

books which he fancied might interest her, and read them aloud during the long hours of her waiting, while Dick was drinking himself stupid or malicious, or gambling away his fortnight's pay. And more than once the presence of the younger man had saved the woman from violence on her husband's return. Sometimes both these watchers and waiters felt too sad and hopeless to talk, and at such periods they would sit a whole evening without a word passing between them; but the very consciousness of each other's presence, the dumb, quiet companionship, was soothing, and kept Judith, at least, from becoming desperate. But on this particular night something within impelled her to give voice to her pent-up emotions.

"Tired!" she said, in response to his speech. "Am I ever anything else but tired, I wonder? Tired of life, since it can never bring me release, never anything better than this; tired of thoughts, that always lead to one end—an end I dare not face yet; tired of everything but——" Here she hesitated a little.

"But what?"

"Everything but you, Bill, dear!"

There was infinite tenderness in these few words, or rather in the tone in which they were uttered. Bill glanced up quickly, an eager pleasure in his face; and then his head sank upon his hands again, and he made no answer.

He could not quite understand his feeling towards Judith. The first one of pity was gone, and something he could not or would not analyse lived in its place. He had long since ceased to think of her as a poor creature whom he must do his best for. A restlessness possessed him now, which rendered him unhappy save when near to her, though, alas! her presence brought with it no peace.

"How long will I be able to stand it?" she went on, half to herself, looking into the fire as she spoke. "Sometimes I fancy such torture must kill me soon, unless *it is fated that he is to be the first to go to hell!* Now, don't pretend to be shocked, Bill. You know well enough I hate him sufficiently to help him there, so far as the will goes, even if I had to follow directly."

"Why did you wed him?" asked Bill, suddenly. Judith gave a short, bitter laugh.

"Because I was a fool, and deserved my fate! Because he was big, and strong and masterful, and I liked to feel he could do what he chose with me. Because—oh, how can I make you understand, boy? You, who have never felt that sort of thing! You, who could ver realise, with your slow, calm blood, and your quiet nature, how e seizes upon such a woman as I am, and how it carries one out

oneself, one's common sense, one's reason, one's goodness—everything! It is life, it is bliss, it is ecstasy, while it lasts! But then it never does last!" she ended, abruptly.

While she was speaking, a shudder ran through the young man's frame, and for a moment his breath came fast. All this sounded very terrible to him, but there was a strange fascination about it, nevertheless.

"And yet you hate him so now?" he said, slowly. "I thought a woman who loved like that once, loved so for always!"

"I tell you it never lasts! Perhaps it burns itself out quickly, because it is so intense! And think what a brute he is, and how he has made me suffer! Bill"—here she brought her voice to a whisper,—"did you know how the baby died?"

"Fell out of the bed, and that brought on fits, didn't it?"

"Fell out!" she repeated, laying her hand on his arm, and looking straight into his eyes with her own, in which a sullen fire burned; "it was *thrown* out! It had been cross and uneasy, and I got up and walked about to try and quiet it, for fear of rousing him; but it was no use, he heard it cry, and then, when I grew tired and rested for a moment on the bed, he took it out of my arms, and—oh, my little baby! my darling! my baby that nestled close in to my breast, and comforted me, and took this hard, cold feeling away! Great God! I could stand by with a smile on my lips, and see the wretch die when I think of that!"

Just for a moment the memory of motherhood in the woman had softened her, but only to give place to a deeper, sterner hatred. Bill could not speak. He was sick and unutterably revolted at the revelation. There was no hope, no comfort for a case like this. What could he do but hold his peace?

Judith, too, seemed to find it impossible to speak more, and she began to lay the cloth for her husband's frugal supper of bread and cheese. Everything about the place spoke of poverty, though there was a neatness and a spotless cleanliness which helped to take away any sordid impression it might have given. Many of the pitmen's cottages in the North are almost luxurious in their comfortable arrangements and substantial furniture; this one was bare of everything of the sort, and yet, from an utter absence of the vulgar ornament they affect, it looked greatly their superior. As much so, indeed, as did Judith, in her simple, shabby dress of russet-brown merino, with the flowing lines almost antique in their simplicity and severity. She was a beautiful creature, with a certain natural grandeur and grace of movement th and

unsophisticated period of the world, and was as much out of character with the present time as an epic or a symphony. It did not take long for her to finish her domestic duties, and then she returned to the fireside.

Bill had followed her with his eyes all the while, and now they rested again on her face. These eyes were the only noticeable feature in his pale, characterless face. They were deep-set, and of some dark indefinite shade, neither black nor brown, and they shone like stars when the firelight flickered on them. Every now and then they wandered to the purple mark on Judith's brow, as though irresistibly drawn to it. After they had kept silence for a long time, "Judith," he said, in a low deep voice, "ye know it's not for the want o' will that aa canna think of owt to help ye?"

"I know all that, Bill, dear! Don't fret too much if any harm comes to me. You are the only one who has tried to make things better, you are the only gleam of brightness in my life; and I love you for it, I do indeed, dear!"

"Is there nothing to be done?" cried the lad, impulsively.

"Yes; I have one refuge left when it gets past bearing," replied the woman, slowly. "You'll not tell of it, Bill, or he'll take it away from me?"

She drew a small phial out of her breast, and held it up to the firelight. It was full of a clear greenish-coloured liquid. Bill held out his hand, but she shook her head, and replaced it.

"I won't trust you, you're too fond of me."

"What is it, lass? Poison?"

Judith nodded.

"Chloral. I've not lived with fine ladies for nothing, you see!"

Bill jumped up, and began pacing the floor excitedly.

"But, Judith! Oh, what ever must aa do? Judith, ye'll not do that; say ye'll not, for ma sake? Ye must hear the truth now. Aa canna live without ye!"

As the last words burst out, he knelt down by Judith's chair, and put his arms round her in a way half protecting, half appealing; and she felt his heart beating tumultuously close to her own. Some responsive emotion thrilled through her, and she stooped suddenly and kissed his forehead. At the touch of her warm lips the young man's blood turned instantly to flame, and the pent-up passion within him broke bounds. He tightened his hold upon her, and kissed her lips, her hands, her bruised forehead, a hundred times. "Oh, Judith, aw canna live without ye!" he murmured over and over again, in a voice broken and hoarse with overwhelming passion.

The woman seemed a little afraid of the tempest she had raised, even while her cheek flushed, and a look of eager triumph came into her eyes. For one moment she yielded to his caress, and then she withdrew herself, and stood upright.

"Bill, dear, try to be calm," she whispered, entreatingly. "He may come in at any time now, and you know what he is. Do try to be quiet, for my sake!"

Bill, making a tremendous effort, regained his self-control, but he was all trembling and shaken. He sank upon the low stool, and buried his face in his hands. He was a good lad, well brought up and right principled; and this terrible temptation which had seized upon and mastered him made him loathe himself, even while he succumbed to it. But he had recognised the truth when she first told him how impossible it was he should ever love in such a way. Her description of her own past state of mind had awakened him to his present one, and it needed only a touch to finish what was then begun.

Suddenly the door was flung open, and Dick, the husband, staggered in, three parts drunk and the remaining part wicked.

"Oh ho, ma lad, aave catched ye this time! Aa wonder ye're not feared te mak up te yer big brother's wife, ye young deevil! But aw'll let thee know what's what, if thou dinna mind what thou's efter!"

The bully was in a quarrelsome mood, and seemed somewhat surprised when his words evoked no indignant rejoinder. Bill still kept his head down, and took no notice, though his pale cheek flushed, and he bit his under lip seriously.

"Is that all the supper ye've got for ye're goodman, ye d——d lazy hussy? What for haven't ye cooked me somethin' nice and tasty, instead of sittin' me down to yer bloomin' dry bread and cheese?"

He cut himself a slice of bread a she spoke, and Bill, glancing up at him, noticed that the blade of the big bread-knife gleamed as though it were a new one.

"I had nothing to cook, and no money to buy anything," replied Judith, calmly.

Dick gave a great laugh.

"Nothin' like short commons to bring down a proud spirit, ma fine madam! If ye were better fed, ye'd kick ower the traces!"

The woman made no answer. So long as he confined himself to words she cared little what he said.

"And what do you two get to talk about all the time aa'- Blackguard me, aa'll warrant, and wish aa was ou'

and sit on ma knee, lass, and make him envious o' ma bonny wife!"

Judith gave him a defiant and contemptuous look.

"I shall act no farce for your pleasure!"

"What! Ye refuse? Aw'll fell ye to the ground if ye dinna mind, ye bad, disobedient slut!"

Once set agoing, he poured out a flood of foul-mouthed abuse, and then, rising, made for his intended victim. But Bill was beforehand with him. The young fellow placed himself in front of her, and stood, with flashing eyes, daring the bully to do his worst.

"Ye shall not lay a finger on her this neet! I will kill you first."

Chapter II.

The village policeman and a pitman of horticultural tendencies were having a quiet gossip over the merits of their respective dahlias, when they were startled by the sound of voices quarrelling, and stopped to listen.

"Hoots, man, it's nowt out o' th' common," said the dahlia grower, after a moment's pause. "Only that brute Dick Felton landed home drunk, and in one of his tantrums, and then the wife catches it hot, ye know!"

"We'd better get round to the front to be ready, case anything happens," replied .the guardian of the peace; and the two men walked through the opening which led to the street. As they went they heard Bill Felton's loud-spoken defiance, then immediately following it a deep groan came, a shriek, and the sound of the fall of a heavy body. Feeling now more anxious, they quickened their steps, and opening the cottage door, stood aghast at the scene which presented itself.

Partially leaning against a bench which stood close to the wall, and yet limp and motionless, was the huge body of Dick Felton, and from a great stab in his side the blood was welling, and dripping slowly, drop by drop, upon the floor. Judith lay near him, and at first they feared she too was dead, but found on examination that she had simply fainted. But the most frightful spectacle was Bill Felton, Dick's young brother, who was standing over the murdered man, staring at him with a strong fixed gaze, which even the entrance of the men failed to divert for a moment. In his hand was a large and sharp bread-knife, the weapon with which the deed had evidently

been committed, and his right sleeve and shirt-front were covered with blood. Neither of the two new-comers could muster sufficient courage to approach the murdered man, until the doctor—who was sent for immediately—arrived, when they raised the body and laid it on the table. The surgeon pronounced life to be extinct, and expressed his opinion that the stab, being in a vital part, had proved fatal at once.

When Judith was restored to consciousness it appeared as though her mind had given way, for she burst into a loud and ghastly laugh, and, pointing to the corpse, cried out, "All of one colour, look where I like! It was the devil who dyed everything red, so that I might get used to the colour. Didn't I tell you so, Bill?"

. . . . . .

The court was crowded almost to suffocation when William Felton was tried at the following assizes for the murder of his elder brother, Richard Felton. The circumstances of the case were peculiar, and in some respects mysterious, and aroused a great deal of interest and attention. The well-known brutal and intemperate habits of the murdered man, as contrasting with the steady, studious, inoffensive nature of those of the accused, gained the latter a considerable amount of sympathy. It was conjectured that the deed was the result of sudden passion, probably caused by some threatened or actual violence on the part of the deceased, and that most likely this violence had been shown towards his wife. Indeed, it was well known that the younger man had often in former times protected the woman Judith from his elder brother's fury. Ever since the murder, or manslaughter—for the crime seemed much more likely to be considered the latter than the former—Judith Felton had been in a strange state of mind; and, although she was to be called as principal witness against the accused (she being the only person present at the time), the medical men who had examined her were more than doubtful as to her sanity.

The case for the prosecution was very strong against the prisoner, even before this woman was examined, although all the witnesses did their best to show the very high estimation in which he was held by those who knew him intimately.

He did not look like a criminal as he stood there in the dock, with his slight form and his pale, delicate face, from which the eyes shone clear and star-like from their hollow sockets. He seemed very anxious and nervous, however, and kept glancing at the door from which the witnesses issued.

At last the woman, Judith Felton, was called, and walked t

witness-box with a steady step, though those near enough to see her clearly, noticed that there was a strange, dazed look about her.

Before she was sworn she looked long and earnestly at the prisoner, and he returned the gaze. His face was calm and resolute now, and had lost the nervous expression it had hitherto worn. As he continued to watch Judith's face a look of great sweetness and content crept over his own, and he smiled to her. But the woman turned away, shuddering from head to foot. The oath was administered to her in due form, and she was called upon to give her evidence. She hesitated a moment, and then spoke out in a clear, distinct voice. "It is very simple. He who stands yonder is innocent. I am the guilty one! I did it! He only drew the knife out of the wound!"

"Judith!" cried the prisoner, in an agonised tone, "don't, for pity's sake! Hold your tongue!—It's not true, my lord; she's lost her wits, poor thing!"

"Silence!"

"It is absolutely true," went on the witness, with a simple directness which carried conviction. "I had often thought of it, and latterly had begun to dream of it, though I did not know until the moment came that I should have ever the courage to carry it out."

"Do you mean to tell us that you deliberately planned to take your husband's life?" questioned the judge. The witness appeared now to have a little difficulty to keep her attention fixed, and required to have the question repeated.

"No; I did not plan it. It took possession of me, and kept coming back and back, though I struggled against the idea. I can scarcely describe it—I feel so confused—but wherever I looked, there seemed to be blood—in the sky, in the water, in the fire—everywhere!"

The witness made this remarkable statement in an even, monotonous, rather sleepy way, but it sent a thrill through the court all the same. Then, turning towards the prisoner, she held out her arms with a gesture of passionate entreaty.

"Forgive me, Bill, dear Bill!—forgive me for ever allowing you to stand—where—you do! I was a coward; but still, I could not let you die for me—no, no, I could not bear that! I love you, Bill, I love you better than I knew, dear."

As she finished speaking her head dropped, and she fell forward, apparently in a swoon.

The accused gave one sharp, short cry of horror, and then his face grew calm again.

"What has happened?" cried some person near to him.

"She has taken poison," affirmed the prisoner, quietly.

This statement was indeed found to be true. When the doctor, who was called upon, examined Judith, he found that the action of her heart had ceased. She had drunk the contents of the phial which she carried always about her person, a little while before entering the court. This accounted for her strangely sleepy, unemotional demeanour.

It was a tragic ending to a tragic life; but even Bill, with all the passion of young grief which overwhelmed him, could not but feel that, as far as this world went, it was the least terrible one which could have happened.

And after? Ah! who knows?

> Lift not the painted veil which those who live
> Call life.

These poor human existences, apparently so barren of either happiness or use; these fatal marriages, where the higher natures are dragged down and degraded by the lower ones; these tragedies of sorrow, and the sins which are born of despair—what do they all mean? If we could find the true answer to this question we should indeed be as gods, knowing good and evil.

THE ORIGINAL OF SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

THE recent revival of "Henry IV." at Cambridge, the new reading which has been given to the character of Falstaff, and the public interest its performance has awakened, as shown by the lively comments of various newspapers, encourage the belief that a small "find" I have made in the Irish Record Office may prove opportune.

"Perhaps no author has ever in two plays afforded so much delight," writes Dr. Johnson, alluding to "Henry IV." and "The Merry Wives of Windsor," in both of which Falstaff figures. All commentators, of course, must notice the fact that in the first draft, and during the earlier performances of "Henry IV.," the character, afterwards known as Falstaff, is called Sir John Oldcastle, and some hesitated not to assert that Wickliffe's fanatical adherent, Oldcastle, who was burned alive in St. Giles's Fields, was Shakespeare's "sitter," so to speak. Although no two characters could be more unlike, the great author found it necessary to take the most public opportunity of contradicting that assumption. The Epilogue, in the only known quarto edition of the Second Part of "Henry IV.," states:—"Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed by your hard opinions; *for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man.*"

Commentators were fond of trying to trace in an old play some slight groundwork for the immortal character of Falstaff. Mr. Wm. W. Lloyd[1] opines that Shakespeare must have worked upon a better prototype than the wretched play of "The Famous Victories of Henry V." He admits that in this play we have a Sir John Oldcastle, but he fails to see the slightest resemblance to Falstaff.

[1] Essay on the Life and Plays of Shakspeare, by William W. Lloyd. London: Whittingham, 1858. (Contributed to the edition of the Poet by S. W. Singer.) In a recent number of *Notes and Queries* (6 Se. xii. 342), Mr. W. W. Lloyd proclaims—

"Shakspeare awaits his editor, and I am prepared to maintain my position, nd to prove it upon the body of any edition which is in present vogue!"

Later on, Mr. Lloyd throws out the suggestion, that "for some of the roguery, if not the wit, that makes up Jack Falstaff, the world is under obligations, and ought to own them, to Goodman Lambert of Barton."

It was certainly usual with the old poets and dramatists to draw their characters from real men, just as Butler made Sir Samuel Luke sit for Hudibras. Shakespeare was so much worried by the protests of Sir John Oldcastle's representatives, that it is no wonder he should have been cautious to avow obligations to the original of Sir John Falstaff.

Some of this reticence may find explanation in the critical remarks of Mr. Hudson, that "hugely as we delight to be with Falstaff, he is just about the last man that anyone would wish to resemble." [1]

Mr. W. Davenport Adams, son of the Shakespearian commentator, reviews in his "Dictionary of English Literature" (p. 216), under the heading "Falstaff," the theory as to Sir John Oldcastle being the prototype. Mr. Adams says not one word of Fastolf, of whom I shall presently give perhaps more than enough, but he makes the point that Shallow describes Falstaff as "page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, which Oldcastle really was." (See "Henry IV." Part II. Act III. Scene 3.)

I was somewhat startled by this coincidence, but a little research satisfied me that precisely the same fact could be advanced in favour of Sir John Fastolf. In the old "Biographia Britannica," vol. v., page 698, we read that Fastolf, in his boyhood, "was under Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk," and "that he had been trained up in his family."

Two documents, which have never previously been printed, or even referred to, in our endless stores of Shakespearian illustration, are worthy of attention. The first is a Mem. Roll of the Exchequer in Ireland, dated 3rd of Henry IV., the very monarch who gave the title to the immortal play in which Falstaff figures; while Thomas of Lancaster, afterwards Duke of Clarence, it will be remembered, is one of the *dramatis personæ*.

Fastolf, as the original of Falstaff, is not a new idea. I find that it was a favourite notion with old Thomas Fuller, and also with the Rev. Dr. Peter Heylin, who died in 1662. I am bound to say, however, that Mr. Halliwell Phillips, one of our highest living

[1] Shakspeare, his Life, Art, and Characters, with an historic sketc
origin and growth of the Drama in England, by the Rev. H. N. Hu
pp. 82-96. Boston, U.S.A.

authorities on Shakespearian literature, considers that "the two characters have no connection." In this view he is probably influenced by the bold argument of William Oldys. What I specially claim as new in the researches I now venture to submit, is the discovery that the well-nigh forgotten figure of Sir John Fastolf held the post of "Chief Wine-Butler in Ireland;" and the evidence thus adduced is, I think, important, as corroborating a theory which fell into abeyance through want of some such support.

A very full memoir of Sir John Fastolf appears in the fourteenth volume of Chalmers' Biographical Dictionary (pp. 133–144: London, 1816). Chalmers tells us that it had been written some sixty years before by William Oldys. But although Oldys seems to have had access to nearly all Fastolf's patents of appointment, he knows nothing of the vinous duties which Fastolf was paid to discharge in Ireland; and all other memoirs of Fastolf confess ignorance as to what the post was.

The following is a translation of a somewhat illegible and fast-decaying Exchequer Roll of the reign of Henry IV.:—

"Grant from Thomas of Lancaster, son of Henry IV. and Ld.-Lieutenant of Ireland and Seneschal of England, to John Fastolf and John Radcliff of the office of 'Chief Butler of Ireland,' which was in the King's hands by reason of the minority of James, son and heir of James Butler,[1] Earl of Ormond, deceased, who held the same of the King in capite, together with the prizage of all wines coming or imported into the country, and all fees, profits, and commodities whatsoever appertaining to the office."[2]

Antiquaries may care to see a verbatim copy of the original. The avidity with which every old scrap bearing—even indirectly—on Shakespeare's plays is not unfrequently seized upon, annotated, and photo-lithographed, leads me to hope that the insertion will not prove obtrusive:—

Memorandum Roll. Exchequer. 3 Henry IV. Mem. 19.

ℓre patenℓ ꝑ Joℏe ffastolf & Joℏe Radclef ꝑ officio capiℓ pincẽne

Thomas de lancastre filius Regis Angl' locum tenens iꝑius Regis ℓre sue hiᵭn & senescallus Angl' oᵐ̃ibꝫ ad quos ꝑsentes ℓre pvenīnt salt̄m Sciatis q̄d de gr̃a nr̃a spal̄ concessim⁹ dil̄cis Armig⁹is nr̃is Joℏi ffastolf & Joℏi Radclef officiū capital' pincẽne ℓre ꝑdc̃e in manibꝫ nr̃is ex concessione carissimi dn̄i & patris nr̃i Regis ꝑdc̃i ratione minoris etatis Jacobi fil' & heredis

[1] "Hath Butler brought those?" (Henry IV. i. 3). "Bid Butler lead him forth" (*ib.* ii. 3).

[2] Letters Patent, dated at London, April 14, in 7th year of Henry IV.'s reign.

Jacobi Boteller[1] nup Comitis de Ormonia defuncti qui de ipō p̄re nr̄o tenuit in capite existentis h̄end' & ocupand' dēm officiu' p se aut p deputatos suos cum prisis vinoz̄ q̄ in p̄am p̄dēam de tempe in tempus venient & adducent^r una cum feodis & aliis p̄ficuis ac comoditatib3 quibuscunq̄ ad idem officium r̄onabilit' spectantib3 a primo die Januarii ultimo p̄ito usq̄ ad plenam etatem hered' p̄dēi nup Comitis [ ] aliquo nob' seu p̄fato patri nr̄o p̄ prisis vinoz̄ p̄dēorz̄ reddendo et si de herede p̄dēo [ ] conting [ ] anteq̄m ad plenam etatem suam pveñit herede suo infra etatem existente tunc iidem Joh̄es & Joh̄es [ ] dēm officiu' usq̄ ad legitimam etatem ejusdem heredis sic infra etatem existentis in forma p̄dēa & sic de herede in heredem quousq̄ aliquis heredum p̄dēoz̄ ad plenam etatem suam pveñit In cuj3 rei testimoñ has l̄ras nr̄as fieri fecim' patentes data apud londeñ xiiii die April anno regni [ ] issimi dñi & p̄ris nr̄i p̄dēi septimo.

How Falstaff loved to descant on wines with all the zeal and knowledge of an expert will be pleasantly remembered. In "Henry IV." (Act iv. Scene 3.) he makes one of his immortal speeches on "the property of excellent Sherris"—how "Valour comes from Sherris"—so "that skill in the weapon is nothing without Sack."

Though Fastolf subsequently attained high military distinction in France, his career as Wine Butler—one wholly unknown to his biographers—may have been less noble and more open to ridicule.

The youthful prince—afterwards Henry V.—is represented in the play as very much in the society of Falstaff. In 1398 Prince Henry, afterwards King of England, was certainly in Ireland. He was sent by Richard II. to that country, and imprisoned in the Castle of Trim. But he was then only ten years old ("Vita Henrici Beaufort Cardinalis"). Shakespeare represents him as in the height of his wild courses before he was fifteen. The historian of England, Dr. Lingard, states, when speaking of "the frolics and associates of the prince," as described by Shakespeare and probably coloured by him, "It cannot be denied that they are perfectly in unison with the accounts of the more ancient writers, and the traditionary belief of the succeeding century."

It is true, as Oldys states, that about this time Fastolf resided in

[1] The title of Boteler—or Butler—is used by Chaucer, and may also be found in Furnival and in Wycliffe's Bible.

Theobald, fourth Le Boteler, obtained from Edward I., in gratitude for assistance rendered in his Scotch wars, the prizage of wines in Ireland. The Government bought this grant from Lord Ormonde for
May 31, 1811, the contract was ratified by

England with Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk. Inasmuch, however, as that duke was banished in 1398 by Richard II., there is nothing to prevent Fastolf from being in Ireland at the very period that Prince Henry was notoriously there. Richard was dethroned in 1399, and the House of Lancaster—the special patrons of Fastolf—succeeded to power.[1]

In Act I. Scene 1, "King Henry IV.," the Chief Justice says, "You have misled the youthful Prince."

Falstaff. "The young Prince hath misled me. I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog."

Dr. Johnson says he does not understand this joke. "The allusion," writes Talbot, "was probably to some well-known character of the time. Ben Jonson, in his 'Discoveries,' has an anecdote of a notorious thief of the day remarkable for his great belly. A little more information respecting this person," adds Talbot, "might, perhaps, identify him with the character here alluded to." May not the design have been to compare our great Wine Butler rather to Bacchus, who is generally depicted with the rotundity described? Oldys says that Fastolf was then young—but Bacchus was also young—though prematurely aged from intemperate habits.

Oldys argues the improbability of Fastolf being a companion of the prince, because the former was then engaged in the service of Prince Henry's brother Thomas of Lancaster. But this office—unknown to Oldys—was a mere sinecure.

Fastolf discharged more active duties in Ireland than that of Wine Butler. We now find King Henry IV. bestowing two horses on—shall I say—"the horse back-breaker," as Falstaff is described in "Henry IV." The Patent Roll of Chancery subjoined—and now printed for the first time—affords a strange glimpse of society four hundred years ago. As its substance is given on the next page, the original may be skipped by persons more agile than Dr. Dryasdust.

Patent Roll. Chancery. Ireland. 3 Henry IV. No. 217. face.

p Joñe ffostalf armig°o — R—Omibꝫ ad quos &c. salt̄m Sciatis q̄d de gr̄a nr̄a spāli & p bono & laudabili ꝰuicio quod dil̄c̄us armigr nr̄ Joñes ffastolf nōb & carissimo fil' nr̄o Thome de lancastre senescallo Angl' locū nr̄m tenenti in ꝑra nr̄a hiꝺn ante hec tempora impendit & impendet in futur' dedim⁹ & concessim⁹

[1] Shakespeare, when tracing the movements of Henry and Falstaff in Ireland, doubtless found Oldcastle in the same county as Trim. Oldcastle is the name at first given to Falstaff, but—as Shakespeare takes care to explain—"Oldcastle who died a martyr" is not the "Oldcastle whose name he borrowed in 'King Henry IV.'" There are several references to Ireland.

eidem Joħi quendam equ' in custodia cujusdam Edwardi Berie Camarii Prioris eccl'ie sc̄e Trinitatis Dublin ut dicit' existen' tanq̄m deo dandum nr̄m eo q̄d int'fecit quendam parvulū nōb forisfc̄m et etiā quendam aliu' equ' qui nup fuit Mathei ludewyche ut deo dandum nr̄m eo q̄d int'fecit ip̄m Mathm nob' similit' forisfc̄m In cuj' &c. T. p̄fato locū tenente apud Kilmaynan vii die Septembr'. p peticōem.

This "Roll" may thus be summarised. "The Church" is that now known as the Cathedral of Christ Church, Dublin.

"The King, for the good and lawful service which his well beloved Esquire John Fastolf has performed towards him and his most dearly beloved son Thomas of Lancaster, grants to him a certain horse in the custody of one Edward Berry, Prior of the Church of the most Holy Trinity, as a Deodand forfeited to the King for the murder of a little boy, and also another horse which belonged to Mathew Ledwich as a Deodand forfeited for the murder of the said Mathew."

"Bardolph, look to our horses," Falstaff exclaims. "Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment," he says on another occasion.

The perpetual harping on "a horse" puzzled the commentators. In one place Falstaff calls himself "a rogue," "a horse." In another he compares himself to a "brewer's horse." On the meaning of this passage the commentators have a long discussion. "I suppose a brewer's horse was apt to be lean with hard work," opines Johnson. "A brewer's horse means the cross-beam on which beer barrels are carried," says Steevens. Boswell comes to the rescue with a conundrum: "What is the difference between a drunkard and a brewer's horse? One carries all his liquor on his back, and the other in his belly." It is, I submit, a mistake to suppose that in Fastolf's time to *brew* meant, as now, to make beer. Shakespeare himself writes, "Brew me a pottle of sack;" and "sack," as already shown, meant dry sherry.

In Act v. Sc. 1. (p. 2), Falstaff compares himself to a hogshead. "If I were sawed into quantities I should make four dozen of such bearded hermits' staves as Master Shallow." Would it not seem that Shakespeare meant to satirise the much-vaunted warrior Sir John Fastolf, by allusion to his previous offices and perquisites, vinous as well as equine?

When I began this paper I did not think that Sir John Fastolf had been previously noticed by Shakespearian critics in connection with the purely dramatic Falstaff. I was strengthened in this belief by what I read in Adams' "Dictionary of F
going back through piles of dusty to

wrote a book on Falstaff in 1777, casually refers to Fastolf, and dismisses the comparison with the remark, "There is no kind of similarity in the characters." From the evidence now before us, few, I think, will be disposed to agree with Mr. Morgan. This book appeared anonymously in 1777, and is an ingenious attempt to vindicate the dramatic character of Falstaff from its traditional reputation of cowardice and vice. It was this essay which made me turn to Oldys' memoir of Fastolf, originally printed about 1760, and since mechanically followed by subsequent books of biographic reference. Touching Shakespeare's Falstaff, Oldys scouts the idea that it was in any way drawn from Sir John Fastolf, and adds, "The one is an old humorous, vapouring, and cowardly, lewd, lying, and drunken debauchee, about the Prince's court, while the other was a young and grave, discreet and valiant, chaste and sober commander abroad, continually advanced to honour and places of profit for his brave and politic achievements, military and civil."

It will be felt, perhaps, that his vindicator doth protest too much.

The authoritative style in which Oldys gave his judgment seems to have dumbfoundered those who would fain have urged an opposite conviction. Most of the biographical dictionaries take their tone from Oldys, and often adopt his very words. It is rather late to attempt to controvert Oldys, who, no doubt, believed that he had stamped out for ever the Fastolf theory. But, perhaps, better late than never. Blomfield's History of Norfolk abounds in proofs of the ancient prestige and influence of the Fastolfs in that county, and it is not surprising that the attempt to exhibit on the stage Sir John as a buffoon should have given annoyance to his connections. Oldys admittedly received from the Duke of Norfolk, in acknowledgment for some biographic labours, the office of Norreys. Previously the duke had sent him money and paid his debts.

Oldys, I feel sure, would not make a statement which he believed false, but gratitude to a benefactor might impart an extra warmth to his words. Soon after we find Oldys inserting in the "Biographia Britannica" a great defence of Sir John Fastolf.[1]

> He was descended (writes Oldys) from an ancient and famous English family in the county of Norfolk, which had flourished there and in other parts of the kingdom, in very honourable distinction before the Conquest; and from a train of illustrious ancestors, many of them dignified with the honour of knighthood, invested with very eminent employments, and possessed of extensive patrimonies (p. 133).

"Why should there not be barristers of the pen as well as

[1] See *Chalmers*, vol. xiv.

barristers of the tongue?" asks the author of the "Green Book." From the tone taken by Oldys cynics might be disposed to hint that he had gone to work somewhat in this spirit.

Oldys had already written several articles for the "Biographia Britannica." The miserable price (£1 5*s.*) paid for so lengthy and laboured a paper, not to speak of its frequently fulsome tone, encourages the suspicion that it was admitted rather from courtesy.

Successive Dukes of Norfolk are found taking a remarkable, and, sometimes, a mysterious interest in Fastolf. Oldys contradicts Fuller's Worthies that Fastolf was the last ward that the Regent had. "We have been otherwise informed," writes Oldys, "and that he was trained up in the Norfolk family." John, Duke of Norfolk, was one of Fastolf's feoffees.

Fastolf was specially connected with the county of Norfolk, and proved himself its benefactor, leaving money to endow a college for priests, and an hospital.

After Fastolf's death the Duke of Norfolk claimed his castle of Castre, in Norfolk, and, finding that the executor, Paston, hesitated to surrender, laid siege to it for five weeks.

It would be unworthy to deny to Fastolf the honours which at different times he earned; but the tone in which Oldys everywhere lauds his exploits could not be warmer if applied to Alexander the Great.[1] Lingard, an eminent and discriminating historian, when describing the French troops, led by Joan of Arc to Patey, adds:

> Sir John Fastolf proposed to retreat with expedition. Talbot refused to show his back to the enemy. He dismounted, and after a sharp action was made prisoner, with the loss of 1,200 men. Fastolf fled at the beginning of the action, and in punishment of his cowardice was condemned to forfeit the Garter.—*History of England*, iii. 172.

Oldys, after noticing the battle of Patey, says: "Among those who saved themselves, *as it was said*, was Sir John Fastolf." And again: "So that rather than any dishonour here can be allowed, the retreat itself, as told, must be doubted." This almost reminds one of Archbishop Whately's "Historic Doubts of the Battle of Waterloo." Fastolf admitted and tried to excuse his retreat (Lingard, iii. 172). The attempt of his vindicator to gloss over what I believe to be a great fact, and to throw discredit on history, shows the one-sided spirit in which his memoir is written.

I cannot help thinking that some of Falstaff's satiric speeches—

[1] The endless triumphs ascribed to Fastolf by Oldys are cruelly ignored by Hume and Lingard, with the exception of the "Battle of Herrings"—as they call it—on which occasion Fastolf successfully intercepted a convoy of fish to relieve the garrison at Orleans.—*Hume*, iii. 140.

most of which have risen to the rank of apothegms—are levelled at Fastolf's retreat from Patey. For example:

> Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck the flower safety.—*Act* II. *Sc.* 3.

Then, how he derided Blount, who was slain—"I like not such grinning honour"!—thus inculcating that one pair of legs was worth two pairs of hands. And again, "The better part of valour is discretion, in the which better part I have saved my life."

Mr. Nassau, senior, recognises in Falstaff "constitutional intrepidity unsupported by honour." "He has the sense of danger, but not the discomposure of fear," writes Henry Mackenzie.

It is a question if so ingenious a man as Morgan might not have reconciled the fictitious Falstaff with the real Fastolf. But, seemingly, with the fear of Oldys before him, his book on Falstaff—published in 1777—merely glanced at Fastolf, and then dismissed the comparison. No reader, however matter-of-fact, would take Shakespeare's conception literally. His design, I think, was to produce a pleasantly coloured, rather than a severely faithful, portraiture of a man belauded overmuch in his day.

Drayton, an English poet contemporary with Shakespeare, after praising the Hero of Clermont, sings:

> Strong Fastolff with this man compare we may
> By Salisbury, who, oft being seriously employed
> In many a brave attempt, the gen'ral foe annoy'd,
> With excellent success in Maine and Anjou fought,
> And many a bulwark there into our keeping brought;
> And chosen to go forth with Vandemont in war,
> Most resolutely took proud Renate, Duke of Barre.

Hume states that the Duke of Barre was slain at Agincourt (iii. 102). Possibly Drayton refers to another Barre, who figured after the siege of Orleans.

Another high-flown account of Fastolf, which must have been familiar to Shakespeare, was that of Caxton, who describes "Fastolfe exercisyng the warrys in the Royame of France and other countrees, the fayte of armes hauntying, and in administrying justice and politique governaunce under 3 Kyngs, Governour of Angeou and Mayne, captayne of many townys, castellys and fortressys."

The bloated conception of Falstaff I believe to have been meant as a counterpoise to the golden opinions of Caxton and the leaden lays of Drayton.

Fastolf acquired great fame for having taken prisoner one Ramond, said to be Governor of the Castle of Pacy, and who agreed to pay him for his ransom 3,200 saluts; but without his

knowledge or licence was taken from him by the Duke of Bedford (the Regent), and nearly the whole of his ransom was lost to Fastolf.[1]

Soon after we find Fastolf grand master of the household of the Duke of Bedford.

In Parkins' "Supplement to Blomfield's History of Norfolk" we read how the windows of Fastolf's house in Norwich had been remarkable for a pictorial representation of Sir John and the French nobleman whom he brought a prisoner to England. When Mr. Blomfield saw it—early in the last century—"a good part of the Frenchman was then entire—had a noble presence, a prolix white beard; the effigies of Sir John much shattered—his upper part gone."

Perhaps a knowledge of these facts lends some increased interest and significance to that wonderful scene (Act v. Sc. 4.) where Falstaff, after acting the coward and counterfeiting death, stabs the prostrate body of Hotspur, adding, "With a new wound in your thigh, come along with me." And again, "I'll follow, as they say, for reward (*exit bearing off the body*)." All this seems a subtle satire on some belauded incidents in Fastolf's career. Shakespeare awards Falstaff the command in a great battle, and Sir John Colville surrenders as his prisoner.

"At Agincourt it was said," writes Oldys, "that Fastolf, among others, signalised himself most gallantly in taking the Duke of Alençon prisoner, though other historians say that the duke was slain after a desperate encounter with King Henry himself."[2] The fact is, that in a succeeding battle Fastolf did take this duke's son and successor prisoner. Hume's account of Agincourt makes no mention whatever of Fastolf.

I had written thus far to show, merely as a probability, that Shakespeare had been familiar with the life and acts of Fastolf, and sought in successive plays to reduce his overcharged prestige, when I found my contention proved to this extent that, in "King Henry VI.," Fastolf is introduced without any attempt at a disguise, and made to perform the identical act of cowardice I already quoted from Lingard. In the first part of "King Henry VI.," Sir John Fastolf is asked by a captain why he retires in such haste:

> *Fast.* Whither away? to save myself by flight;
> We are like to have another overthrow again.
> *Capt.* What! will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot?
> *Fast.* Ay, all the Talbots in the world to save my life.
> *Capt.* Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee!

[1] *Paston Letters*, vol. iii. p. 265.

[2] *Biog. Brit.*, p. 702.

In a succeeding scene Talbot himself—and in the royal presence—plucks from Fastolf's nimble leg the Garter with which it was decorated.

Here Shakespeare points to Fastolf by name as false. When in previous plays he applies the name Falstaff, was it meant as suggestive of him who had proved a false staff on which to lean?

The emphatic denials of Oldys convey more than would at first appear. They involve the impeachment of Shakespeare himself as the falsifier of history, and the traducer of exalted worth. How conscientiously Shakespeare followed the page of history is clear from "Holinshed," vol. ii. p. 601: "From this battell departed without anie stroke striken, Sir John Fastolf, the same yeare his valiantnesse elected unto the Order of the Garter. But for doubt of misdealing at this Brunt, the Duke of Bedford tooke from him the Image of St. George and his Garter."

Holinshed died in 1580; Monstrelet, however, had made these assertions a century earlier.

It may be said that in the less known and patchwork play of "Henry VI.," Fastolf is found to bear no resemblance—unless in cowardice—to Falstaff; but the character changed under Shakespeare's hand at different times, and as Dr. Maginn remarks—though contrary to almost universal impression—"the Falstaff of 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' is a different conception from the Falstaff of 'Henry IV.'"

It is, indeed, absurd to say—as some do—that the names Falstaff and Fastolf are merely a coincidence. Again, in "Henry VI." we read (Act 1. Sc. 1):

> A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain,
> And rushed into the bowels of the battle;
> Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
> If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward.

He is further described as—

> This dastard at the Battle of Patey,

and strictly according to book.

The scenes just quoted seem to be in Oldys' mind from the warmth with which he denies the fact—recorded by all historians—namely, that the Duke of Bedford deprived Fastolf of his Garter for running away at Patey. It is not likely, writes Oldys, that the Regent conceived any displeasure at his conduct.[1] Again, he denies that he ever was "divested or degraded." Had Oldys been urged Fastolf's representatives to whitewash his reputation—and I do not

[1] Chalmers, *Biog. Dict.*, vol. xiv. p. 139.

say he was—he could not attempt it in a more energetic spirit. He at least seems to beg the question and to fall back on Shakespeare's logic. "A hasty retreat," writes Oldys, "may be more honourable than an obstinate perseverance to unavoidable ruin." And again: "A prudent retreat is more commendable than a dishonourable overthrow."[1]

Oldys, after trying to cast doubts on Fastolf's retreat, lays stress on a fact which he urges as significant, that the Regent became not only his friend again, but appointed him an executor. But, as we have seen, peculiarly close relations subsisted between this Regent and Fastolf. "His (Fastolf's) father dying when young," says Abraham Rees, "he became ward of John, Duke of Bedford, who was afterwards Regent of France." The same is told by Fuller.

Oldys, in conclusion, seeks to strengthen his case by stating that the Regent ever after was making additions to Fastolf's honours. "This were enough," he says, "to clear his reputation without any other argument." How the interests of Fastolf and his chief were bound together will presently appear.

We are told that ten thousand marks (£6,666 13*s.* 4*d.*) were to be paid as ransom for Fastolf's prisoner already described, and that a considerable share of it found its way to the Duke of Bedford—Commander-in-Chief—of whom Fastolf was the ward. In point of fact Sir John got only one thousand marks, as appears from an account of moneys due from the King to Fastolf, and set out in the Paston Letters. It can hardly be doubted that when Shakespeare makes Falstaff go to Gadshill, and call purse-taking his vocation, covert allusion is made to the captures effected by his well-puffed prototype.

"'Tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation!" So he tells the Prince in Act I. Sc. 2.

So little understood had long been this phase of Falstaff's character that Charles Knight[2] found it necessary to proclaim that Shakespeare never meant to paint Sir John as an habitual thief, or a companion of thieves, a mistake which, as he said, had grown out of stage exaggeration. Indeed, the Prince would have become *particeps criminis* had the old and stupid stage interpolation continued to obtain. Mr. Knight adds, "But in the days of Henry IV., and long after, the vocation of a soldier was that of a plunderer, and purse-taking was an object not altogether unfamiliar to Falstaff's professional vision."

[1] *Biog. Brit.*, 705. London, 1760. [Though Chalmers is the most accessible book to find Oldys' article, it may also be found, with extra notes, in the *Biographia Brit.*]

[2] *Studies of Shakespeare*, p. 160.

Oldys makes just reference to the large sums which Fastolf left in his will for pious purposes, and seems to think them inconsistent with previous laxity of life. These bequests, however, though large, bore no proportion to the extent of his means. Blomfield, whom Oldys elsewhere quotes, tells us that "his estate and fortune were immense, acquired from the great places he enjoyed for many years, and especially from captures and plunders."[1]

Oldys describes the death-bed of Fastolf as touching and exemplary. Shakespeare narrates the same of Falstaff.

Mr. Gairdner's able Introduction to "The Paston Letters" says that Sir John Fastolf "was a man who had not succeeded in standing well with his contemporaries, and the fact may have contributed not a little to the sensitiveness of a naturally irascible character." Mr. Gairdner adds that his counsel to the king ought to have been valuable at least in reference to the affairs in France; but though his admonitions were neglected popular rumour held him accountable for the loss of Normandy. A very curious account then follows of Fastolf sending one Payn as an envoy to the camp of Jack Cade at Blackheath.

> Some one called out to the captain that he was a man of Sir John Fastolf's, and that the two horses were Sir John's. The captain raised a cry of "treason!" and sent him through the camp with a herald of the Duke of Exeter before him in the duke's coat of arms. At four quarters of the field the herald proclaimed with an *Oyes* that Payn had been sent as a spy upon them by the greatest traitor in England or France, namely, by one Sir John Fastolf, who had diminished all the garrisons of Normandy, Le Mans, and Maine, and thereby caused the loss of all the king's inheritance beyond the sea. It was added that Sir John had garrisoned his place with the old soldiers of Normandy, to oppose the commons when they came to Southwark; and as the emissary of such a traitor, Payn[2] was informed that he should lose his head.

I do not say that this charge against Fastolf was strictly true, but it merits attention as showing the contempt in which he was popularly held; and the letter is further important as establishing the fact that Sir John's alleged faithlessness and disgrace at Patey was more widely believed in England than his eulogists allow.

Fastolf, at this time, had given up soldiering, and resided in a grand palace at Southwark.

Bardolph is a prominent figure in the play under notice. "Let all who were on the inquest for Bardolph's matter be indicted whatever it cost," writes the real Sir John Fastolf, in the "Paston Letters," No. 141.

Mr. J. O. Halliwell, in his great edition of Shakespeare, inciden-

[1] Parkins and Blomfield's *History of Norwich*, vol. xi. p. 207.

[2] Poins, it will be remembered, is associated with Falstaff in the play.

tally mentions (vol. ix. p. 350) that "a canonier named Bardolph served in Normandy in 1435." This observation is divided by vast folios from a previous allusion to Fastolf, and the coincidence does not appear to strike Mr. Halliwell that in the very year following, *i.e.* 1436, and subsequently, as Oldys chronicles, Fastolf was Governor of Normandy. "In 1436 he seems to have been well settled in his government in Normandy, after which in 1440 he made his final return home, and, loaden with the laurels he had gathered in France," adds Oldys, "became as illustrious in his domestic, as he had been in his foreign character"![1]

It will be remembered that Act II. Scene 4 of Shakespeare's immortal play opens with

"A room in the Boar's Head Tavern."

Falstaff is constantly spoken of as the hero of the "Boar's Head."

Anstis's "Register of the Garter," p. 142, supplies a list of Fastolf's holdings, including "the 'Boar's Head in Southwark,' now divided into tenements yielding £150 yearly." In the muniment room at Warwick Castle may be seen an early lease of "The Boar's Head," situated not far from the "Globe Theatre," and belonging to Sir John Fastolf. Of this theatre Shakespeare became proprietor and manager. It is stated by Sir John Wriothesley that Fastolf built for personal residence a royal palace in Southwark. This ambitious piece of folly Shakespeare probably meant to ridicule in introducing Falstaff as the hero of the "Boar's Head Tavern."

Fastolf ended his days in a wonderful castle in Norfolk, historically known as Caister. Blomfield's Norfolk (xi. 209) gives a long description of it: how it was surrounded by a moat—with embattled towers—over a window were carved his arms in the Garter, supported by angels.

In "Henry IV.," Act I. Sc. 1, Falstaff is called "my old lad of the Castle." Mr. J. O. Halliwell states, "There is very little doubt that there is in the passage in the text a quibble upon the name of Oldcastle." Mr. Halliwell may be perfectly right, but as it is my object to make Fastolf, and not Oldcastle, the prototype, I venture to offer a suggestion consistent with my theory.

The able editor of the "Paston Letters," Mr. Gairdner, now Assistant Keeper of the Records, furnishes a picturesque glimpse of Caister. But I alone am responsible for the suggestion that Shakespeare pointed to its owner as "my old lad of the Castle."

Now when he was upwards of seventy years of age, the dream of his youth was going to be realised. Masons and bricklayers were busy at Caister, building

[1] See Oldys' article in *Chalmers*, vol. xiii. p.

up for him a magnificent edifice, of which the ruins are at this day the most interesting feature in the neighbourhood. A noble tower still rises to a height of ninety feet—its top possessed by jackdaws—and a large extent of mouldered walls, pierced with loopholes and surmounted by remains of battlements, enable the imagination to realise what Caister Castle must have been four hundred years ago.[1]

Here, according to Blomfield, the French nobleman whom Fastolf took prisoner in France was detained. "He kept him at Caister until a very large sum was paid for his ransom."[2] Oldys mentions the tradition that Sir J. Fastolf made him erect Caister Castle as the price of his ransom, and according to the model of his own château in France.

Shallow's house was placed in Gloucestershire—but commentators hold that the poet really intended to refer to Charlecote, in another county.

Shakespeare, however, is clear and emphatic in naming Gloucestershire. "I'll through Gloucestershire, and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, Esq.," quoth Falstaff. Why Shakespeare should go out of his way to connect Gloucestershire with Falstaff has often puzzled people.

Mr. Lloyd, in his "Critical Essay on the Second Part of King Henry IV.," notices "Falstaff passing through Gloucestershire by some incredible route from London to York—a divergence far too wide to be accounted for by his having to take up soldiers in counties as he went."

There is a notice of Fastolf in Garton's Biographical Dictionary, which departs from the stereotyped lines of Oldys. The writer quotes from Britton's "Beauties," and tells us that Fastolf married the widow of the man under whom he had served—"an heiress of the Tiblot family, whose rich estates in Gloucestershire and Wiltshire he seized and kept in his own possession to the prejudice of his stepson, who in vain sought to recover them after the death of his mother. Exalted by this acquisition of property," adds Garton, "Fastolf obtained not only the honour of knighthood, but also the order of the Garter."

I now quote from Oldys:

> The lands in Wiltshire and Yorkshire, which came to Fastolf by this marriage with the said lady, descended to Stephen Le Scrope, her son and heir (p. 135).

Here we have no mention of Gloucestershire; and what he does tell seems rather misleading.[3]

[1] *Paston Letters*, Introduction, p. lxxxix.

[2] Parkins and Blomfield's *History of Norfolk*, xi. 208.

[3] Charles Knight's paper on Falstaff—but which makes no allusion to Fastolf—

The lights furnished by the Scrope Papers afford a curious glimpse of the state of society in England four hundred years ago. Mr. Gairdner states that at the time of Fastolf's marriage young Scrope was about ten years of age, and being heir to considerable property, his stepfather had the management of his affairs.

Bitterly did he complain in after years of the manner in which Sir John had discharged the trust. According to the unfeeling, mercenary fashion in which such matters were then managed, Fastolf sold his wardship to Chief Justice Gascoigne for 500 marks; "through the which sale," wrote Scrope at a later date, "I took sickness that kept me a thirteen or fourteen years (en)suing; whereby I am disfigured in my person, and shall be whilst I live." Gascoigne held this wardship for three years, and by right of it intended to marry Scrope to one of his own daughters; but as the young lad's friends thought the match unequal to his fortune, Fastolf bought the wardship back again. Stephen Scrope, however, when he grew up, was not more grateful for the redemption than for the original sale of his person. "He bought me and sold me as a beast" (so he writes of Sir John Fastolf), "against all right and law, to mine hurt more than 1,000 marks." In consequence of the stinginess of his stepfather he was obliged, on coming of age, to sell a manor which was part of his inheritance, and take service with Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, in France; by whom, according to his own account, he had some hope of obtaining restitution of the Lordship of the Isle of Man, which had belonged to his uncle the Earl of Wiltshire. But Sir John Fastolf got him to give up his engagement with the duke, and serve with himself, which he did for several years, to the satisfaction of both parties. Afterwards, however, on some dispute arising, Scrope returned to England, when Sir John sent home word that he must pay for his meat and drink. To do this he was driven to contract a marriage which, by his own account, was not the most advantageous for himself; and his stepfather, instead of showing him any compassion, brought an action against him by which he was deprived of all the little property that his wife had brought him.

After these revelations the praises lavished upon Fastolf sound somewhat strangely.

"All we can find in his retirement," writes Oldys, "being elegant, hospitable, and generous." And again: "As Fastolf's valour made him a terror in war, so his humanity made him a blessing in peace."[1]

remarks (*Studies of Shakspeare*, p. 178)—"Falstaff, in his schemes on Justice Shallow, hugs himself in the very philosophy of roguery: 'If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him.'" Mr. Knight adds—"He extracts Shallow's money as much by his society as his cunning." Happening to be at Woodchester in Gloucestershire last year, I found an indistinct tradition of Falstaff's freaks floating in the locality. Lewis's *Topographical Dictionary of England*, describing Stroud, mentions that within two miles of it is "the scene of Falstaff's valourous exploits." There is, I suppose, evidence to show that Strood in Kent is the place, but there is also a Stroud in Gloucester.

[1] On the Feast of St. Hilary, 1408, Fastolf had married a wealthy young widow, Millicent, Lady Castlecombe, daughter and relict of Sir Stephen Scrope, Fastolf pledging himself

Logicians may be disposed to think that all this proves too much.

A perusal of Fastolf's voluminous correspondence in the "Paston Letters" exhibits him constantly working for his own aggrandisement, and not above employing questionable means to advance it. This was precisely the sort of cunning which Shakespeare gives to Falstaff. In letter 98, Fastolf writes to Parson Howys: "I pray you sende me word who darre be so hardy to keck agen you in my ryght. And say hem on my half that they shall be quyt as ferre as law and reason wolle. And yff they wolle not dredde, ne obey, that then they shall be quyt by Blackberd or Whyteberd; that ys to say by God or the Devyll." In letter 133, Sir John Fastolf urges Parson Howys "to labor the jury," adding that, on this, an action may be founded against Dallyng, "the false harlot." He would be, like Berney, rewarded for his labor if it were secretly done, and Dynne also. "Ye wete what I meane," &c. In letter 154 he tells Howys—"Labor to the Sheriff for the return of such panels as will speak for me, and not be shamed," "entreat the sheriff as well as you can, by reasonable rewards, rather than fail." Letter 228, addressed to John Paston, says: "I am avertysed that, at a dinner in Norwiche, wher as ye and othyr jentylmen were present, that ther were certeyn personez which uttered scornful language of me." Wherefore he urges his cousin Paston to furnish their names, "and I shall kepe your information secret, aud with Godd's grace so purvey for them, as they shall not all be well pleased."

"A man is known by his friends," saith the adage. "Margaret Paston," observes Mr. Gairdner, "writes about Will Lynys, that was with Master Fastolf, and such other as he is with him, who went about the country accusing men of being Scots, and only letting them go on payment of considerable bribes." [1]

Once more I quote from Oldys, to whose powerful muscle I attribute the stamping out of old Fuller's notion that Fastolf was the original of Jack Falstaff:—

year pin-money. The Fastolfs had been previously no strangers in Ireland, which may account for Sir John Fastolf's mission as Wine Butler in that country. There is now before me a close roll of chancery, marked "20, Edward II. No. 72," in which the King charges the treasurers and chamberlain to deliver to "Nich' Ffastolf, holding our pleas of justice in Ireland," part of his annual fee. Falstaff, in the play, speaks of his pension. If search were made in Birmingham Tower, Dublin Castle, where Sir B. Burke holds genial sway, no doubt Fastolf's pension and other belongings might be traced. Here a fine index to the Pipe Rolls, prepared by the late Sir W. Betham, is preserved.

[1] Introduction to *Paston Letters*, vol. ii. p. xix.

Laden with the laurels he had gathered in France, he raised a new plantation of them in his native country, where he shone as bright in virtue as he had been in valour, and became as illustrious, &c. &c.

Oldys' memoir was written shortly before his death, and at a period when his perceptions were not as clear as in the days when he compiled the "Harleian Miscellany." His biographers inform us that he abandoned himself to alcoholic indulgence. Grose—himself no ascetic, though a most eminent antiquary—says that "the favourite beverage of Oldys was porter, with a glass of gin between each pot." These were habits acquired under circumstances of which Sir John Hawkins gives us a glimpse. He states that, when confined in the Fleet Prison, Oldys became so enamoured of the company he found there, that for the rest of his life he always passed his evenings at a house within the Rules, with people of that class. The Duke of Norfolk appointed him "Norrey King-at-Arms," in recognition of a memoir he wrote of Sir Walter Raleigh. What must not the feelings of his Grace have been on observing, as Chalmers records—quoting from Grose—that "at the funeral of the Princess Caroline, he (Oldys) was scarcely able to walk, and actually reeled about, with a crown on a cushion, to the great scandal of his brethren! He is said also to have been much addicted to low company."[1]

The incident just described may be coloured; and some might ask what business "Norreys" would have had at a funeral.

Had Oldys left descendants who might feel hurt by free allusion such would not here be revived. He never married; his relatives declined to recognise him, and his friend Dr. Taylor claimed to administer his estate on account of his being illegitimate. The late Mr. W. J. Thoms has shown that conflicting testimony exists as to who was the father of William Oldys.

Oldys must ever claim grateful acknowledgment from all book-lovers. His annotated copies of Langbaine, his amazing industry, his readiness to help others with his lore—all entitle him to warm praise. He was a poet, too, and wrote the well-known Anacreontic lines beginning—

> Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
> Drink with me, and drink as I.

Oldys as an antiquary I believe to have been quite conscientious, but Isaac Disraeli states that "the utter simplicity of his heart was ever open to the designing."[2] May not Fastolf's friends ha[illegible]

[1] Chalmers' *Biographical Dictionary*, vol. x[illegible]

[2] *Curiosities of Literature*, p. 555. Mo[illegible]

Oldys such papers as tended to exalt the reputation of the old warrior, and to have kept back whatever told against it?

In nearly every cyclopædia or biographical dictionary which one opens, the old familiar words of Oldys in Fastolf's praise crop up unchanged. His article, from the number of times it has been reprinted, has gained immense circulation, and it seems well to place in an accessible form something in support of the opposite view, so that readers may be able to draw their own conclusions.

Since the death of Oldys, in 1761, sources of information not then open have become available. Had this great antiquary lived to later times, his views might have been much modified.

I mentioned at the outset that Shakespeare represented Prince Henry as in the height of his libertine courses before he was fifteen. I should add that Mr. Ludors, in a forgotten essay, made an ingenious attempt to prove that the youthful dissipation ascribed to Henry was without adequate grounds. Mr. Drake replied that "Shakespeare, had he been aware of this, would have preferred the popular statement from its superior aptitude for dramatic effect."[1] Let us hope that this early laxity, which some people think characterised Fastolf also, is equally capable of denial, and open to the same explanation.

My remarks, like the beard of Fastolf's captive, are "prolix," but they shall not grow longer.

W. J. FITZPATRICK.

[1] *Shakespeare and his Times*, vol. ii. p. 381. London, 1822.

PARLIAMENT HILL, LONDON, AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

Part II.

THE other tradition—the one recorded by Howitt—seems to deserve more notice, because it is so peculiar—so little likely to be an invention of a later time. Who, in later days, could or would ever dream of a war between London and St. Albans? I submit that such a legend can scarcely be the creation of some idle brain, or an altogether unauthorised offspring of the imagination; I submit that such a legend, if historical facts and possibilities are found to correspond with it, really deserves respectful treatment—that such a legend, if we can find a time when London and St. Albans were at war, and if this time is a remotely distant time, quite out of the knowledge of the ordinary gossip or legend-monger, has some claim to our acceptance.

Now, was there ever a time when London and St. Albans were at war? There was certainly a time when the Catuvellauns were at war with the Trinobants; it was just at the time of Julius Cæsar's invasions. Now, the Catuvellauns inhabited the greater part of what is now Hertfordshire and the country thereabout, and their capital city was Verulamium, which it is quite certain is more or less identical with the present St. Albans—I say "more or less" because the British town was probably a short distance from the present town, as was also the Roman. On the other hand, the Trinobants inhabited what is now Essex, and also, there is good reason for believing, the eastern part of what is now Middlesex, as well as some part of Herts; that is, their kingdom extended beyond the river Lea. Their chief town was Camulodunum, the modern Lexden, near Colchester; but to them belonged also London. How naturally then might some action in that war between the Catuvellauns and the Trinobants, of which Cæsar informs us, be retained in the popular
between London and St. Albans! It must
here a very singular and curious corre

history. Under such circumstances the legend must not be contemptuously rejected.

This is Howitt's version of it:—"In very early times the inhabitants of St. Albans, who aspired to make the town the capital of this part of England, finding London growing a vigorous rival, set out to attack and destroy it; but the Londoners turning out, met and defeated their enemies of St. Albans on this spot, and this mound [he is speaking specially of the northern or fir-crowned barrow; he does not notice the other] contains the dust of the slain."

This sounds absurd enough. Dross is mingled with the ore. The popular mind has explained an ancient fact in its own way, not understanding all the circumstances of it. But if we turn to the famous "Commentaries on the Gallic War," we find the fact there. There was an antagonism between the two towns of the legend, as being leading cities of two rival and warring States.

In Cæsar's time the native tribes were suffering from the aggression of the Catuvellauns under their king, Cassivellaun, who was extending his power on all sides. The Trinobants, though one of the stronger tribes,[1] had specially felt his power. Their king, Imanuence, had been slain in battle against him, and his son Mandubrace, driven into exile, had sought the camp of Cæsar on the continent. In Cæsar's second invasion of Britain, B.C. 54, when he marched up the country and crossed the Thames, probably at Cowey Stakes, near Shepperton (three or four miles east of Chertsey), into what is now Western Middlesex, the Trinobants at once submitted themselves and appealed to him to protect Mandubrace from the injury of Cassivellaun, and send him to them to rule and bear sway over them (*petunt ut Mandubratium ab injuria Cassivellauni defendat atque in civitatem mittat qui præsit imperiumque obtineat*). Cæsar's intervention would seem to have secured these supplicants only a temporary respite. Their restless neighbours were soon on them again, and in no long time Cassivellaun's descendants annexed the Trinobantine territory, and transferred their royal seat from Verulam to Camulodun. One of these was he whom Shakespeare brings before us as Cymbeline, a name that appears on British coins struck at Camulodun as Cunobelin.

In this way, then, may the tradition reported by Howitt be plausibly interpreted. But two points, which so far I have taken for granted, are matters of some controversy. The first relates to the existence of London, and the second to its Trinobantine associations.

[1] Cæsar, *B. G.* v. 20.

In other words, was there such a place as London before the Christian era, and was London ever a Trinobantine town?

That distinguished scholar, Dr. Guest,[1] was of opinion that London was not founded till the campaign of Aulus Plautius, A.D. 43, in the reign of the Emperor Claudius. But this view is surely untenable in the face of these considerations: (1) It is almost incredible, certainly it is most improbable, that such a site as that of London, with so splendid natural protections of river and marsh and wood, and in a position so commanding and so important, should not have been utilised at a very early date, ages before the Romans came; (2) The name distinctly points to a pre-Roman origin (it is probably of Celtic derivation; if not, it must be pre-Celtic; it is certainly from no later source); and (3) Tacitus—he is the first extant writer of the world who mentions the great city by name—Tacitus speaks of London as in the year 61 A.D. a much-frequented and busy mart (*copiâ negotiatorum et commeatuum maxime celebre*),[2] a description incompatible with the notion that it had not then been founded even a score years. I may add that in the fourth century it is spoken of by another Latin historian, Ammianus Marcellinus, as an "ancient town" (*vetus oppidum*), by which he can scarcely mean a town founded within Roman knowledge or by Roman hands. So that I think we may confidently agree with those archæologists who believe London to be far older than the Roman Conquest. It is thought that the original British city stood just to the west of the little stream whose memory is still preserved above ground in the name Wall-brook—*i.e.* to the south-west of the Mansion House; and that the later, the Roman city, was built on the eastern side of that brook—*i.e.* to the south and south-east of the Mansion House.

Then was London ever a Trinobantine city? I believe those scholars—they are many and eminent—are right who maintain that it was so. The only serious objection to this belief is that the geographer Ptolemy catalogues London among the towns belonging to the Cantii—*i.e.* to Kent. This statement of Ptolemy's is in any case an extremely hard saying, and has never yet been satisfactorily explained or illustrated. He wrote in the early part of the second century of our era (about A.D. 120); and it is, of course, possible that at that time, under the Roman arrangement, there was some connection between Kent and London, as there seems to have been in early Saxon times. If the Cantii extended beyond the

[1] See Guest's *Origines Celticæ*, vol. ii. [2] *Ann.* xiv. 33. [3] xxvii. 8, 9.

frontiers of the present Kent, so as to occupy what is now Southwark, then, as there was certainly an important Roman settlement in Southwark, the mistake may have been made of taking London for a part of Southwark, instead of Southwark for a part of London. Or Ptolemy's statement may be altogether inaccurate. Like other men, he makes slips sometimes, and this may be one. Whatever meaning, however, is attached to his words, they are not of weight enough to counterbalance the arguments for the other side. We know that at a later time Middlesex formed originally part of Essex, and the Anglo-Saxon kingdoms followed very much the old British lines, which the Romans had not effaced. Thus the kingdom of Kent coincided pretty closely with the old kingdom of the Cantii; the kingdom of Sussex with that of the Regni. And so we may suppose Essex coincided with that of the Trinobants.

Of several other evidences that lead in the same direction I will here mention only one: At a subsequent period London was believed to be the Troja Nova founded by the mythical colonist Brutus. Now, what could suggest such an identification? Obviously the names Nova Troja and Trinobant or Trinovant were thought to be connected—*i.e. Trinovant* was thought to be a corrupt form of *Troja Nova*. No one who knows anything of the etymologies that contented and delighted the mediæval mind will think this an extravagant specimen. But how would London specially have the name Trinobant connected with it? In this way: it had received from the Romans the title of Augusta; and it was common to add the tribal or some other name to that title for distinction's sake; *e.g.* "Augusta Trevirorum," &c. Thus London would be known as Augusta Trinobantum; and just as *Augusta Trevirorum* came to be called by the latter word—came to be called Trèves—so it may be well believed that London was for a time known as Trinobant, though the older name eventually prevailed over this new title, London refusing to be re-christened. Anyhow, that the mythical town Troja Nova was somehow recognised in London is best explained—indeed, what other explanation is there?—by the hypothesis, if one may not say by the fact, that the name Troja Nova was discerned in the name Trinovant.

It is, then, quite credible that there may have been a battle between London and St. Albans in the Parliament Hill fields,—that in far-away days, when the precious secret of union and solidarity was yet discovered, these two cities may have met here in fierce and collision.

But we must now turn to later and very different association

Parliament Hill—turn to certain possible and certain actual interests that it has or may have for us, which belong to Anglo-Saxon and to modern times.

I will first discuss the other name by which the hill is known, and then conclude by considering the name Parliament Hill and what it may suggest.

The other name is Traitors' Hill. There are various suggestions by way of explanation. One is that it was so called from its having been occupied by Wat Tyler's followers. This, I suppose, has been prompted by the neighbourhood of the name Jack Straw's Castle. But it is of very dubious value, because the commons of Essex, who arose in connection with the Kentish Wat Tyler, do not seem to have advanced in a northerly direction beyond Highbury. Their head-quarters were at Mile End.[1] That furious insurrection was, fortunately for London, but short-lived. It was on a Wednesday, June 12, that the commons of Kent marched up to Blackheath; it was on the following Saturday that Tyler was killed in Smithfield, and we can trace pretty well the movements of those few days. A second suggestion is that the traitors referred to were followers of Jack Cade. And for this perhaps, though untenable, there is something more to be said. At least, Stow tells us how in that rising of 1461 Thomas Thorpe, Baron of the Exchequer, was beheaded by the insurgents at Highgate.[2] A third and more current explanation is that the Gunpowder Plot conspirators one morning in November in the year of grace 1605 posted themselves on this eminence in order to have a good view of the blowing up of the Houses of Parliament. This somewhat amusing anecdote seems to be a pure invention of a popular fancy. Certainly the eminence would have been well chosen for the spectacle, though Primrose Hill would have served the purpose better. And no one can assert that Catesby and his friends never did take their walks abroad in these peaceful fields and gloat in imagination over the volcano they were constructing. But probably the story is idle enough. The plotters had something more to do just then than to enjoy at a safe distance their diabolical explosion. That explosion was to be the signal for a busy campaign, and they were all on the alert to set about it. We may be quite sure not one of these fiendish fanatics was lounging about our hill on Tuesday the 5th. Early on the morning of that day "those of the plotters who were in town were aware that their plot was discovered. 'Richard Johnson'"—the Guy Fawkes who lives on for ever in effigy,

[1] See Allen's *History of London*, i. 121, 126.

[2] I

as we are annually privileged to see—"had been seized the preceding midnight, and, though he had disclosed nothing, it was clearly time to be gone. One Henry Tatnall met two gentlemen, afterwards thought to be conspirators, in Lincoln's Inn Fields that morning, and heard one say, 'God's wounds! we are wonderfully beset, and all is marred.' They were soon tearing along the road for Dunchurch. Rookwood started last, but, better mounted, soon overtook the others; overtook Keyes about three miles beyond Highgate, then Catesby and John Wright beyond Brickhill, then a little farther on Percy and Christopher Wright, and 'they five rode together; and Percy and John Wright cast off their cloaks, and threw them into a hedge, to ride the more speedily.' And so to Ashby St. Leger's, Rookwood having covered the eighty miles in seven hours. Then on to Dunchurch, where it soon got out that the grand blow that was to be struck, whatever it was, had been thwarted, and all was lost." And we know exactly where the other of the thirteen conspirators were that day of horror and shame. Thus the nearest connection that day of any of the gang with the hill with which we are now concerned was that some of them may have ridden wildly by a little to the east of it, and close by the other so-called Traitor's Hill, along one of the old north roads. We may perhaps picture them frantically galloping along the old Maiden Lane [1]—along what is now called at various points York Road, Brecknock Road, Dartmouth Park Hill, and so through Highgate; but certainly not quietly awaiting the rise of the curtain which was to reveal the devilish scene they had been arranging.

But if we turn to another year, we may indeed see some miserable beings, these too fanatics, hovering about this hill, and lurking in the wood behind it; and these perhaps may have been the traitors who gave the hill the name we are now considering. These miserable beings are the followers of Mr. Thomas Venner, a wine-cooper, who, on Sunday, Jan. 6, 1661—being a rabid Fifth Monarchist "transported with enthusiastic pride" [2]—took it upon himself to proclaim King Jesus, and to shoot one or two persons who made objections. In his conventicle in Coleman Street, says Lingard, "he called on his hearers not to pray, but to act; to take up arms in the cause of their King Jesus, to whom alone allegiance was due, and never to sheathe the sword till Babylon should be made a hissing and a curse. To raise their courage, the enthusiast held up to them the conquest of the whole world; they should first lead captivity captive in England;

[1] See Tomlins' *Perambulation of Islington, passim.*

[2] Baxter's phrase; see Orme's *Life and Times of Richard Baxter*, i. 275.

from England, proceed to possess the gates of the earth, and then bind kings in chains, and nobles in fetters of iron. What if they were few in number, not more than sixty? They would fight for Him who had promised that one should chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight. Arms had been prepared; the soldiers of the heavenly King hastened to St. Paul's, drove before them some of the trained bands, traversed the city, and withdrew during the night to Caen Wood."[1] London was dreadfully alarmed; it seems to have been an extremely nervous city in those days, perhaps all large cities must naturally be so, and Dryden aptly describes it as "the fair Augusta, much to fears inclined." Some thirty Vennerians were arrested—perhaps those who had not left the city. The other poor creatures spent Monday and Tuesday in the wood close by; and a wretched time they must have had of it those January days and nights. To think of the frantic hymns and the wild prayers that re-echoed then through Ken Wood! In London, meanwhile, no one knew how little formidable they were, their numbers having been exaggerated. On Wednesday they entered into the city again. But it was soon all over. Venner was presently knocked down in Wood Street, and two of his company slain; the others made a stand in a house in Cripplegate, but were speedily overpowered, some twenty being killed, and twenty more (many of these wounded) taken prisoners: those who lived mostly lived to die on the gallows. Mr. Pepys, who has in his Diary several entries about these "Fanatiques," tells us how on the 19th, just ten days after this mad rising had been suppressed, as he was driving to Whitehall with the "Comptroller," they met Venner and Pritchard, one of his foolish followers, upon a sledge, on their way to be hanged and quartered. Venner was executed in front of the conventicle where he had uttered all that appalling nonsense the Sunday week before. His courage and his delusion lasted to the end. It was not he, but Jesus, who had been the leader, he declared at his trial. Unfortunately, the results of his frenzy did not determine with him. The various nonconforming sects—Independents, Baptists, Quakers—were all brought under suspicion, and caused to suffer. A strange association this with our hill. A sincere and honest man, who is perverse and wrong-headed, and whose sincerity makes him display his craze or crazes with all the more fervour and violence—such a man is one of the most piteous and pathetic spectacles that can be presented to us. We regard him with respect for his honesty, with horror for his deeds. He is

a conscientious criminal, a religious sinner, a well-meaning assassin. Heaven save us from such pernicious zealots![1]

Possibly, then, this queer business may explain the name Traitors' Hill. I must, however, add that I think it is very possible the word "Traitors" is a corruption of some older word, which, having become obsolete and unintelligible, has been modified, as is so common in folk etymology, so as to wear a familiar shape. It may, perhaps, be a distortion of some Celtic word.

We have now to consider the name Parliament Hill, and its possible significance.

The name Parliament Hill is often taken in connection with the name we have just discussed, and explained as denoting the hill from which the Houses of Parliament were to be seen blown up. But as it has been shown that the authors of the "Powder Treason"[2] can scarcely be the traitors in question, this explanation, not otherwise probable, may be summarily dismissed.

Another explanation of the name is that it dates from the Civil War of the seventeeth century, and was so called from the Parliamentary generals having planted cannon on it for the defence of London.[3] But this is a very unlikely story. If placed anywhere in these parts, the cannon should have been placed on the northern heights—on the higher ground of Highgate and Hampstead. Likely or not, there is no evidence to support it. The extreme posts northward of the Parliamentary fortification seem to have been at Islington (near the Pound) and at Pentonville (near Myddelton Square), close by the "New River Upper Pound."

What I have now to propose is that the hill was called Parliament Hill because the Parliamentary elections for the county were once held on it; and that these elections were held on it because the hill was previously the meeting-place of the old Saxon Folk-moot or Shire-moot. The main arguments for this hypothesis are—(1) The position and character of the hill; (2) the name, Parliament Hill; and (3) the striking fact that the Middlesex elections were to a quite recent time held in the immediate vicinity.

Hills were very commonly selected by our Anglo-Saxon ancestors for their meeting-places, as also by the Danes. "Claro, or Clarhow, in Yorkshire," says Dr. Stubbs ("Constit. Hist." i. 115), "was the moot-hill of its Wapentake; similarly Leicestershire has Sparkinho, Norfolk Greenho and Grimshoe, and Lincolnshire Calnodshoe." Sometimes,

[1] See Neal's *History of the Puritans*, ed. 1837, iii. 73, and also the quotation there from Gough's *History of the Quakers*.

[2] Bacon's *Essays*.

[3] See Thorne's *Environs of London*.

according to the late Mr. Fergusson, mounds were specially raised for the purpose. "Some mounds certainly were erected as 'Motes' or 'Things'—places of judgment or assembly."[1] This use of hills is abundantly shown by Mr. Gomme, in his "Primitive Folk-moots." Tradition and history, no less than philology, fully illustrate and prove it. Thus in Cheshire the Hundred of Bucklow met on Bucklow Hill (Palgrave, "Eng. Com." ii. p. clviii); in Lancashire the Hundred of Warrington met on a hill in Warrington; in Worcestershire a court-leet met on Bredon Hill. Such names as Mote-law, Moot-low, and Moot-low Bank, Muttilow Hill, Mote-hill, Moot-hill, Bar-mote, are unmistakably significant. Near Brompton, in Cumberland, is a hill whose crown, according to Hutchinson,[2] was used as a "parley" hill, or open court for the dispensing of justice. This last fact seems to suggest that the name we are examining may be yet older than Parliamentary elections—that it may be simply equivalent to moot-hill. The Tynwald Mound, in the Isle of Man, is, in fact, a survival of what once was common everywhere. The past of other districts is in that instance still the present; it is still before our eyes. Further, it appears that barrows—or hills with barrows on them—were in great favour for these meetings. This also is amply demonstrated by Mr. Gomme. "Of meetings on barrows or tumuli," he says, "the following important instances occur: about the centre of the Hundred of Grimeshow, two miles from Weeting [in Norfolk], on the road from Brandon to Norwich, is a very curious encampment in a semicircular form. At the east end of this entrenchment is a tumulus, pointing towards Thetford, and here the Hundred court used to be held. This remarkable place retains the name of Grimes Graves. . . . . The Hundred of Greenhoe takes its name from the green hills, or tumuli, lying by the London Road to Swaffham. . . . . The ancient place of holding Freebridge hundred was at Flitcham Burgh, where is a tumulus about a mile from the town, on the road to Sharnburn." So the late Mr. Fergusson, in his "Rude Stone Monuments," refers to the holding of Shire courts on barrows. Probably the presence of the barrow was felt to give a special sanctity to the spot, and helped to make the proceedings more solemn and efficacious. If, after having noted these things, we observe the singularly conspicuous and commanding position of Parliament Hill, and remember how it is crowned with a barrow, we shall see how peculiarly apt it would be for such a purpose as is now being suggested. Even if there were

[1] Fergusson's *Rude Stone Monuments*, p. 26.
[2] *History of Cumberland*, i. 27; *apud* G-

nothing else to prompt the idea, we should be prepared to conjecture that it might have been so used. But this probability is greatly confirmed by the name the hill bears. It is possible, as has just been said, that the name points to a folk-moot straight away. But if not, we know this very interesting and relevant fact, that in the early days of the House of Commons the Knights of the Shire were elected at the shire-moot. But we know also that till the beginning of the last century the Knights of the Shire for Middlesex were elected at a spot not far off (something over half a mile)—a spot more easily accessible to the modern traveller, and nearer the haunts of modern life—viz. at the point of Hampstead where the "Spaniards" and the North End Roads divide, just in front of the inn called "Jack Straw's Castle." I submit that, putting together all the three considerations I have mentioned, there is at least a high probability that Parliament Hill was in mediæval times the scene of one of those old assemblies which form so leading a feature in the political constitutions of the old Teutonic race.

If it is objected that the hill, however admirable in many ways for a folk-moot, is yet too far from the centre of the shire to have been convenient for any such use, there is this sufficient answer ready—viz. the ground near "Jack Straw's Castle," where we know as a fact that the Parliamentary elections for the county did take place till their transference to Brentford in 1701, is scarcely one whit more central. Of course there is a difficulty, but clearly the difficulty does not specially affect the theory now propounded. We might, perhaps, suggest for its explanation that in the Anglo-Saxon days, when the folk-moot was first held here, there was but a scanty population in Western Middlesex. Probably, except where the higher ground and the hills arose, as at Wembley and at Harrow and Hillingdon (near Uxbridge), forest and marsh very generally prevailed. There cannot be any doubt, I should imagine, that the extreme western tract which one surveys from the churchyard at Harrow—the tract where the Yedding and its various branches disport themselves at their own sweet will, a tract very thinly populated to this day—was once mainly a morass. And the tract to the south of this, between the King's River and the reaches of the Thames, from Chertsey to Sunbury, cannot have been so very different. And it is all low-lying land between Brentford and St. James's Park; in Chiswick, Fulham, Hammersmith, Chelsea, South Kensington, and Pimlico there is nowhere any point that reaches fifty feet above the level of the sea. One may plausibly suppose that what population there was in Anglo-Saxon Middlesex lay rather in the eastern side of the county, and so iginally the position of Parliament Hill may have been much more ntral than it now is. But, as I have said, I am not really called

upon to solve this difficulty, it being a fact that a spot on the eastern side of Hampstead, and contiguous to Parliament Hill, was from time immemorial, till something less than two centuries ago, the place of the Middlesex Parliamentary elections.

Let us then venture to picture Parliament Hill to ourselves as the scene of an old folk-moot.

Now, in the earlier Anglo-Saxon times the folk-moot was probably the chief popular assembly of each kingdom. The conception of it carries us back to the older Teutonic life as portrayed by Tacitus in his "Germania." The Germans, says Tacitus, "assemble, except in the case of a sudden emergency, on certain fixed days, either at the new or at full moon; for this they consider the most auspicious season for the transaction of business. . . . Their freedom has this disadvantage, that they do not meet simultaneously, or as they are bidden, but two or three days are wasted in the delays of assembling. [Observe the sturdy, independent spirit resenting anything like a fetter, even when it would have been serviceable.] When the multitude think proper, they sit down armed. Silence is proclaimed by the priests, who have on these occasions the right of keeping order. Then the king or the chief, according to age, birth, distinction in war or eloquence, is heard, more because he has influence to persuade than power to command. If his sentiments displease them, they reject them with murmurs; if they are satisfied, they brandish their spears. The most complimentary form of assent is to express approbation with their weapons. In their councils an accusation may be preferred, or a capital crime prosecuted. Penalties are distinguished according to the offence. Traitors and deserters are hanged on trees. [There was probably a gallows near Parliament Hill; there was one in use till comparatively recently near "Jack Straw's Castle."] The coward, the unwarlike, the man stained with abominable vices is plunged into the mire of a morass, with a hurdle put over him. This distinction in punishment means that crime, they think, ought in being punished to be exposed, while infamy ought to be buried out of sight. Lighter offences, too, have their penalties proportioned to them; he who is convicted is fined in a certain number of horses or cattle. Half of the fine is paid to the king or State, half to the person whose wrongs are avenged, and to his relatives. In these same councils they administer law in the centons [*i.e.* the hundreds] and the towns. Each of these has a hundred associates chosen from the people, who support him with their advice and influence."[1]

[1] Tacitus' *Germania*, 11, 12, Messrs. Brodribb and
also Stubbs' *Documents Illustrative of English*

Much, if not every detail, of this description probably applied to the assembly as instituted in the various Anglo-Saxon kingdoms of this country. At a later time, when Wessex obtained the ascendency, and presently many of these kingdoms, either as wholes or subdivided, became shires of the larger kingdom then established, the folk-moot became the shire-moot or county court. It stood at the head of the local moots or courts, the two below it being the town-moot and the hundred-moot, being itself, of course, subordinate to the Witenagemot or general council. It was described as the "forum plebeiæ justitiæ et theatrum comitivæ potestatis."[1]

In the reigns of King Edgar and of Canute, the shire-moot was convened twice a year,[2] in May and in October, at the instance of the sheriff, who also presided; the bishop and the ealdorman sat with him, the former to declare the spiritual, the latter the secular law. "The suitors were the same as those of the hundred court; all lords of lands, all public officers, and from every township the reeve and four men."[3] Its judicial powers extended to civil, to criminal, and ecclesiastical matters. Dr. Stubbs points out also some traces of the legislative authority that belonged to it originally, as would appear indeed from the passages we have quoted from Tacitus. After the Norman Conquest its powers declined, "owing to the separation of the spiritual and temporal courts, when the bishop ceased to attend. . . . The sheriff continued to preside, though [*sic*] with increased power, owing to the disappearance of the ancient ealdorman. . . . Under Henry II. the county court not only performed all the ordinary business of the shire, but was also called together to meet the itinerant justices. . . . Magna Carta contains some provisions as to the holding of certain assizes in the county courts four times a year, and limits their jurisdiction by forbidding sheriffs, constables, and bailiffs to hold places [placites] of the Crown. The charter of Henry III., 1217, provides that a county court shall be held monthly. . . . The county business transacted in these courts was—(1) *Judicial*, the justices sat there when on circuit; [there] all matters relating to the police organisation of the county were also managed; the coroners who kept the pleas of the Crown were elected. . . (2) *Financial* taxes were assessed by knights chosen in the court. (3) *Military*. The sheriff summoned the smaller freeholders, and proclaimed his orders in the court."[4] Then

[1] See "Cobden Club Essays" on *Local Government and Taxation in the United Kingdom*, p. 6.

[2] See Stubbs' *Select Charters*, 71, 73.

[3] Stubbs' *Const. History*, i. 128.

[4] From Mr. Fielden's useful handbook, *A Short Constitutional History of England.*

at a later time, as has been especially mentioned, the Knights of the Shire were elected in the shire-moot. But from the time of Edward I. these courts "gradually lost their power as they became less and less used for judicial purposes." It is possible that our own age, in which prolonged habits of centralisation threaten to bring on a paralysis of efficiency, may witness some revival of these old courts, and make them as serviceable in the future as in the past. Indeed, the revival has already begun. Some forty years ago were established the modern county courts for the recovery of small debts; in 1850 their jurisdiction was extended; in 1865 they had limited equity powers conferred upon them.

Such, then, are the scenes that we may probably or certainly recall, as we stand and muse on Parliament Hill; such the strange panorama that passes before the eyes of the imagination. We may catch the wild shouts of triumph, and the shrieks of woe—see the old Celt in the heat of his valour and in the chill of death. How little did those who reared these barrows dream that they would one day become but a dim memory, and that the very names of the mighty chieftains whose fall was to them as the dying of the sun in the heavens would be wholly forgotten—forgotten beyond all recovery! And we may see the eager busy life of those who finally subdued the Celt and took his land from him. We can see them instinct with that same jealousy of dictation, that same high spirit of independence, that passionate love of freedom, which, whatever its dangers and excesses, has made England great and strong throughout the world. What nobler picture would you behold than a people seriously striving after the maintenance for itself of law and justice, soberly and with self-control observing, amidst much impetuosity, the precious forms of order and administration that had been handed down from an ancestry that loved freedom, but also loved law? As one gazes on the old folk-moot, and watches those fervid yet law-abiding suitors, one seems to understand the secret of England's history—to understand the growth of our political habit of mind, and how blessed a thing it is for a nation to show for its past all reverence, while it eagerly seeks to satisfy the needs of the present, and is not forgetful of the future. We are reminded how evolution, and not revolution, has been our method; how we have aimed at development rather than at novelty, tried always to make existing institutions expand or modify themselves so as to suit new ideas and necessities, rather than to rend them roughly in pieces, and substitute some fire-new machinery constructed on strange and alien principles. There is a blind and a foolish and an idolatrous way in which ancestry may be remem-

bered and cherished; there is also a wise and an intelligent and a truly pious way.

> That nature which contemns its origin
> Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
> She that herself will sliver and disbranch
> From her maternal sap, perforce must wither,
> And come to deadly use.

We are reminded, I say, as in imagination we step into the midst of the old folk-moot, of the continuity of the political life of our England. These men we see from the townships, and the hundreds, and the shire at large are, in some sense, the founders and bequeathers of the free government which it is our boast to enjoy. You are apt, perhaps, to think of the Anglo-Saxon times as times of anarchy and wildness. Let the sight of this well-ordered assembly assure you that even then law made its voice heard—that even then the turbulent spirit of an age in which the old ideals of Europe were rapidly perishing, recognised the need of self-restraint and of submission to established political usages, lest riot should end in wreck and ruin, while at the same time it was restlessly bent upon more firmly securing and more widely extending the freedom it already possessed. Thus, not without justice, in no Chauvinistic vein, may we quote the poet's famous description of his and our England :—

> It is the land that freemen till,
> That sober-suited freedom chose,
> The land where, girt with friend or foes,
> A man may speak the thing he will;
>
> A land of settled government,
> A land of just and old renown,
> Where Freedom slowly broadens down
> From precedent to precedent.

And, to turn to a later age, these fanatics we see wandering about the old Celtic graves and over the site of the old Saxon assembly, and whose absurd hosannas ring through the Caen Wood—they, too, are not unsuggestive figures for us; they, too, remind us of the independence, and also of the seriousness, of the English spirit, here unhappily divorced from good sense and sound judgment. They exhibit the English character in one of its morbid shapes. They reel about the fields like so many spiritual drunkards—religion is turned into lunacy; strange heralds these of the Fifth Monarchy—of the reign of peace—of that kingdom of heaven which is come without observation—calmly and quietly taking possession of the hearts of men, inspiring a profounder sense of brotherhood and

mercy. But, for all their bitter unreasonableness, we must not overlook the energy and daring of these men; certainly they had the courage of their opinions—soldiers, though fearless and defiant, in an evil cause.

These are the chief historical pictures that Parliament Hill brings before us. It suggests also memories less extraordinary and startling. Let us also think of it and its fields as for many an age the haunt of peaceful citizens and citizenesses, as one of the pleasure-grounds of a prosperous and happy people. Let us think of these fields in their quiet beauty, Celtic battle-cries and laments, Saxon acclamations and uproars, fanatical hymns and prayers having long died away. There is no fairer, no more tranquil spot near the huge city of London. The noise and hubbub of the streets do not disturb it; one might be miles away. The northern heights wall it closely round. It is always lovely; it is lovely when the breath of spring awakes it from its winter sleep, and the meadows and the trees are fresh and verdant "as on creation's primal day"—lovely in the summer when its life is fullest and wealthiest—lovely when the autumn showers its gold over it, and the wood glows and gleams like a king's treasure-house; nor yet without loveliness in the winter, when its eyes close for a while, and the voice of its birds is hushed, and the trees stand like dark-robed mourners hoping and waiting for the resurrection. It is for London one of Nature's gardens, not ever, we hope, to be uprooted and destroyed, but maintained for ever for the joy of children, for the strolls of happy lovers, and the exchanging of vows not always, let us trust, to be broken with the least possible delay; for the giving of health and strength and heart to the toilers in the world's great factory.

Such modern pictures may well be remembered by the side of those older ones that I have feebly attempted to suggest and to recall. But my special purpose concerns those older ones. I hope I may to some slight extent have helped to promote a better informed and a more sympathetic interest in those who have here gone before us. It is in no Pharisaic mood that we should think of the prehistoric Celt or the mediæval Teuton. Let us think of them as men of like passions with ourselves, erring often, but yet striving to go right—men certainly not worse, haply better, than ourselves, their day and generation considered. Let us think of them as we would that posterity should think of us. It may be that in the progress of things we of this nineteenth century, about whose enlightenment we hear from some quarters such loud jubilations, may to a subsequent age seem as barbarous as those of two thousand years

ago seem to us. Do you think that our civilisation is so excellent and perfect that it will need no apology before the tribunal of the remote future? Is it altogether impossible that this brilliant age may one day be pronounced dark and rude? I think I hear some critical inhabitant of the fortieth century, as he lectures to some inexpressibly refined audience on the then wholly obsolete manners and customs of this present time, speak in this wise: "Let us do our best to judge the Victorians with justice and with charity. We know indeed that they were atrociously barbarous in many of their ways. They grossly ignored the most obvious conditions of health and life. They polluted and poisoned their rivers so that it was difficult indeed in those days to get a draught of pure water, except for the well-to-do and the rich, who furnished themselves with bottles of what seems to have been called Apollinaris. They built huge ugly cities, without form, though anything but void, and carefully neglected the simplest rules of sanitation; so that a frightful disease which our medical antiquaries tell us was named typhoid fever had its own way amongst them; indeed, they may be said, in fact, to have sown and cultivated it. You will scarcely believe me, gentlemen," he may go on to say, "that this extraordinary people used perpetually to suffocate themselves with smoke and fog. They brewed, or permitted to be brewed, an atmosphere in which neither man nor beast could breathe healthily. They succeeded, this wonderful people, in blotting out the sun at noonday, and went groping about what they supposed was their business, like those very troglodytes of whose habits they were wont to speak so disparagingly." I have not time now to reproduce his remarks on our social and industrial arrangements and conditions.

Surely, as we listen to this vigorous orator, some feelings of humility will be stirred within us. Whatever the shortcomings and sins of the old Celt and the old Teuton, however freely they massacred and scalped, we ourselves have certainly committed offences against life that are no less heinous—that are really more heinous, as we sin persistently, though we know so much better—though science points us to a more excellent way.

Across the centuries, then, let us greet these old predecessors of ours—greet them as our fellows, not thanking God that we are not as these other men, but eagerly acknowledging our common humanity. Let us stretch to them our hand and salute them.

JOHN W. HALES.

BISHOP FRASER.

THE publication of "The Life of Bishop Fraser," by the author of "Tom Brown's School Days," has long been eagerly awaited, and now that the work has actually seen the light we may say with confidence that the most sanguine expectations have been realised. It cannot be questioned that the life and character of the broad-minded Christian gentleman, who has been most justly and happily described as the Bishop of All Denominations, possess a singular fascination for the generation to which we belong; and it is equally certain that there are few men amongst us who are better qualified by sympathy, habit, and training, than Judge Hughes to undertake the task of writing the Bishop's biography. "If," said Dr. Arnold, "there is one truth, short of the highest, for which I would gladly die, it is democracy without Jacobinism;" and Bishop Fraser and his biographer alike were ever ready to acknowledge the debt of gratitude which they owed to the teaching of the great master of Rugby School.

In the brief preface to the recently published memoir of James Fraser, second Bishop of Manchester, which may be said to have already taken its place among the standard biographies of distinguished Englishmen of our own generation, Mr. Hughes expresses his obligations to the Bishop's widow and to those of the Bishop's friends who kindly allowed selections from their letters to be published, or furnished memoranda of their intercourse with him. Of the materials thus placed at his disposal the Bishop's biographer has made an admirable use, as, indeed, we had a right to expect from the author of that delightful little life of George Hughes, entitled "Memoir of a Brother." The mass of letters and speeches with which he had to deal has been carefully examined and sifted, and we have the result before us in a single handsome and not too portly volume, containing, as its frontispiece, an admirable photogravure of the Bishop in his episcopal robes. Of the condensed and concentrated character of the work nothing but praise should be

[illegible]ny change at all were to be made, it should, I think,

be made in the direction, not of amplification, but of still further condensation. In the earlier portion of the work undue prominence is perhaps given to the everyday details of Fraser's domestic life ; and in the later portion the general reader, who cannot be expected to take a devouring interest in discussions about vestments and gestures, and the ritual of the second year of Edward VI., and who, in all probability, knows little and cares less about the distinction between a *gravamen* and an *articulus cleri*, will, not unnaturally, pass lightly over the chapters that deal with the Miles Platting controversy. Not that blame is in any way to be attached to Mr. Hughes in this matter. It is the duty of a biographer, as far as possible, to consult all tastes, and the biographer of Bishop Fraser was, of necessity, bound to make a full statement of the circumstances that led to the imprisonment of Mr. Green, and the refusal to institute Mr. Cowgill. There are, however, one or two instances of carelessness, in respect of which Mr. Hughes is not altogether free from blame. Proper names are often incorrectly spelled, and even such familiar poems as Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior," and Mrs. Barbauld's "Lines on Life," are lamentably misquoted. "Verify your quotations" is a maxim which few scholars, however tenacious their memories may be, can afford to despise, and assuredly Mr. Hughes is not of the number. Some errors of fact are likewise to be found in the volume. The statement that Mr. Gladstone subscribed £2,000 to the Confederate Loan we now know to be without a shadow of foundation, and Mr. Hughes has very properly expressed his regret at having helped in any way to give currency to a false report. And here, by the way, I may remark in passing, that there are few persons with regard to whom so many false reports have gained currency as is the case with respect to the late Prime Minister. "I always distrust," said the poet Rogers, "the accounts of eminent men by their contemporaries. None of us has any reason to slander Homer or Julius Cæsar, but we find it very difficult to divest ourselves of prejudices when we are writing about persons with whom we have been acquainted." With the exception, however, of the slight blemishes to which a brief reference has been made, Mr. Hughes has undoubtedly done his work well, and there is one thing for which he is especially to be commended. He has kept his own personality in the background, and has allowed the Bishop to paint his own picture.

I shall now proceed to give a slight sketch of the life and character of Bishop Fraser, drawing freely for this purpose from the pages of Mr. Hughes's Memoir, and supplementing his narrative, as occasion shall arise, by means of information drawn from other sources.

James Fraser, then, was the eldest of seven children, and was born at the village of Prestbury, in Gloucestershire, on August 18, 1818. His father was a retired Indian merchant, who had a very active mind, and invested his means in the ironstone mines in the Forest of Dean. The investment turned out badly, and the late Bishop has himself told us how, when he was fourteen years of age, his father died a broken-hearted man. His mother was a daughter of Mr. John Willim, a leading solicitor at Bilston, Staffordshire. She was not clever, but she would have done anything she could for her children. "A mother's love," said Pestalozzi, "should be a thinking love," and such was beyond question the character of Mrs. Fraser's affection for her children. She said, "I cannot give those lads large fortunes, but by denying myself and living quietly I can give them a good education." The late Bishop was profoundly grateful to her for all the sacrifices she made on his behalf. Speaking at Keighley, six years before his death, he used the following striking and touching words: "He ventured to say that if all his brothers and sisters were alive, they would rise up and call their dear mother blessed for the sacrifices she made that they might have careers. By God's providence he had that mother still spared to him. She was now paralysed, speechless and helpless; but every day, when he went into her bedroom and looked on her sweet face, he thought gratefully of all he owed to her, of what he was and what he had been enabled to do. Parents sometimes had false ambitions with reference to their boys and girls. It was a grand encouragement which the old Spartan mother gave to her son when she told him to remember that Sparta was his birthplace, and that Sparta was the country which he was bound to adorn. Our children should be taught that England was their birthplace; that it had a great past and might have a great future."

Under his mother's fostering care Fraser grew to boyhood and to manhood. He was a bright and clever lad. "James seems always to be whistling about the house," his aunt said to a friend; "and when I ask him if it is not time to begin his lessons, his answer is always the same, 'Oh, I finished them long ago!'" His first school was at Mount Radford, near Exeter, where he remained till he was fourteen. In 1832 he was sent to Bridgenorth School, then under Dr. Rowley; and in 1834 his mother, wishing to give him every advantage possible, placed him at Shrewsbury, where he spent two years under Drs. Butler and Kennedy. At Bridgenorth he got the nickname of "Peach," from his blooming complexion, and it was there that he formed the acquaintance of the present Lord Lingen, Osborne Gordon, and Pulling, all of whom afterwards

himself, were highly distinguished at Oxford. The three months which he spent at Shrewsbury under Kennedy were, as he constantly declared, more valuable to him than any other six, either at school or at Oxford, for it was there and under Kennedy that he "learnt how to read an ancient author."

The letters belonging to the period of his boyhood are bright and intelligent, but not otherwise particularly remarkable. Even when a boy, however, his business faculties were highly developed; and when only fifteen years of age he made his will, which ran as follows: "I, James Fraser, late of Baring Crescent, in the County of Devon, but now a student at Bridgenorth School, in the County of Salop, being in the fifteenth year of my age, do hereby give and bequeath all my property of what description soever to my dearly beloved mother, Helen Fraser, to be made use of by her according to her discretion." When he was at Shrewsbury one of his brothers and his only surviving sister died of scarlet fever, and on the occasion of their death he wrote a most touching and affectionate letter to his mother, which she always kept by her, and treasured throughout her long life as amongst the most precious of her possessions. In 1836 Fraser went to Oxford, having gained an open Scholarship at Lincoln College, where he enjoyed the tuition of the Rev. Richard Michell, the late Principal of Hertford College. In the autumn of 1839, the last before his degree, Michell took a reading party to Shanklin, and Fraser, as well as Mr. J. A. Froude, was of the party. "He was the lightest hearted of us all," writes Mr. Froude. "I used to think him even boyish. But Michell told me after the examination that he had done enough for ten firsts. When he stood for the Oriel Fellowship, I recollect observing to Church (then a tutor of Oriel, now Dean of St. Paul's), 'that, however good a scholar he might be, he had no original thought.' Church told me after the examination that his thought was young rather than absent. So it always remained."

His career at Oxford was a brilliant and monotonous success, so much so that we may say without exaggeration that there was no such word as "fail" to be found in his vocabulary. He read hard without a break from the first day when he went into residence, and his industry did not go unrewarded. He obtained the Ireland Scholarship in 1838; and in 1840 was elected to a Fellowship at Oriel, then the blue ribbon of the University. He bore his honours with all becoming modesty. "You have indeed reason to be proud of James," wrote his faithful friend, C. J. Sale, to his mother, when the announcement of his election to the Oriel Fellowship was made—

"you have indeed reason to be proud of James, as it has never been my lot to see any young man bear his numerous honours in a manner so humble and free from arrogance. I can only add my sincere prayer for his success through life, and with pleasure anticipate that it will equal, as it cannot surpass, that which he has already so nobly earned for himself."

From 1840 to 1847 Fraser was a Fellow of Oriel, and during a portion of that time (1842 to 1847) he was tutor. Mr. Hughes's narrative of this period is specially valuable and interesting, he himself having been one of Fraser's pupils at the time. It was, indeed, no small distinction to be a member of a common room to which Whately and Arnold and Keble and, above all, Newman, had belonged, or did still belong. It might be but rarely that they were seen in hall, but their influence was strong, not only in the College, but throughout the University. The battle that still raged around Tract XC. possessed an interest for Provost and Fellows that the ordinary routine work of the College could not claim. But Fraser, if we are to believe the testimony of his contemporaries, like Gallio, cared for none of these things. "He rather represented," writes Matthew Arnold, "the high-and-dry Church in common room with an admixture of the world—so far, at least, as pleasure in riding and sport may be called worldly; of the ascetic and speculative side nothing." But the secession of Dr. Newman to the Roman Catholic Church in 1845 set him a-thinking, and he wrote thus to his mother on the subject:—"When a man of Newman's surpassing intellect and unquestioned holiness, self-denial, and piety—in which respects I have never yet seen any man worthy to be put in comparison with him (except perhaps Dr. Pusey)—when a man whose very presence—even his silent presence—casts a mysterious influence for good on all around him, feels what he deems an imperative call to leave that Church in which he was baptised, and of which he has been a minister, I think that those who feel most satisfied and confident of their position may well suspect that there are some serious deficiencies in a system in which the aspirations of such a spirit as his could meet with no corresponding voice and find no sympathetic aid. I confess I cannot myself understand his feelings or comprehend the cogency of the motives which have actuated him. I find in my own case very few things that I should wish altered in the liturgy or teaching of our Church, though many difficulties in the practical working of her system arising from her State.
But still I feel that one so below
graces and intellectual gifts

incompetent to pass judgment on his act. His departure from among us is much felt—even by those who differed from his views—where his urbanity and manners, no less than his exalted intellect and eminent piety, had much endeared him. There may be a few who are foolish or short-sighted, or malicious enough, to rejoice at it, but I am happy to say they are but few. The general feeling is one of deep regret, not unaccompanied by anxious queries, 'What is to become of the Church of England?'"

When Fraser penned these lines he little thought that in far-off future years it would fall to his lot, as the bishop of a large and populous diocese, to strengthen the hold of the Church of England on the hearts and affections of the people. Even then, however, his tutorship was drawing to a close, and it seems probable that he abandoned it without any very profound regrets. Indeed, the real truth is that Fraser ripened slowly, and it was only during the later portion of his life that he found himself immersed in precisely the kind of work for which his genius was best adapted. The undergraduates of 1840–47, as is the nature of undergraduates as a class, were wholly given up to athletics. They were consequently very little addicted to hard reading, or indeed to intellectual labour of any kind. The impression that Fraser produced upon them was, especially at first, distinctly unfavourable. In the lecture room, we are told, he was shy and embarrassed. "He often blushed when a question was asked, and found great difficulty in coming down to the average level of his pupils." In his early undergraduate days he saw little or no society. Being economical and anxious to spare his mother all unnecessary expense, he gave no parties and went to none. His social instincts, however, were strong, and he was greatly liked by all who knew him intimately. "We all used to have the greatest pleasure in his joyous society," writes T. Lonsdale, son of the late Bishop of Lichfield, "and well can those who are left remember his bright face and hearty manner, his good temper and lovable disposition. One of his oldest friends used to say that an utter want of affectation was his distinguishing characteristic; another, that it was lovableness; another, transparent sincerity. He was indeed 'pellucidior vitro.' It struck me that all he did was done with wonderful ease, as if it all came to him by instinct rather than effort; while doing it he always seemed so happy and ready to turn to other things." Such being the character of the man, it follows of necessity that the more he was known the better he was liked. One special trait that won for him favour with the undergraduates as they came to be better acquainted with him was his love of hunting and his fondness for horses.

a serious change was about to come over his way of life. He decided to become a clergyman, and with characteristic resolution determined forthwith to give up sport. Giving himself a short season in Leicestershire, the shire of shires, he saw his last run, and was consequently able to reassure the Nonconformist smith of his first cure, when he expressed a hope that "the new rector was no hunting parson." The die was now cast. Fraser was ordained deacon on the Saturday before Christmas Day, 1846, and priest on Trinity Sunday, 1847. In July of the latter year he became rector of the little village of Cholderton, and bade a final adieu to Oxford. How often, in looking back on our earlier years, do we echo Carlyle's pathetic words! "Those nights and days are 'with the days beyond the Flood,' we shall not see them more." With Fraser it was otherwise. He indulged in no fond and futile regrets. He "looked not mournfully into the past," but "went forth to meet the shadowy future, without fear and with a manly heart."

We come now to the second period of Fraser's life, which embraces the twenty-three years during which he filled the office of a parish priest. The first thirteen years of this period were spent at Cholderton, on the Marlborough Downs; the last ten at Ufton Nervet, in Berkshire, which, like Cholderton, was a living in the gift of Oriel College. The sphere of the future bishop's labours was, it must be confessed, of an extremely restricted character. The tiny village of Cholderton consisted of some thirty-five houses, with a population of 175 inhabitants, whilst the population of Ufton only numbered some 400 souls. If, however, Fraser's opportunities of usefulness were comparatively few, he was thorough in everything that he did. He knew not only every man, woman, and child in his parish, but, as he himself said, every cottager's pig. Upright and downright was the motto of his life. Rightly regarded, these twenty-three years, spent for the most part in quiet and seclusion in remote country districts, were a fitting preparation for his after life. It was then that the good seed was sown which was destined after many years to bring forth such a magnificent harvest. A countryman of Scott once very pithily observed of his early rambles on the Borders, "He was makin' himsell a' the time, but he didn't ken, maybe, what he was about till years had passed. At first he thought of little, I dare say, but the queerness and the fun." So it was with Fraser during those twenty-three years of retirement. He was a bishop in the making, though he knew it not.

Soon [illegible] doomed to

suffer yet another bereavement in the death of his youngest brother, Bruce. "The dear sufferer," he wrote shortly after his death, "is now relieved from all further worldly cares or pains. . . . So imperceptibly did his spirit pass away that those who were watching by his couch could with difficulty tell when it was that he ceased to breathe. He is gone, we may well trust, to a better and more abiding home. So pure and innocent was he in his life, so guileless in all his ways, so affectionate and simple-minded, that we may, I trust without presumption, console ourselves with the hope that his gentle spirit is now at rest, peacefully awaiting a blessed resurrection at the last day." To him and to his brother John, who had died seven years before in India, he determined to erect two memorial windows in the new church at Cholderton; and when his aunt Lucy objected, on the strange ground of "profanation," he replied with unanswerable force, "It was surely intended that we should be actuated, though only in the second place, by human motives. Else why were our affections given us?"

In the building of the new church and school, to which Fraser contributed with lavish generosity, the great stumblingblock in the way was the squire, Mr. Paxton, who seems to have been a gentleman that entertained a sufficiently high opinion of his own importance, and who was constantly raising all manner of ludicrous objections. He was determined, he said, not to have anyone sitting behind him who "could breathe on his back;" and though he would not be peremptory about a square pew, a door was a *sine quâ non*. However, even the squire was pacified at last, and great were the rejoicings when the buildings were completed.

But Fraser, much as he was interested in his parish work, did not allow it to absorb the whole of his time and attention. From first to last he took an intelligent interest in public affairs. The dinner at the Reform Club to Sir Charles Napier, on the occasion of his sailing in command of the Baltic Fleet, seemed to him, as it must surely have seemed to all sensible people, to be most improper in every way, while the maladministration in the public services aroused the righteous indignation of his soul. Writing to his predecessor at Cholderton, the Rev. T. Mozley, then a leader writer for the *Times*, he said: "I really think we must look to you men of the *Times*—for our so-called statesmen seem utterly incompetent to the task—to recast our home government, and reform our military and naval establishments. Can anything be so sickening as the system of appointments to offices of the highest trust in both departments, in spite of past warnings, which is at this very moment going on? . . . . I do wish, dear

Mozley, you would turn your powerful pen in this direction, and teach the men in office what sort of a government the nation will expect at their hands. . . . . The mass of the people want to be taught higher political principles; to be taught, too, the solemn nature of the trust they hold. I don't wish to see violent articles written against the aristocracy, whom I believe to be an integral element in our national prosperity, and in whom I believe the fire of patriotism burns as brightly as in any other class of the Queen's subjects; but I do wish to see that small clique of great families broken up, who seem to consider they have a monopoly of power in their hands, and on whom the same eternal changes are rung whenever a new Cabinet has to be formed."

But it was not merely as a spectator at a distance that Fraser was called upon to form and to express opinions on public affairs. In 1858 he was appointed an assistant commissioner to inquire into the elementary education of agricultural districts; and his report "remains," says Mr. Hughes, himself no mean authority on such a question, "a superb, I had almost said a unique, piece of work, a model of masterly analysis, and careful, well-supported, and well-reasoned suggestion." From the date of its publication in 1861, Sub-Commissioner Fraser became an acknowledged authority with all who took an interest in the vitally important question of popular education. In 1865 he was offered and accepted the post of Commissioner to inquire into and report on the elementary and other schools in the United States; and two years later he became a member of the Commission on the Employment of Children, Young Persons, and Women in Agriculture. Many of the recommendations on the subject of education, which he felt it to be his duty to make, were considered at the time to be extreme and revolutionary, but they have long since been embodied in the practical legislation of the country. He was in favour of payment by results; a modified conscience clause; inspectors penetrating into every parish; a rate where voluntary effort had proved itself utterly apathetic or powerless.

And now the time was at hand when another and a final change was to be made in the method of his life. He was not naturally ambitious, but whatever his hand found to do he did with all his might. Writing to his friend Mozley on his forty-fourth birthday, from the peaceful seclusion of Ufton, where his remains have since been laid to rest, he said: "As to what you say about place-hunting clergy, I subscribe to every word. Nothing is more
attempt of the so-called working clergy to

their merits on the notice of the world. For my part, *fallentis semita vitæ* always had most charms for me. What my destiny may be I know not, nor care; I only know I am contented now; and, for myself, desire no change." But when the call came he was ready to obey, and he who had expressed a desire to see a great effort made to really popularise the Church and education was himself to have the opportunity and the privilege of making that effort, and of making it with signal and conspicuous success.

On January 3, 1870, Mr. Gladstone offered Fraser the bishopric of Manchester. The following are the terms in which the Prime Minister's letter was couched:—

DEAR MR. FRASER,—I write to place the see of Manchester at your disposal. I will not enumerate the long list of qualifications, over and above entire devotedness to the sacred calling, for which I earnestly seek in the selection of any name to submit to Her Majesty with reference to any vacant bishopric. But I must say, with perfect truth, that it is with reference to qualifications only that I make the present overture. As respects the particular see, it is your interest in and mastery of the question of public education which has led me to believe you might perform at Manchester, with reference to that question, a most important work for the Church and for the country. Manchester is the centre of the modern life of the country. I cannot exaggerate the importance of the see, or the weight and force of the demands it will make on the energies of a bishop, and on his spirit of self-sacrifice. You will, I hope, not recoil from them, and I trust that strength to meet them all will be given you in abundance.

Believe me,
Faithfully yours,
W. E. G.

How, after consulting his friends, Fraser decided to undertake the heavy and responsible task that it was sought to impose upon him, and how for fifteen years he laboured throughout the length and breadth of the diocese of Manchester, as few men have ever laboured before, is known to all the world. "I hope I shall always be straightforward," were his farewell words to his old friend Sale, when starting for his new work; and thorough honesty, manliness, and straightforwardness characterised every action of his later, no less than of his earlier life. "There be plenty of Clerks and Bishops," writes Fuller, "who, out of their gowns, would turn their backs on no man." In Fraser's case elevation to the episcopal bench wrought no change for the worse in his character. The man was not lost in the bishop. He threw himself at once on the heart of the whole diocese, of the laity as well as of the clergy, of those who differed from the Church as well as of those who conformed to her. The great function of Christianity he held to be to elevate man in his social condition. There was, he said, a soft place somewhere in every man's heart, and he made it his busi-

ness to find it. Whilst he admitted the necessity of dogma, he always wished to narrow rather than to extend its field, and he regarded it as an evil day when the Church added to the Apostles' Creed "curious reticulations of faith." On his first appearance in Convocation he boldly advocated the disuse of the Athanasian Creed in the Church services, and in doing so made the following interesting reference to his own experience in the matter. "For thirteen years of my ministerial life," he said, "I had charge of a rural parish of 200 souls. The one intelligent man in my congregation was the squire. Whenever I stood up to recite the Athanasian Creed in his presence he did what Archdeacon Churton told us George III. used to do—he sat down at once, closing his Prayer-book with an angry slam." It was doubtless in allusion to such downright outspokenness as this that Dean Stanley admiringly exclaimed, "Well, you do verge on the imprudent more than any man I know."

But the bent of the Bishop's mind was practical, not speculative. As Carlyle wrote of Schiller, so we may say of him:—"Abstracted from the contemplation of himself, his eye was turned upon the objects of his labour, and he pursued them with the eagerness, the entireness, the spontaneous sincerity of a boy pursuing sport." Wherever he felt that he could be of service he was ready and anxious to go. So much was this the case, that his critics were in the habit of informing him that his forte was omnipresence and his foible omniscience. But he had his answer ready at hand. A dignified neutrality, he said, was not his attitude on any question he thought important; and whenever a clergyman came to him and said that he was labouring in a poor parish, with a heavy balance against him, and that if he (the Bishop) would go and preach it would be worth £30 or £40 to him, he felt he could only answer, "If I am disengaged, I will go."

That one who spoke so often, and in so perfectly free and unconstrained a fashion, should say many things that were likely to provoke comment and criticism was only to be expected; and the wonder really is that there was, after all, so very little in his sermons and speeches to which exception could legitimately be taken. Still, it may perhaps be permissible to point out that even he does not appear to have been able entirely to divest himself of an air of superiority and condescension when referring to persons outside the pale of the Established Church; and as regards the all-important question of the position and functions of women in society, he seems
to have got beyond the view to which Pericles g
when he said, "That woman discharges her

talked about, for good or evil, amongst men." On this latter point, however, we shall probably be disposed to pardon him when we call to mind that he has himself described his wife as "his best assistant in his daily labours, and the greatest blessing of his life." In politics the Bishop was a Liberal, and, unlike many professing Liberals, both lay and clerical, he was a hater of war.

The constant and incessant strain to which his mode of life subjected him could not but tell at length even upon his vigorous constitution, and it is not in any way surprising that, at times, the longing for rest was well-nigh irresistible, and that he more than once expressed a desire to resign his see, and to go back to his people at Upton. But it was not so to be. He died, as he had lived, in harness. "Lancashire people," he often used to say, "are worth working for—are worth being spent for," and he spent himself in their service. On October 22, 1885, he died from a clot of blood on the heart.

"There is something melancholy in the thought that the world cannot long enjoy the light of such a mind. But the cup goes round, and who so artful as to put it by?"

WILLIAM SUMMERS.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS IN BURMA.

THE Burman holds that his very name is conclusive proof of his celestial origin, in that it implies that he is a descendant of the holy Brahmas, who were tempted to leave their heavenly abodes and to take up their residence in this world. With such glorious antecedents, he naturally considers himself infinitely superior to all other mortals. Yet, in spite of what matter-of-fact Western theologists may say to the contrary, he knows that by the inexorable fiat of Budhist law, he cannot claim to be more than a mere animal, unless he submits to the ordeal of Budhist baptism, which entails shaving the head, abandoning the world, donning the mendicant's dress, and becoming a monk—even if it be only for twenty-four hours.

The Burmese woman is also aware, alas! that by the canons of the same code, her sex alone offers an insuperable barrier to her attaining this exalted state of humanity. They tell her, with uncompromising plainness, that her only hope of salvation is that, by great piety in this life, she may become a man in the next transmigration, and, as such, joining the privileged ranks of the yellow-robed fraternity, become a candidate for baptism.

The greatest event in the career of a Budhist youth is when he enters a monastery as a probationer for the priesthood; though some irreverent lads have a notion that the occasion of having a pair of inexpressibles tattooed on their persons—a mark of manhood—is a far more notable episode. The ceremony known as *Natwin Mengala*, or ear-boring, is the great red-letter day in the Burmese girl's almanac. It is quite as important an incident in her career as putting on the yellow robe or being tattooed is to her brother. Though not claiming the religious character pertaining to Budhist baptism, it is her nearest equivalent thereof, and is an event of such importance that all relatives and friends are bound to put in an appearance when summoned to the festival held in honour of the occasion, conventional excuses for absence being adjudged al tantamount to insult.

When the English young lady is presented at Court, or the first time appears at a public ball, all the world knows she has been launched into society, or "come out," as the saying is; so, in the case of the Burmese maiden of high or low degree, the ear-boring ceremonial proves conclusively that she is no longer a child. She now puts away her dolls and other playthings, and only surreptitiously sucks the sweeties or chews the sugar-cane, in which her soul delighted before; while in society she assumes a gravity of demeanour beyond her years—befitting, she imagines, her new condition. "Nothing," says Shway Yeo, "like getting the ears bored to set a girl thinking about the wave of the hair that falls down in lappets by her ears, or the best recipe for the fragrant straw-coloured thanakah, with which she tints her face and charms half the senses of the gallants. . . . In a word, the *Natwin Mengala* transforms the girl into a woman, just as much as admission to the monastery makes the boy a man. This is her baptism, and is the distinctive mark of her race."[1] After this she frequently holds levées to which all her bachelor friends have the *entrée*. Some three hours or so after the shades of eve have fallen, or at what is popularly known as "bachelor's roving time," she may be seen arrayed in all her very best, with her jetty locks ornamented by a single orchid or other flower coquettishly arranged therein, and her little oil lamp properly trimmed and lighted—seated either alone or with one or two girl friends, in the verandah of her home, after the elders have retired or gone to bed. In the mean time, the various youths of her acquaintance who may be sauntering about know by the glimmer of her lamp-signal that they are welcome to improve the occasion if they can; for Burmese etiquette forbids lonely walks, or other pronounced ways for effecting this object, in vogue with Western lovers. The Burmese maiden, so far as this custom is concerned, has as much latitude given her as Transatlantic fashion awards to the American belle and her admirers, and, if rumour be consistent, repays the confidence placed in her by an equally strict attention to decorum. Amorous swains are fully aware that they run the risk of being taken up by the police if they happen to be abroad at night-time without being able to give a satisfactory account of themselves. But it would be a very hard-hearted constable indeed who would "run in" a youth reasonably supposed to be abroad on courting thoughts intent.

Those who hold marriage to be a sacrament are scandalised at the free and easy notions held by the Burmese on the subject. With them it is a simple contract, having nothing of a religious character

[1] *The Burman*, by Shway Yeo. London, 1882.

about it. The fact of both appearing together in public at a bridal feast given by the bridegroom and his parents, has even superseded the traditionally simple ordeal of eating out of the same dish, which, being tantamount to the irrevocable "I will" in the marriage service of the Church of England, is as binding with them as having the knot tied by a bishop, or the agreement ratified by a marriage registrar, with us.

A system of morality which recognises marriage as an arrangement terminable at will by either party is confessedly of a base type. The actual ceremony is a humdrum affair, but its subsequent development, as expressed by the boisterous conduct of youths on the occasion of the beginning of the honeymoon, is decidedly of a more pronounced character. We throw rice and old slippers after the happy pair when they start on their first journey together, while they adopt a very objectionable equivalent to this harmless custom. For on the night of the wedding, a number of young bachelors are accustomed to surround the house occupied by the newly-married couple, and, unless bought off by the payment of blackmail, pelt the thatched or wooden shingled roof with stones, brickbats, and other missiles, which causes a din that would awake the Seven Sleepers, and occasionally does injury to the inmates. We have ever been under the impression that the practice was a senseless and impudent system of extortion. But Shway Yeo (Mr. Scott), in his very interesting book, "The Burman," declares the learned in Burmese folk-lore assign it a much more romantic origin. These authorities assert, he tells us, that nine Celestial beings, called Brahmas, already referred to, elected to remain on earth, instead of returning to their abode in heavenly regions; and owing to contenting themselves with earthly food, instead of celestial manna, degenerated from their pristine angelic forms, and, taking the shape of mortals, five became men and four women. "The fifth man naturally resented being left compulsorily single, and pelted the happy couples with stones on their marriage night. Sympathy with the feelings of this archetypal bachelor has perpetuated the stone-throwing by the Loo-byos (bachelors) down to the present day." [1]

Though there was no provision for divorce according to the Hindu creed from which Budhism revolted, it is an exceedingly simple affair under the reformed religion, especially when both sides deem this result inevitable. In other cases it is restricted by the very elaborate provisions of the Civil Code, respecting the division of property.

[1] *The Burman*, by Shway Yeo. London, 1882.

According to the laws of Menoo,[1] the property possessed by husband and wife on marriage, that earned by either or both, after marriage, by ingenuity and skill, as well as any gifts they may have received from the king, are shared equally, if the quotas contributed by each are equal. If either should have been the sole bread-winner, he or she takes two-thirds and the other one-third. The clothes and ornaments of both are also valued, and a similar system of give and take adopted, while the debts incurred during cohabitation are shared equally. If there be male children by the marriage, the man takes them; if female children, the woman. When one or other desires to separate, and the wish is not reciprocated, while no fault can be attributed to either further than the fact of their destinies not having been cast together, the former can only retain royal gifts and a single suit of clothes, while the latter is entitled to the rest of the property. If the person wanting a divorce has no property, he or she must give the other the price of his or her body, or, in other words, pay damages. Either husband or wife can claim a divorce if certain indiscretions enumerated in the Code are proved against the other; and in some cases the wife can not only take the whole of the joint property, but has also the privilege, if she pleases, of turning her husband out of doors with but a single garment to cover his nakedness. So that in Burma the weaker vessel has ample protection under the law. Anomalous as it may seem, however, family affection is as pronounced and the ties of consanguinity are as much respected among the Burmese as is the case in countries where divorce is more difficult. Certainly in no other lands do the women identify themselves so fully in all that concerns their husbands; and, incongruous as it may appear, the wife of a Burmese magistrate, police officer, tax collector, merchant, and so forth, in the good man's absence, not only accepts and acts on his responsibility, but, what is more extraordinary, the people most affected by this eccentricity accept the position without murmur and as a matter of course. This apparent anomaly is accounted for by the fact that the social, religious, and national life of the Burmese is based on the grand precepts handed down to them by the illustrious founder of their religion, long before the birth of Christianity. Of these, not the least prominent are self-denial and faithfulness to the marriage tie. The sage Menoo, while making due allowances for the weakness of human nature, and affording relief to the victims of unhappy and ill-assorted unions, strongly insists on the religious obligations of marriage. He tells us that wives may be divided into seven classes; namely, "a wife like a mother, a wife like

[1] Richardson's *Laws of Menoo*. Maulmain, 1847.

a slave, a wife like a sister, a wife like a friend, a wife like a master, a wife like a thief, and a wife like an enemy." Of these he further explains, the first four "ought not to be put away by any man, but should be lived with for life;" the remaining three, "even if they have borne ten children, may be put away, they need not be lived with for one day; and of the seven, the wife like a slave, if she pray to be a man in the next life, will not be disappointed, her prayer will be fulfilled, and before others she will obtain Neyban"—Nirvana! A woman, he further warns us, is prone to sin in six different ways; namely, "drinking intoxicating liquors, keeping bad company, paying no attention to her husband's requests, eating before her husband is satisfied, having unlawful habits, and gadding about from one house to another." A husband "wise and capable of reflection," he also says, should not only be on his guard against being the victim of these feminine weaknesses, but should also warn his wife lest she succumb thereto.

Long before we ever dreamt of instructing the masses in Great Britain, a system of secular and religious education obtained in Burma, which from old association's sake was endeared to the people, and entwined itself with their national life. Monastery schools existed in almost every village. To these custom and religion demanded that every boy should go, in order that he might receive gratis a rudimentary education in the "three R's," as well as in the tenets of his religion. Girls, however, were denied this privilege. They had the option, it is true, of attending lay schools which favoured the curriculum adopted in the monastic institutions, but this boon was taken advantage of but sparingly. Practically, therefore, so far as the elementary education of males is concerned, Burma compares favourably with Western countries, while that of females is decidedly backward.

Owing to the interest taken in the instruction of girls and women by missionaries of all denominations, and the hearty encouragement and support accorded thereto by Government, it has made considerable progress under British rule. It must necessarily, however, be a plant of slow growth. Time must elapse before the fossilised notion of its inutility can be exploded, and women brought to value learning for its own sake. Girls very early develop the trading talent for which their mothers are proverbial, and those of the poorer class are utilised in this way long before boys exhibit a speciality for anything more practical for making their way in the world than footb
nine-pins. They cannot, in defiance of public opinion
exists, and in the absence for a demand for female !

successfully for clerkships or other employments for which males now enjoy the monopoly. Hence they deem there is no need that they should qualify therefor; consequently their brothers distance them in purely literary efforts, though the girls more than hold their own in all that concerns the ordinary affairs of life. Barring the utilitarian view, there is absolutely no prejudice against the education of women, so we may hope that the impetus already given thereto will be productive of the happiest results.

Important as the subject of their mental culture undoubtedly is, attention to the physical well-being of actual and possible mothers, in a country whose chief want is population, is a far more imperative duty. The exquisite suffering which at childbirth is the natural heritage of women, is intensely aggravated at a critical time in their lives by the barbarous practice prevalent in Burma, whereby the patient is subject to torture by fire for seven days, and drenched with drastic and powerfully scented drinks, with the professed object of eliminating noxious humours, but resulting in prematurely aging the victim. The custom is universal in Upper Burma, as well as in out-of-the-way places in our older possessions as yet unaffected by Western civilisation, but is happily becoming obsolete in the larger towns, under the influence of the example of women belonging to other nationalities.

The National Association for supplying Female Medical Aid to the Women of India, so successfully inaugurated by the Countess of Dufferin, has a most promising field for its operations in Burma, where exist none of the caste prejudices which in India are often so fatal to schemes intended to ameliorate the condition of the natives. Lady Dufferin's reflections on what obtains in India, and her remedy therefor, might, *mutatis mutandis*, be applied to Farther India. "I found," she remarks, "that even in cases where Nature, if left to herself, would be the best doctor, the ignorant practice of the so-called midwife led to infinite mischief, and might often be characterised as abominably cruel. It seemed to me, then, that if only the people of India could be made to realise that their women have to bear more than their necessary share of human suffering, and that it rests with the men of this country and with the women of other nationalities to relieve them of that unnecessary burden, then surely the men would put their shoulders to the wheel, and would determine that the wives and mothers, and sisters and daughters, dependent upon them, should in time of sickness and pain have every relief that human skill and tender nursing can afford them."[1]

[1] *Asiatic Quarterly Review*, April 1886.

This appeal will assuredly not fall on barren ground so far as Burma is concerned; and if the scheme be properly brought home to the comprehension of its eminently charitable people, they will not be found wanting when a practical answer is required thereto.

Though, theoretically, the Burmese woman is inferior to her male prototype as regards progress towards Nirvana, Neh-ban, or Everlasting Rest, to which all good Budhists aspire, practically she is his equal in everything connected with present mundane affairs. She enjoys an incomparably higher position than do women of other Eastern countries, and vies even with her Western sisters in this respect, inasmuch as she has voluntarily conceded to her, by custom as well as by law, all that is clamoured for by the most zealous advocates of women's rights. Her *status*, in fact, is precisely similar to that of the Hindu woman in the heroic days of Indian history, before that great blight on Hindu national life, in the shape of the enforced exclusion of women, referred to by Sir Lepel Griffin,[1] was caused by Muhammadan oppression after the conquest of India. There was then, as there is now in Burma, perfect freedom between the sexes, and the influence of women was as powerful as it is now weak.

An unbending policy of non-interference with the religions of the people of India has, to the lasting and ineffable reproach of the British Government, entailed intolerable misery and humiliation on many millions of Hindu women. Amid the plaudits of Christendom, it abolished the diabolical practices of female infanticide and self-immolation of widows on the funeral pyres of their husbands, after having been—in slavish adherence to this policy—for several decades, accessories, before and after the fact, to many murders. But it still permits infant marriages, which are the cause of untold misery in India, and consigns to a living death of infamous slavery the unfortunate widows it has rescued by its well-intentioned, but, in a Hindu sense, abortive philanthropy. When the scandal of condoning such a demoniacal practice as Suttee became so pronounced that its suppression in the interests of ordinary morality was admitted as a foregone conclusion by those charged with the administration of the country, many learned and complaisant Pundits were found capable of proving that this course was justifiable according to Hindu law. So if infant marriages were declared unlawful, and adequate relief and protection afforded to Hindu widows, equally learned and equally accommodating Pundits would doubtless be forthcoming, and able to quote precedents in favour of the new departure.

[1] *Asiatic Quarterly Review*, July 1886.

In dealing with the women of Burma, fortunately, we are not, as was the case with Hindu women, obliged to carry out legacies devised by the cruelty or the heartlessness of man. We possess a *tabula rasa* in this respect, and it will be greatly to our discredit if we do not prove ourselves equal to the occasion. Whatever may have been the shortcomings of the Government we have supplanted, or the faults of our fellow-subjects, unsympathetic treatment of women was certainly not one of them. Let us hope, therefore, that not only may we possess as blameless a record, but also that we may do our duty by the genial women of Burma, so as to fit them for the high position to which their virtues, their natural genius, their cleverness, and their many other admirable qualities entitle them.

A. R. MACMAHON.

THE HERMIT OF MARLOW:

A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF REFORM.

IN the year 1817, just before Shelley left his native land to return no more, the wretchedness and unrest of the lower classes in England had taken a form sufficiently marked to be the occasion of grave disquietude on the part of the Government and the privileged and predatory classes; while, to the liberal-minded and tender-hearted, the need for some alleviation of a general kind for the wide-spread misery and oppression was fast becoming more and more visibly urgent. To make matters worse, the year 1816 had been a bad year for the farmers. There were countless mechanics and labourers who had been thrown out of work in consequence of the introduction of machinery and the already growing power of foreign nations to compete with us in trade and manufacture. Then, as now, there were plenty of demagogues engaged in stirring up the people to rash action; and then, as *not* now, there were Government spies who earned a good living by mixing with the disaffected, inciting them to acts and utterances which could be construed into sedition or treason, and then betraying their poor dupes to the gaol or even the gallows. The people were practically unrepresented in Parliament, and were to a great extent at the mercy of those who had no mercy, the shameful Liverpool administration—Castlereagh, Sidmouth, Eldon, and Company. Moreover, in the previous year, 1816, the working classes, ignorant though honest in the main, had been sufficiently rash and tumultuous in their agitations for reform to create a strong feeling against them in the great and powerful middle class; and the last complete year which Shelley passed in his own country was marked by a positive decline of the cause of reform. It is true the people had still their staunch and hardy advocates of several kinds and degrees. Major Cartwright and Sir Francis Burdett and the Honourable Douglas Kinnaird were their strong and bold supporters among public men; William Cobbett and William Hone were performing rough literary labour in popular cause; Leigh Hunt, whose nature fitted him better

purlieus of dilettantedom, had thrown himself into the hurly-burly of the same cause, and was doing good work in the *Examiner*; and there was altogether a goodly and growing "cloud of witnesses" for the rights of the people. And yet, when Shelley passed his latest Christmas at an English fireside, the year was closing in utter blankness as to any public good which had been accomplished. The Reform meetings and petitions had for the moment failed; an attempted interference with the legal robbery carried on by the holding of sinecures had ended in smoke; and the popular cause was for the moment as a stream returning towards its source.

It may possibly have been a perception of this retrograde tendency in the politics of his country that called into fresh and strengthened activity the reforming spirit of Shelley, and goaded him not merely to produce the two essays in concrete politics which mark the year 1817, but also to compose his largest work, that daring "Laon and Cythna," whereby he hoped to awaken the better classes of his countrymen and countrywomen from their apathy, and startle them into a moral and intellectual fermentation calculated to bring about reform in all departments, radical, sweeping, and conclusive. But I think he can hardly have perceived the retrogression so early as February, when the Reform pamphlet, always to be associated with Great Marlow, was probably written, for at that time the great crusade that was going on in the early part of the year—the crusade of the Reform meetings held by influential people, and numberless petitions for reform addressed to the House of Commons—had not yet failed of its object. I think he must have been urged to issue this particular pamphlet by a wise perception that some of the most prominent reformers were asking not only what it was next to impossible to grant, but what the people were not ripe to exercise—universal suffrage. It was certainly not that he had nothing particular to do just then, no urgent personal cares to occupy him, no members of his own more intimate circle claiming help and active sympathy, no dreadful memories of recent events to harass him, and no impending disasters to struggle against. On the contrary, the year 1816 had not only seen the death of Harriett Shelley and Fanny Godwin by suicide, incidents unspeakably harrowing to him; not only did the close of that year witness the beginning of his troubles about Harriett's children, but the fiery planet Byron had come into the Shelleyan sphere, and left him with the charge of Claire Clairmont, about to become the mother of Allegra Byron; while Godwin, Leigh Hunt, and Peacock, with their "large claims of general justice," were never far off.

During the first two months of 1817 Shelley was greatly occupied with preparations for the Chancery suit, which eventually deprived him definitely of the charge of Ianthe and Charles; and in January Claire's little Allegra was born at Bath, Mary Shelley being also there, and Shelley in London. Shortly Mary joined him in London; and it was seemingly during the busy time immediately preceding their settlement at Marlow that the political situation appeared to him so pressing as to call forth "A Proposal for Putting Reform to the Vote throughout the Kingdom." It was apparently while the Chancery suit was still pending; for the pamphlet came out about the middle of March, and Lord Eldon's decision on the suit was not given till the 27th.

The house which Shelley had taken at Marlow, to occupy "for ever" with Mary and her child, if not with Claire and the little Allegra and many regular or desultory camp-followers, bore the propitious name of "Albion House." The household migrated to Marlow "in the last week in February," says Professor Dowden,[1] "before the house was ready." Shelley was back in London before taking possession, and finally "seems to have entered the house in the week March 9–16."[2] This perpetual residence was secured, it seems, just in time to yield a pseudonym for the poet, who was then suffering keenly from the baleful effect of two early works filed by the Westbrooks in the Court of Chancery, in support of allegations made to deprive him of the custody of his children. The fact that "Queen Mab" and the "Letter to Lord Ellenborough" had been used against him, though with results not then disclosed, may have influenced him to conceal his authorship of the Reform pamphlet; for, though moderate compared with much writing of the period on the Liberal side, the "Proposal" was still sufficiently daring, and would, in the eyes of Lord Eldon, the Westbrooks, and other magnates and nobodies, have added to his religious and social enormities a definite attempt at political agitation. For whatever reason, he elected to place upon the pamphlet no author's name, and to let it go out to the world as from "the Hermit of Marlow," a designation which it pleased him to keep during the greater part of his residence in that primitive Buckinghamshire town on the banks of the Thames, though it must be confessed that "Albion House," albeit not then cut up into tenements, and turned in part into a public-house as it is now, was not in any respect like a hermitage. It stood, as it stands to-day, right on the road-side (West Street is the name of the road; but it is still not much like a street); and

[1] *Life o Shelley* vol. ii. p. 110. [2] *Ibid.*

solitude was not a marked characteristic of the conditions of residence at Marlow. Whether Shelley's friends knew him in 1817 as "The Hermit," I cannot say; but he himself brought out the title for use again in November, when he issued his second political pamphlet of 1817, ostensibly "An Address to the People on the Death of the Princess Charlotte," but really an eloquent appeal against the iniquitous execution of Brandreth, Turner, and Ludlam, the victims of the Government spy Oliver, and one of those bogus conspiracies which were an ugly feature of the anti-popular tactics in those days of "Murder, Fraud, and Anarchy."

But to return to the Hermit's first Marlow pamphlet, the manuscript of which (first and last manuscript, I should judge), now in the possession of Mr. Thomas J. Wise, is about to be reproduced under the auspices of the Shelley Society. The same good fortune which, as we shall see anon, attended the scheme of reform advocated in the pamphlet attended also the tangible substance incorporating that scheme—that is to say, if preservation is to be regarded as a *desideratum*. Unlike the Hermit's other pamphlet, of which no manuscript, or proof-sheet, or copy of the original issue is known to be extant, the "Proposal" is preserved in all three stages. Not only have copies of the extremely rare print come down to us, but the proof-sheets revised by Shelley, and bearing sketchy drawings from his pen, were preserved by Leigh Hunt, and are now in the collection of Sir Percy and Lady Shelley; while the original manuscript, roughly and rapidly written, and full of erasures and corrections, remained in the hands of Mr. Ollier, the publisher, whose family, in the fulness of time, sold it.

This took place in July 1877; and I refrain now from any textual examination of the manuscript, because Mr. Francis Harvey of St. James's Street, who bought this holograph at auction in the ordinary way of business, gave me, with exemplary courtesy and generosity, full opportunity to exhaust the subject when I reprinted the pamphlet in my edition of Shelley's Prose Works (4 volumes, 1880). I believe the foot-notes to the "Proposal" give all that can be given in the way of variorum readings and cancelled passages; and it is a pleasure to me to think that Mr. Harvey, of whom I had no previous knowledge, and on whom I certainly had no claim, entertained an angel unawares. Not that I was the angel; but it was the record of the particulars of the manuscript in my notes that eventually found Mr. Harvey a customer for his costly treasure in the person of Mr. Wise.

But the luck of preservation connected with the "Proposal" goes further yet. As far as I know, there is but one reference to the

Princess Charlotte pamphlet in all the extant Shelley correspondence. Mrs. Shelley's diary records that he began a pamphlet on the 11th of November and finished it on the 12th ; and there is a little note to Ollier, dated the 12th, sending a part of the manuscript for press.[1] These are doubtless references to the "Address;" but in the case of the "Proposal" we have Shelley's instructions to his publisher in some detail. The following letter is undated, un-post-marked, and, I believe, unpublished :—

DEAR SIR,—I enclose you the Revise, which may be put to press when corrected, and the sooner the better. I inclose you also a list of persons to whom I wish copies to be sent *from the Author*, as soon as possible. I trust you will be good enough to take the trouble off my hands.

Do not advertise sparingly : and get as many booksellers as you can to take copies on their own account. Sherwood Neely & Co., Hone of Newgate Street, Ridgeway, and Stockdale are people likely to do so. Send 20 or 30 copies to Messrs. Hookham & Co., Bond Street, without explanation. I have arranged with them.

Send 20 copies to me addressed to Mr. Hunt, who will know what to do with them if I am out of town. Your very obedient Ser[t],

P. B. SHELLEY.

The list which Shelley sent to Mr. Ollier in the foregoing letter was a pretty considerable one, designed to dispose of fifty-seven copies of the pamphlet, besides the forty or fifty referred to in the letter; and the instructions as to advertising and so on indicate regular publication. According to entries made on the list, thirty-one copies were sent out "from the Author." A copy also appears to have reached either Southey or the *Quarterly Review* ; for in the heading to his article on "The Rise and Progress of Popular Disaffection,"[2] the title of Shelley's pamphlet figures, though the "Proposal" is not alluded to in the text of the article. On the whole the pamphlet ought not to be so extremely rare ; and the Shelley Society will probably stir up hiding-holes and bring copies to light.

In another extant letter to Mr. Ollier, written at Marlow on March 14, 1817, the Hermit asks, "How does the pamphlet sell?" Of the answer we know nothing ; but it was probably the negative to which he was already well accustomed ; and in this case the incongruity between the bold title and the shy retiring pseudonym might not unnaturally have deterred from purchase even the very elect of reformers.

When one wants to form an idea of the influences working from without, at a particular [illegible] interested as

[1] Dowden's *Life*

[2] *Quarterly* [illegible]

Shelley was in the progress of public affairs, it is no bad plan, leisure permitting, to consult a file of some contemporary daily newspaper and the relative volumes of Hansard's "Parliamentary Debates." In default of leisure or opportunity for bringing this cumbrous apparatus to bear on the present subject, I will turn over the leaves of a weekly newspaper of 1817 instead; and how can I do better than take Leigh Hunt's ultra-Radical print, the *Examiner*, with its audacious "Leontian" leaders, its excellent Parliamentary and other reports, and its varied and multitudinous notes of news? Moreover, this paper for 1817 is not unembellished by the genius of many of the Shelley circle; and it is a pleasure to glance over pages in which we are conscious of the presence of Leigh Hunt *passim*, stumble upon sonnets by Keats, meet once and again Haydon and Hazlitt, fall in with dear delightful Horace Smith, and even get a taste of the quality of Shelley himself, who was a contributor of Hunt's as well as a constant reader.

Before we take to our *Examiner*, it will be worth while to glance down that list of persons to whom Shelley ordered his publishers to send the "Proposal for Putting Reform to the Vote." It is as follows:[1]—

Sir Francis Burdett, M.P.*
Mr. Peters, of Cornwall
Mr. Brougham, M.P.*
Lord Grosvenor*
Lord Holland*
Lord Grey*
Mr. Cobbett*
Mr. Waithman*
Mr. Curran
Hon. Douglas Kinnaird*
Hon. Thos. Brand, M.P.*
Lord Cochrane, M.P.
Sir R. Heron, M.P.
The Lord Mayor*
Mr. Montague Burgoyne
Major Cartwright*
Messrs. Taylor, Sen. & Jun., of Norwich
Mr. Place, Charing Cross*
Mr. Walker, of Westminster
Lord Essex*
Capt. Bennet, M.P.*
The Birmingham Hampden Club (5 copies)
Mr. I. Thomas, St. Albans, Mon.
Mr. Philipps, Whitston, Mon.
Mr. Andrew Duncan, Provost of Arbroath
Mr. Alderman Goodbehere
Mr. Jones Burdett*
Mr. Hallet, of Berkshire (5 copies)
The London Hampden Club (10 copies)*
The Editors of the *Statesman*,* the *Morning Chronicle*,* and the *Independent Whig*.*
Mr. Montgomery (the Poet), of Sheffield
Mr. R. Oven, of Lanark
Mr. Madocks, M.P.
Mr. George Ensor
Mr. Bruce
Mr. Sturch, of Westminster*
Mr. Creery, M.P.
Gen[l]. Sir R. Ferguson, M.P.*

[1] Against the names distinguished by asterisks the word *sent* was written in the original list, and not by Shelley. I presume this was done at Messrs. Ollier's office, and that copies were really sent to the persons thus indicated.

Here we read the names of most of the persons marked by Liberal views on whose track we shall presently come in our Radical newspaper.

The year opens propitiously for us ; for on New Year's Day the patriarchal reformer Major Cartwright took the chair at a meeting of the Westminster electors, at the "Crown and Anchor," convened to receive from their popular and gallant representative in Parliament, Lord Cochrane, his answer to an address which they had voted him in assurance of their continued confidence and admiration. Lord Cochrane's manly reply alludes to the support and protection he has had from Liberal Westminster during three years of persecution for those well-known attacks on naval abuses to which his position in the navy had given the sting of truth. "After many strong and interesting statements, he recommended to the meeting to continue to support Parliamentary Reform, for without it the people of England would remain oppressed, persecuted, enslaved, and starving." In the course of the proceedings a Mr. Wells was hissed for proposing so weak a measure of Reform as triennial Parliaments ; he explained that he really wanted annual ones, but thought "if that object could not be obtained, it were better to go step by step until they could obtain it." A Mr. Walker[1] having remarked that he "was for arriving at the wished-for object at once," the redoubted Major delivered his conviction that triennial Parliaments could not be beneficial if obtained. He mentioned as evidence of the exertions then being made that he had five hundred petitions in his house to present at the meeting of Parliament, and had issued three hundred more forms to be filled up ; he named 2,400 as the total number of petitions likely to be presented ; and he concluded by emphatically stating that annual representation was the only cure for existing evils.

Five days later, for anything I can hear to the contrary, Shelley may have attended a huge meeting at Bath. Claire was certainly in that city ; and Shelley and Mary had secured places in the coach, for January 1, to join her. It was still early in January when he left the two ladies at Bath, to return to London on his Chancery business ; and if, as I think, he was at Bath on the 6th, he would hardly have missed the occasion to attend a meeting of upwards of 6,000 people to petition Parliament for a redress of grievances, and particularly for Parliamentary Reform. On this momentous occasion "large bodies of military, both horse and foot, were in readiness in case of a riot, and most of the principal inhabitants were sworn in special

[1] See Shelley's list, *ante*.

constables on the occasion," when "Orator" Hunt was "to the fore," and made a long speech, in his usual rough-and-ready pugnacious style, specially condemning the attempt of the authorities to intimidate the assembly. Turning the page again, we find our *Examiner* recording that four sailors, on the day after this meeting, were hung for stealing ships; and here was another call for reform which must have seemed desperately urgent to our tender-hearted and tolerant poet.

To the *Examiner* for January 19 he contributed his "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty," of which, by-the-bye, I am pretty sure he must have revised a proof; and immediately after his signature comes the word "REFORM" at the head of a report of a "Select Meeting of Independent Gentlemen, friends of economy, public order, and reform," which had been held on January 17. The most prominent names on this occasion are those of Curran, Alderman Waithman, and Alderman Goodbehere, names which are all in Shelley's list printed at page 488. Curran made a capital speech, wherein he remarked that Parliamentary Reform did not "consist in breaking windows or getting drunk in the streets"—a remark not wholly inapplicable to some of the so-called reformers of our own day.

The report of this meeting is followed by one of a meeting held at Dublin on the previous Monday, January 13, under the eye, as one of the speakers (O'Connell) observed, "of ten regiments of soldiers under arms, and two troops of artillery ready for immediate action." This meeting, described as "a vast concourse of people," dispersed and "returned in the greatest order to their homes," after passing several resolutions, and agreeing to a petition,[1] which is

[1] The text of the Petition is as follows:—

Sheweth—That your Petitioners have a full and immoveable conviction, a conviction which they believe to be universal, that your Honourable House doth not, in any constitutional or rational sense, Represent the Nation.

That, when the People have ceased to be represented, the Constitution is subverted.

That Taxation without Representation is a state of Slavery.

That there is no property in that which any person or persons, any power or authority, can take from the People without their consent.

That your Petitioners hold it to be self-evident, that there are not any human means of redressing the People's wrongs, or composing their distracted minds, or of preventing the subversion of liberty and the establishment of despotism, unless by calling the collective wisdom and virtue of the community into Council by the Election of a free Parliament.

That your Petitioners have peculiar reasons to deplore the substitution of the system of corrupt usurpation of popular rights, in place of the genuine Representation of the People; inasmuch as one of the consequences of that system has inflicted on the great body of your Petitioners, particularly the Manufacturing

quite a representative document, with whose terms Shelley must have been familiar.

The day after this meeting a boy, who bore the suggestive patronymic of Dogood, was sent to prison in London for tearing down some bills posted in Long Acre, headed "Mr. Hunt hissed out of Bristol." The animus of the authorities against the "Orator" and the cause he represented is obvious.

On the 22nd of January another Reform meeting took place at the "Crown and Anchor"—William Cobbett, Henry Hunt, and Major Cartwright being the most prominent speakers. Mr. Jones Burdett[1] brought word from the London Hampden Club that he and Major Cartwright were deputed by that Club to lay before the Reform delegates assembled at the meeting the heads of a Bill to be submitted to Parliament. The material principles recognised by this Bill were (1) household suffrage; (2) division of counties and cities into electoral districts, each returning one member, according to population; and (3) annual elections. Major Cartwright said that, though in favour of universal suffrage, he must admit that many "sound Reformists entertained other opinions on the ground of practicability." Cobbett spoke most contemptuously of the Club, but excepted from his denunciation Sir Francis Burdett, Mr. Jones Burdett, Major Cartwright, and "that sound patriot, Mr. Hallet, of Berks."[2] Henry Hunt, while endorsing Cobbett's contemptuous view of the Club, managed to carry, against him, a resolution in favour of "representation co-existent with taxation." A skirmish between the "Orator" and the reporters of the *Morning Chronicle* and the *British Press* gave variety to the proceedings. Hunt, always in hot water, accused the daily press of systematic misrepresentation of Reform meetings; and the two reporters resented the insult, and denied the charge.

One day later (January 23, 1817) Alderman Goodbehere and

and Labouring Classes, *by the measure of the Legislative Union*, the permanent existence of Poverty and Distress.

Wherefore your Petitioners pray, that your Honourable House will, without delay, pass a Bill for putting the aggrieved and much-wronged People in possession of their undoubted rights to Representation, co-extensive with direct and indirect Taxation; to an equal distribution throughout the community of such Representation; and to Parliaments of a continuance according to the strict letter of the Constitution, namely, *not exceeding one year*.

[1] See Shelley's list, *ante*.

[2] Note that this same gentleman, "Mr. Hallet, of Berkshire," was to receive five copies according to Shelley's list, and the London Hampden Club ten. I suppose Berkshire was not a suffi
having apparently been sent to

Alderman Waithman [1] took a prominent part in a Reform meeting of the Common Council, at which the resolutions were very significant.[2]

Turning to other parts of our *Examiner* for the 26th of January, we come on some occult allusions of Leigh Hunt's to Shelley's Chancery case, and on an inaccurate little report, taken from the *Morning Chronicle*, of the proceedings on Friday, the 24th of January, in the matter of "Westbrook *v.* Shelley." "His Lordship is to give judgment on a future day," says the report. On the same page begins the report of the trial of a sailor named Cashman and others in the matter of the musket-stealing connected with the riots of two months earlier. Cashman was found guilty, and condemned to death.

On the 28th of January the Prince Regent opened Parliament;

[1] See Shelley's list, *ante*.

[2] Here are some of the resolutions :—

Resolved—That the present complicated and alarming evils demand immediate and effectual remedy—that, as they have chiefly arisen from the corrupt and inadequate state of the Representation, all attempts to provide an effectual remedy, without a complete and comprehensive Reform in the Commons House of Parliament, would prove delusive, and could neither allay the irritated feelings of the People, nor afford security against future encroachments.

Resolved—That we conceive the inequality in the Representation is too notorious to require to be pointed out, when it is known that Cornwall alone returns more Borough Members than 15 other Counties together, including Middlesex, and more than 11 Counties, even including County Members.

Resolved—That the mode of Election, the Influence and Patronage, the distribution of Places and Pensions among the Members and their Relatives, are facts that cannot but be equally well known: and, even in prosperous times, would afford sufficient motive to every friend of freedom and lover of the Constitution to seek for reformation; but, under the present accumulation of distress, which this system has so unhappily engendered and matured, we conceive the motives are become too powerful, too imperious, any longer to be resisted or delayed.

Resolved—That as Extravagance and Corruption in Governments have been the destruction of all free States, so it is impossible that a system, which has proved fatal to other States, should be innocently pursued in this. We trust, therefore, that there may be at least one exception to the remark of the Historian who has so well described the rise and fall of other Empires, "*That Individuals sometimes profit by experience – Governments* NEVER"—and that, by timely reformation, the ruin of the British Constitution may be averted.

Resolved—That Petitions, therefore, be presented to Parliament, praying them to take these matters into their serious consideration, and that they will be pleased immediately to take the most effective measures for abolishing all sinecures and unmerited Pensions—for reducing the present enormous Military Establishment—for establishing a general System of Retrenchment and Economy; and for the more effectually obtaining a Redress of all Grievances, and guarding against future Evils, they will cause such a Reform in the Commons House of Parliament will restore to the People their just and fair weight in the Legislature.

on his way back to the palace he got hooted and pelted, and the windows of his carriage were broken. On the following Sunday the *Examiner* was of course full of the attack and the opening of Parliament. On the 29th Lord Cochrane began the Reform petition campaign by presenting a petition from Bristol signed by over 50,000 people; and, after a full Parliamentary report, we find in the *Examiner* for the 2nd of February, in an appropriate setting of Reform paragraphs, an editorial correction of inaccuracies in the report of "Westbrook *v.* Shelley," immediately followed by Horace Smith's sonnet, commencing with the line—

Eternal and Omnipotent Unseen!

Shelley's battle to regain possession of his children was, of course, regarded in his immediate circle not only as a personal question of desperate interest, but as an important issue in the general question of fundamental reform. The issue was indeed momentous—being no less than a dispute as to the right of a father, of what opinions soever in religious, moral, and social questions, to control and educate his own children. Note that in this, as in most of the Reform battles fought in the reign of Eldon, Castlereagh, Sidmouth & Co., the popular party, the party of freedom and equal laws, failed grievously and utterly.

But we must keep to our *Examiner* a little longer.

On the 3rd of February, as reported in the paper of the 9th, the Reform petitions to Parliament were varied by one from the boy Dogood, who had been sent to prison for tearing down scurrilous posters about "Orator" Hunt. That petition was rejected, and the boy was referred to the Law Courts.

Sir Francis Burdett and Lord Cochrane now appear in constant collision with Lord Castlereagh, Mr. Vansittart, or some one else of the kind, every petition brought forward being subjected to obstruction, and Brougham[1] frequently rising to put in a pregnant word for the petitioners.

The *Examiner* of the 10th of January has the agreeable variety of a sonnet from Keats, that to Kosciusko, flanked by reports of Henry Hunt's vulgarity at a Reform meeting, and of a discreditable fracas between him and Morley the hotel-keeper. Perhaps this blundering coarseness, which was characteristic enough of the "Orator," prevented Shelley from sending him the pamphlet; at all events, his name is conspicuous for its absence from the list, though two years later, àpropos of "Peterloo," Shelley commended his

[1] See Shelley's list.

conduct. The same day's paper has a report of a meeting in Palace Yard, Westminster, on the 13th of February, to vote an address of the inhabitants of Westminster to the Regent concerning the attack on his carriage. As usual, Sir Francis Burdett, Major Cartwright, Lord Cochrane, and Henry Hunt were in the van. The address voted was a clever, sarcastic document, really, with mock humility, making light of the attack, and inculcating on his Royal Highness the urgent need for reform.

From the *Examiner* for the 23rd of February we gather in passing that, at that time, seventy-three men and fifteen women were lying under sentence of death in Newgate gaol. Mr. Bennet[1] used this fact for an indirect attack on Lord Eldon ; and Lord Castlereagh "deemed the hon. gentleman's speech very inflammatory, and directed against high legal officers. The delay," he said, "did not rest with the Chancellor." Mr. Bennet's object seems to have been to force the Chancellor and the Secretary of State to prepare a list of these wretched people for the Prince Regent, with a view of getting their miseries abridged either one way or another. It appears there was hope that the majority would not really suffer the penalty of death. Turning from this disgraceful business to another page of the paper, we find relief (and let us hope Shelley did) in Keats's sonnet—

After dark vapors have oppress'd our plains.

One more leaf turned, and we meet "Orator" Hunt in the Court of King's Bench before Shelley's old bugbear, Lord Ellenborough, urging, but without any satisfactory result, the case of the boy Dogood, whom Parliament had referred to the Law Courts.

The accounts of Reform meetings, and of the proceedings in Parliament about the petitions, occupy a great deal of space in the *Examiner*. We know that Shelley was a regular reader of the paper, and the chances are that he read every word of what we have been glancing at, and a vast deal more on these subjects. The petition phenomenon seems to have struck Mrs. Shelley ; for in a letter to Leigh Hunt, inviting him to Marlow, she says, "You shall never be serious when you wish to be merry, and have as many nuts to crack as there are words in the petitions to Parliament for Reform—a tremendous promise."[2]

Now Shelley's small contribution to this Reform agitation is a

[1] The only M.P. of the name that I can trace in 1817 is the Hon. H. G. Bennet. Shelley's list includes Captain Bennet, M.P., to whom a copy of the pamphlet seems to have been sent.

[2] Dowden's *Life of Shelley*, vol. ii. p. 112.

really practical and not impracticable one. Seeing how the contest raged in Parliament, how little real impression on that corrupt chamber and insolently unprincipled administration was being produced by the fiery onslaughts of Sir Francis Burdett, the frank and gallant pertinacity of Lord Cochrane, the logical incisiveness of Henry Brougham, the cool, consistent, decisive hammering of Major Cartwright, at the close of his forty years' experience in popular agitation; seeing, behind the Parliamentary spectacle, the great surging ocean of misery and agitation; and hearing the repeated question, "*Is* Parliamentary Reform the will of the people?" he said, "Let us see." How? By taking the sense of the people.

The object of Shelley's pamphlet was to hold a meeting in order to organise a deliberate *plébiscite*, and to abide by the result. If Reform should prove to be the will of the majority, Parliament must grant it or be deemed in rebellion against the people. If only a minority demanded Reform, it would rest with them to go on petitioning till they attained their end by attraction and accretion.

Not only was this proposal for a meeting at the Crown and Anchor Tavern a reasonable and practicable one, but the Hermit was ready to give a tenth of his year's income towards the expenses of the *plébiscite*. Moreover, he expressed surprisingly moderate views. Major Cartwright's position as to universal suffrage he admitted to be logically impregnable; but he also pointed out that, logically, the pre-eminent advantages of a republic could not be disputed. He did not think England ripe either for republican government or for universal suffrage, because the men of the lowest class had been rendered "brutal and torpid and ferocious by ages of slavery." He therefore thought that "none but those who register their names as paying a certain small sum in *direct taxes* ought, at present, to send members to Parliament." As to annual elections, he endorsed unhesitatingly the views of Cartwright and Cobbett.

In the long run, Shelley's reputation had the advantage proper to the moderate and sagacious tone of this pamphlet; for, as Mr. Rossetti says,[1] "the whirligig of time has brought in many revenges

[1] *A Memoir of Shelley* (*with a Fresh Preface*), Shelley Society, 1886, p. 80. Note another of Time's revenges: a great poet in 1817 advocates a scheme of Reform carried out by the Conservatives in 1867; and then an admirable poet still among us characterises the year, the men, and the deed thus:—

"In the Year of the great Crime,
When the false English nobles and their Jew,
By God demented, slew
The Trust they stood thrice pled [illegible] from wrong."

to Shelley, and this amongst others—that the Tories found it their interest and necessity to pass in 1867 almost the very scheme of Reform which the poet and 'dreamer,' the atheist and democrat, had suggested in 1817; for it makes little difference whether we speak of a payment of money in 'direct taxes' or in 'rating.'" Meanwhile, the leading ideas of that gallant Major whom Shelley regarded as unanswerable, and who was one of the most influential politicians of his land and day, await fulfilment. Indeed, although the rushing wheels of our civilising machine are fast driving out of any living place in our memory men whose work, like that of Cartwright and Burdett, is not of a form and visible substance to command integral preservation, I cannot leave John Cartwright without a few more words.

It is difficult for us to realise at the present day the importance of the position which he occupied in 1817, as well as earlier and later. When Shelley wrote his "Proposal," the mere reference to Major Cartwright was sufficient to carry with it four clear and very advanced ideas—to wit, universal suffrage, equal representation, vote by ballot, and annual Parliaments; it was as the "firm, consistent, and persevering advocate" of those principles that he was described at the base of a statue of him erected in Burton Crescent just before the Reform Bill of 1832 was passed. This was under the administration of Earl Grey, who was an old adherent to the principles of Major Cartwright, however much it may have been found expedient to water down those principles in the work of 1832, so as to give the power to the middle class and not to the people. This "firm, consistent, and persevering advocate" of righteous views, whereof some yet await fulfilment, had been a genuine force in England. Born far back in the eighteenth century,[1] his eventful and philanthropic life was drawing to its close when Shelley became convinced of the need to retrench those magnificent schemes of Reform. Cartwright's "Reasons for Reformation" (1809), and "The Comparison, in which Mock Reform, Half Reform, and Constitutional Reform are considered" (1810), familiar far and wide in 1817, succeeded a long array of political pamphlets, treatises, &c.; and Shelley would doubtless have thought it as impertinent as it was unnecessary to particularise the views and

[1] Born 1740, died 1824; he was brother, by-the-bye, to that Edmund Cartwright who invented the power-loom; and another brother, George, was the intrepid navigator who made six voyages to the coast of Labrador, passed in all nearly sixteen years there, and published in 1793, in three quarto volumes, a *Journal of Transactions and Events* during that long residence in an inhospitable country.

arguments to which he alludes in "A Proposal for putting Reform to the Vote." That "Proposal," good as it is, was a poor little tract compared with Cartwright's achievements. But we must take the world as we find it; and, while the splendour of Shelley's intellectual and literary gifts makes it natural for us to attempt to gather, investigate, and illustrate all he ever did, the true, honest men who only worked hard for the enfranchisement of their less fortunate fellow-men, only gave their lives, their hearts, their heads, and their energies, must be deemed fortunate if allowed even to sit on the lowest steps of the temple of fame, while the upper steps are reserved for the men of genius who are already beginning to be crowded and jostled out of the inner sanctum.

H. BUXTON FORMAN.

THE BLIND OF CHINA.

THOSE who have attempted to master the excruciating difficulties of any of the numerous dialects of Chinese, or the terrible array of intricate written characters which the weary eye must transfer to memory ere it is possible to read the simplest book, can alone fully appreciate the boon which has been conferred on the legion of the blind in China by means of the patient ingenuity of a Scotch working man. Since in favoured England, where the ravages of small-pox and ophthalmia are so effectually kept in check, there are nearly forty thousand blind persons, we can form some idea of their number in China, England being just about the size of the smallest of the eighteen provinces of that vast Empire. Whereas in our own land even to see one blind beggar is exceptional, in China there is not a city where they do not abound, frequently going about in companies of a dozen or more, and assembling at certain spots in clamorous crowds, hungry and almost naked—truly of all men most miserable—the more so as many are also afflicted with leprosy.

The benefactor who has in such a wonderful sense opened the eyes of the blind is Mr. W. H. Murray, whose calling to mission work must be traced to an accident in a saw-mill, whereby he lost an arm, and so was disabled from following his original profession. This apparent calamity has resulted in a discovery which, if properly developed, may prove an incalculable boon to millions yet unborn in the Celestial Empire.

As soon as he was able to resume work Mr. Murray obtained employment as a rural letter-carrier in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, but was subsequently employed by the National Bible Society of Scotland as a colporteur, and at this time his remarkable faculty for languages attracted the notice of some of the directors. It was accordingly arranged that he should attend classes at the College, though his studies were not allowed to interfere with his regular work. All day long, therefore, he travelled with his Bible waggon, rising daily at 3 A.M. all through the chill winter mornings in order

to prepare for his classes at 8 and 9 A.M., and then began again at a new day's work of bookselling.

During this period, apparently so fully occupied, he found time for an additional study, his interest having been aroused by seeing so many blind persons come to purchase books printed on Moon's system. Having mastered this, he took lessons in Professor Bell's system of visible speech, and also in Braille's system of reading and writing for the blind by means of embossed dots.

Ere long he was sent as agent for the National Bible Society of Scotland to Pekin, where his work as a colporteur was at first very discouraging, but has of late years proved remarkably successful, and has included several highly encouraging Bible-selling expeditions into Mongolia. In the course of his sixteen years' work he has sold upwards of 100,000 copies and portions of the Holy Scriptures in the Chinese and Tartar languages, so that were this the sole result of his accident it would be no trifling gain to his fellow-men.

But, furthermore, on arriving in China he found that the aforesaid system of visible speech (which he had acquired simply as an interesting curiosity) actually facilitated his own study of the very difficult language, so he noted down the value of every sound he mastered, and thus ascertained that these are really limited to about 420—a very goodly number as compared with our own 24, but a mere trifle as compared with the 4,000 distinct and crabbed characters which every Chinaman must acquire before he can read such a book as the Bible in ordinary print. Even a child must master 1,200 characters before he can read the Chinese equivalent of Jack the Giant killer.

The continual sight of the innumerable Chinese beggars, whom Mr. Murray met at every turn, awakened an unspeakable longing to devise some means of alleviating their hard lot, and it was evident that, in a country where literature is held in such high honour, the power of reading would be simply an incalculable boon. He therefore set himself to reduce the 420 sounds to a system of equivalent dots, and after eight years of persistent puzzling, his patient ingenuity was at length rewarded by finding that he was thus able accurately to represent the perplexing sounds of the language and to replace the bewildering multitude of Chinese characters.

Having thus overcome these apparently insuperable difficulties, his next care was to test the system, and prove whether even the most sensitive fingers could learn to discriminate four hundred separate arrangements of dots. Selecting a poor little orphan beggar, who was lying almost naked in the streets, and who standing his loneliness and poverty, always seemed

content, Mr. Murray took him in hand, washed and clothed him, and undertook to feed and lodge him, provided he would apply himself in earnest to mastering this new learning. Naturally the boy was delighted, and we can imagine his ecstasy, and the thankful gladness of his teacher, when, *within six weeks*, he was able not only to read fluently, but to write with remarkable accuracy!

To complete the experiment, two blind men were next induced to learn, the boy acting as teacher. One was able to read well within two months; the other more slowly, but also with great pleasure. It was at this stage that I made their acquaintance, and it struck me as intensely pathetic, as we stood at the door of a dark room—for it was night—to hear what I knew to be words of Holy Scripture read by men who, less than four months previously, sat begging in the streets, in misery and rags, on the verge of starvation.

No wonder that to their countrymen it should appear little short of miraculous that blind beggars should be thus cared for by foreigners, and endowed with apparently supernatural powers; consequently, when one was sent out to read in the street in company with a native colporteur, crowds gathered round to see, hear, and to buy the book. From the singular reverence of the Chinese for all written characters and for those who can read them it is evident that a blind reader there occupies a very different position from that of the men whom we are accustomed to see in our own streets. Furthermore, in no other country have so many converts attributed the conviction which has induced them to face all the persecution that almost invariably follows the renunciation of idolatry, solely to their solitary study of some copy of the Scriptures which has casually fallen into their hands. Hence it is obvious that, as assistant colporteurs, blind Scripture-readers may prove most valuable agents in spreading the knowledge of Christian truth.

I may add that the same system has been applied to musical symbols, and several boys who were found to have a remarkable talent for music have now been instructed in its science, and have learnt to write music from dictation with extraordinary facility. When the sheet is taken out of the frame each reads off his part, and rarely makes any mistakes. One of these boys now plays the harmonium at the Sunday services in Chinese, the others forming an efficient choir.

Of course tidings of the wonderful gift thus conferred on a chosen few have brought others who, being able to maintain themselves, have come as self-supporting pupils. Thus one blind man arrived who *had* travelled 300 miles to put himself under Mr. Murray's tuition.

Another came who was found to be endowed with talents which seemed so specially to fit him for the ministry that he has been transferred to an institution at Tien-Tsin, where candidates are prepared for Holy Orders.

Amongst the recent pupils has been a handsome young married woman, about eighteen years of age, who lost her sight shortly before her marriage. Her betrothed, however, proved faithful, and brought her under Mr. Murray's care, and in a few months she had mastered the mysteries of reading, writing, and music. Both bride and bridegroom are Christians. Another very satisfactory pupil is a young man who lost his sight when he was about twenty. He rapidly acquired the blind system of reading and writing, and then set to work to stereotype an embossed Gospel of St. Matthew in classical mandarin Chinese, which is the *lingua franca* understood by all educated men throughout the Empire.

Of course, in a country where the dialects spoken between Canton and Pekin are so different as to necessitate the publication of at least eight different translations of the Bible for persons with the use of their eyes, it is evident that all these must be reduced to the dot system ere the blind beggars of the Central and Southern Provinces can share the privilege already open to those of North China ; so that eventually separate schools for the blind must be established in Southern cities.

Hitherto the work has been crippled in its cradle for want of funds, its development having been limited to what could be accomplished by the continual self-denial of the working man to whom it owes its existence. Being bound to devote all his hours of recognised work to book selling, he has evolved every detail of the system and taught his pupils in hours stolen from sleep. Moreover, he has all along taxed his slender salary to the very uttermost in order to provide board, lodging, and raiment for these blind students. (For even a frugal Chinaman cannot be respectably clothed and fed for less than £10 a year.)

For sixteen years this patient toiler has thus worked on almost unknown, but it is now high time that he should be enabled to give up ceaselessly travelling with his book-cart, in order that he may have leisure to prepare the Holy Scriptures and other books for the use of successive generations of this vast multitude of darkened lives, variously estimated at from 500,000 to 800,000, for whom so little has hitherto been done either by their own countrymen or by foreigners.

But the Bible Society for which **
unable to undertake any fresh ex

Bible-selling agent at Pekin. It therefore rests with the public to make it possible for Mr. Murray to devote his remaining days to transmitting to others the knowledge which has been so specially revealed to him, and which he alone is competent to develop. It is hoped that Mr. Murray may be able to train many Teachers, gifted with sight, either Europeans or first-class Chinese converts, who may be employed by the various Missions in all parts of the Empire. One such sighted Head-Teacher in each district could there found a Blind School, and train Chinese Scripture-readers and others, and thus the work may be ceaselessly extended till it overspreads the whole vast Empire like a network. It is hoped that among those who offer themselves for this work some may be found who are endowed with that peculiar faculty which may enable them to apply the system to the principal dialects of the eighteen great Provinces of China.

Surely such a story as this may well incite many to prove their interest by some act of self-denial, which may enable them to help so earnest a worker. For we all know how very apt we are to limit our giving-power to such a sum as we can spare without involving much self-denial!

Would that some who read these lines would consider for a moment what life would be to themselves were they deprived of gifts so precious as SIGHT and LIGHT, and would each resolve to present for this branch of GOD'S work such a sum as he shall really miss—not taken from the total of his accustomed offerings, but as a special thank-offering for these precious gifts—a portion of that money-talent which we know we only hold in trust, as we so often need to remind ourselves when we say, "Both riches and honour come of THEE, and of THINE own do we give THEE"!

The altogether unprecedented depression now affecting all classes in Great Britain has also told grievously on the income of a multitude of charitable institutions, so that in their chorus of pathetic appeals this low cry from China has called forth an utterly inadequate response. Only a few hundred pounds have as yet been received, where thousands could be so profitably laid out; for I know of no mission-field more certain ere long to yield fruit a hundredfold than this Chinese Empire; and I know no agency which is more certain to work among the masses, as an ever-spreading leaven of all good, than this training of blind Scripture-readers, who year by year may be sent forth from this school, to read the Sacred Message in the streets of Pekin and other great centres of heathenism, holding forth to others the light which has gladdened their own lives.

This new Mission will certainly appeal, as no other has yet done

to two of the strongest characteristics of China's millions, namely, *their reverence for pure benevolence, and their veneration for the power of reading.* To see foreigners undertaking such a work of love for the destitute blind will go far towards dispelling prejudice against Christians and their MASTER, and will prepare the way for the workers of all Christian Missions.

We have heard a great deal this year about Jubilee Offerings; I now appeal to the great reading public, many of whom have kindly and cordially expressed the pleasure they have derived from my notes of travel in many lands, and I ask them to gladden my own Jubilee —26th May 1837–1887—by making me their almoner in thus sending LIGHT TO THEM THAT DWELL IN DARKNESS.

All such donations for the Chinese Blind Mission will be gladly received by Miss C. F. GORDON CUMMING, Glen-Earn House, Crieff, Scotland.

C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

COERCION.

THE great meeting in Hyde Park on Easter Monday was the most significant demonstration since the days of the Reform agitation of 1866, more significant even than the Reform agitation of a few years back. For it presented the spectacle of many thousands of Englishmen massing themselves together to protest in the most solemn manner possible against the coercion of a sister nation, and to proclaim also in the most solemn manner possible the belief in the great principles of Home Rule. How much the Conservative party feared this great meeting and its inevitable effect, the wild words of the Conservative press clearly betrayed. Some eminent Tory organs went so far in their blind panic as to suggest that the meeting ought to be suppressed. The terms "sedition "and "treason" were freely hurled at the Radical leaders who organised it, and some foolish things were hinted at in the way of military being called out and kindred nonsense. The state of funk has been succeeded since by an affected state of indifference. The Conservative journals of the day following the meeting amused themselves, and must have irritated their readers, by putting their reports of the proceedings in out-of-the-way obscure portions of their pages, and expressing themselves very loftily over the insignificance of the whole affair. This is eminently characteristic of the Conservative intellect. For incapacity to learn anything it whips creation. The lessons of past history, of recent experience, all count for nothing in what the Conservative party is pleased to call its mind. So it affects to ignore the meeting of Easter Monday and its inevitable consequences. Noah might as well have affected to ignore the Deluge. The Easter Monday meeting and the thousand and one meetings which are being held all over the country to protest against coercion are ringing the knell of coercion and coercionists. We may imagine an intelligent foreigner who had studied closely the recent history of England asking himself, in a kind of despair, if the Conservative party did not really grasp the significance of what has taken place, of what is taking place around

them. Have they forgotten, or are they really unaware, that every great agitation in England has been carried on by public meetings, that no agitation which has not been supported by vast and enthusiastic public meetings has ever succeeded, that no agitation supported by vast and successful public meetings has ever failed? There is not a reform of the Victorian age which has not been carried on the shoulders of great public meetings. Public meetings are the natural voice for the expression of public opinion in England, and things are come to a strange pass indeed when we find a political party first clamouring for the suppression of a great public meeting, and next affecting to declare that the meeting was of no importance at all.

The Government are steering swiftly to destruction. The old familiar simile about riding for a fall has become in their case too ludicrously tame to be of any serious application. Only the picture of a ship with all sails set and fully manned, driving with all the strength of her engines straight against the deadliest of shores, can give any idea of the extraordinary conduct of her Majesty's Administration. Only a stupidity beyond anything that Mr. Mill dreamed of when he gave the Conservative party their immortal baptism, only a lunacy beyond the bounds of Bedlam, can properly account for their conduct. Formerly, a Government preparing to forge coercive measures for Ireland had an easy task enough before them. They dealt with Ireland and with Ireland alone, and with an Ireland, too, generally dispirited, if not despairing—an Ireland almost incapable of meeting any oppression with any approach to organised resistance. Now the Government assail an Ireland trained and schooled in the ways of constitutional agitation, strengthened by a vastly increased representation, sustained in the expression of her national wants by a wide and deep alteration in the law which regulated her franchise, and, furthermore, encouraged and comforted by the active sympathy and support of the greatest statesman of his time, and of the intelligent thousands who follow that statesman. But they do not attack Ireland alone. The thousands of Englishmen who follow Mr. Gladstone are not content merely to offer sympathy and encouragement. They are prepared also to take an active part in the struggle, to fight shoulder to shoulder with their Irish brethren against the most unjust and the most oppressive measure of coercion that has ever yet been proposed for Ireland. Mr. Gladstone has announced his intention of [illegible] measure at every stage, and what Mr. G[illegible] *become as it* were the trump

would imagine that any Government face to face with such opposition would bethink themselves in time if all were really well with them, and if they were, indeed, wisely counselled. If it was hard to pass coercion lately, when its opponents were only Irish representatives with here and there a Radical ally, what will it be now when all the strength of Radicalism throughout the country is rallied to form a solid front against coercion and the coercionists? The coercionists have, it is true, certain advantages. They are reinforced by renegade Liberals; they can count upon the assistance of Mr. John Bright, who long ago stirred the heart of Liberalism by his famous words about the "ever-poisonous remedy of coercion." They may rejoice in the adhesion of Mr. Chamberlain and his handful of despairing Adullamites, who find themselves harried by the inexorable law that attends upon all trimmers and turncoats, and drives them from one act of treason to their principles to another, till in a little while they will find themselves forsworn on every clause of their old creed. The Government may boast, too, that it is bolstered and buttressed by the broad shoulders of Lord Hartington. Without such assistance it would no longer exist as a Government. With such assistance it has the hollow majority of a coalition, and England, as Lord Beaconsfield said long ago, does not love coalitions.

It has, too, another advantage in the use of the closure. With closure steadily applied by an unscrupulous majority, a Government may do much. The Muse of history smiles and sighs over a statesman of the name of Smith applying the closure to Mr. Gladstone for attempting to save Ireland from coercion. The opponents of coercion have every reason to be grateful to the Government for that colossal blunder. The sight of Mr. Gladstone going slowly down the floor of the House of Commons between a lane of enthusiastic Radicals, English and Irish, to record his vote against closure on coercion was an argument against the Government worth paying a high price for. The sight of the whole Liberal Opposition withdrawing from the House, and leaving the gagging Government to work their will alone, was another argument against the Administration worth paying a high price for. Any serious student of history must have known from that hour that coercion was doomed—must have known, too, that the cause against which coercionists were striving was bound to win.

Already some of the Thanes are flying from the Government. The best of the Liberal-Unionists, Sir George Trevelyan, has declared with all frankness and fairness against the Government

proposals, and has been yelped at in consequence by the common cry of curs who follow at the heels of the coercionists.

"To make good," he says, "points on which we objected to the Bills of last year, and to co-operate with the whole of the Liberal party in agreeing upon a settlement of the political and administrative relations between Great Britain and Ireland, with these objections removed, is the policy at which I arrived and aim. I may say likewise that I have the greatest possible objections to the proposals of the Government to enact penal clauses which could be used for the suppression of the National League and the Nationalist press. The Government to which I belonged, between 1882 and 1885, openly declared and advocated their determination to dispense with such clauses, and the policy which I helped to administer in Ireland and advocated in Parliament was to draw a clear distinction between politics and crime, which, in my opinion, this Bill does not do."

One result of this letter has been that the intelligent Liberal-Unionists of Aberdeen have declined to receive Sir George Trevelyan. They want no man with so much squeamishness. They are all for coercion, hot and strong; and the man who is not for coercion, hot and strong too, is—heaven save the mark—little better than a Gladstonian, one of those Gladstonians to whom Mr. Caine, with his urbane courtesy, is anxious to teach a little common sense. Think of it! Mr. Caine, who is, like most of the disappointed Adullamites, a thoroughgoing coercionist, is anxious to teach Mr. Morley, for example, common sense. Truly it is a picture to make the gods themselves laugh mortal!

Sir George Trevelyan has declared against coercion; Mr. Chamberlain, who seems to have lost his head and his principles, supports it, so does Mr. Bright, so does Lord Hartington. These are the only men in the ranks of the Liberal-Unionists whose opinions on that, or indeed any matter, are of the least public importance. To themselves and to their intimate friends and to their constituents their action and the laborious evolution of their thought may be of interest, but to the public only the four names mentioned are of importance. Lord Hartington is, of course, a coercionist. He always was, he always will be. He had never anything to do with Radicalism or the doctrines of Radicalism; he has really very little to do with Liberalism of any kind. If a Whig party of the modern type could exist in the present day, he would be its heaven-appointed leader; but, as that is impossible, he could scarcely do better than follow his Uhlan, Mr. Goschen, into the ranks of a Tory Cabinet. Mr. Chamberlain's

most regrettable. In anybody else so amazing an abandonment of all his old principles, such hysterical, petulant vituperation of all with whom he is now at odds, would argue a consciousness of political suicide. Mr. Chamberlain is so strong a man, so able a man, that it is hard for him, even when he does his best, to efface himself as a political factor. Even yet it is to be hoped that, like a political Saul, he may be convinced of his error, and do great things after the manner of men. Of Mr. Bright, in the words of the dying Dane, the rest is silence. Compassionate silence is the kindest attitude to maintain towards the sad and sorry conclusion of so great a career.

Ireland has been used to coercion. She has had it in full measure for many a long generation, for many a weary century. We need not go back beyond the Union for our purposes—the shameful, sham union, the union of disgrace and dishonour, which Mr. Chamberlain has joined hands with Lord Hartington and Lord Salisbury to maintain in its evil integrity. Ever since the Union was passed Ireland has lived under a rule of coercion. If blessings had been scattered upon Ireland with anything like the same profusion, she would be at this moment the most fortunate instead of the most deject and wretched country in Christendom. Roughly speaking, the history of Ireland for five-and-eighty years is a record of continual uncompromising coercion. In 1829, when the Union was not a generation old, Sir Robert Peel—the same Sir Robert Peel whose memory has been reproved by the patronising superiority of Mr. Smith—made a speech in the debate on Catholic Emancipation, and in that speech he said, "For scarcely a year during the period that has elapsed since the Union has Ireland been governed by the ordinary course of law." Nearly two generations have come and gone since that memorable utterance, but it is as true to-day as it was eight-and-forty years ago. And what has been the harvest of all this hateful seed? Why, all this wild coercion has not even been able to accomplish the base purpose for which it was called into being. The framers of every Coercion Bill, the supporters of every Coercion Bill, assured the world that their particular measure was going to reduce Ireland to tranquillity, to stifle the voice of agitation, and to allow free play to the utterances of the good, the virtuous, the upright men who gloried in the Act of Union, and who considered a state of chronic coercion the happiest possible condition for their country. Yet every Coercion Bill has failed of its purpose. The chronicles of coercion are also the chronicles of incessant struggle against coercion, of riot, insurrection, revolution. Men have a right to revolt against laws so ferociously unjust as those which have been levelled against

Ireland; Englishmen have revolted, and with the happiest results, against laws not nearly so oppressive. So the result of coercion has been to keep Ireland in a state of chronic agitation, of revolution either latent or open, always smouldering, always ready to break out into flame; crushed out, indeed, every time it did break out, but every time carrying conviction to a few more minds and advancing the principles of liberty. Truly, indeed, Ireland has been used to coercion.

What Ireland has not been used to is the sympathy, the affection, the support of vast masses of the most advanced and intelligent of Englishmen. For a long and bitter period Irishmen learned to look upon Englishmen, and Englishmen learned to look upon Irishmen, as their natural enemies. The Englishman coerces the Irishman, the Irishman revolts against the coercion; so the dark, detestable game went on. That such a game could not be eternal was, on the face of it, inevitable. The end was bound to come when some statesman wise beyond his fellows became inspired by the happy idea that after all there were other ways possible of dealing with a subject country besides perpetual coercion, and that possibly there might be something in the grievances, something in the passionate aspirations, which kept generation after generation of the subject people in a state of continual mutiny. The end came when Mr. Gladstone, who all his life has been the friend of Ireland, was at last thoroughly convinced of the practical unanimity of the Irish people in protesting against the state of things which could only be enforced by coercion. It is childish to imagine that Mr. Gladstone was a sudden convert to Home Rule. We know now on recent authority that as long as eight years ago Mr. Gladstone had been in favour of the principle of Home Rule. Some articles advocating this principle were written for the *Nineteenth Century*, at Mr. Gladstone's suggestion, in order that the cause might be fairly put before the English people. There were two difficulties in Mr. Gladstone's way, which he had often frankly explained in private conversations to Irish members. One of them was the difficulty of getting a practical scheme of Home Rule put forward which England would be likely to accept. The other, and the more important one, was that he could not then see his way to a knowledge of the fact that Home Rule was really a demand of the Irish people as a whole. He could not see why a small section of the Irish members, from twelve to twenty in number, should be entitled to call themselves *par excellence* the Irish members. He pointed to the fact that out of 105 Irish members more than 80 were telling the House of Commons that

Parnell's principles were repudiated by the bulk of the Irish people. When, however, the extended franchise was given to Ireland, and the General Election came, 86 members pledged to Home Rule were returned out of the total of 105. Then Mr. Gladstone said that he fairly admitted that the Nationalist members spoke with the voice of the Irish people, and that he was willing to risk place and power for the sake of bringing in a measure of Irish Home Rule.

It was a new thing for Irishmen to find their cause sympathised with, espoused, advocated by great bodies of Englishmen. "There is no new thing under the sun," said Koheleth sadly, many a long year ago; but to Irishmen certainly it was a very new thing indeed to find a great English statesman the most eloquent mouthpiece of their wrongs, the most impassioned champion of their sorrows, to find popular journals like the *Pall Mall Gazette* their warmest and keenest advocates. It was a new thing, but it has already worked wonders. England and Ireland have become knit together by the common action of a single year in a way in which all the Acts of Union that ever were wrought, and all the Coercion Acts that ever were created, could not have accomplished. The good work of that single year has not merely done more than all the Unionists from Pitt to Chamberlain, than all the Coercionists from Castlereagh to Smith could accomplish, it has already undone most of the evil work of the Union and its brood of coercion measures. Irishmen and Englishmen for the first time understand each other, for the first time appreciate how little there is that really divides them, how much they have in common, how perfectly possible it will be to work together in all amity, confidence, and sympathy. This is a great, an immeasurable gain. It was bound to come some time; it has come at last, thanks to the action of Mr. Gladstone, and having once come it has absolutely revolutionised the whole position, and made the old methods impossible for evermore.

Before these lines can appear in print much may have happened. A Government driven by the heat and fire of its distemper to destruction may, by an unparalleled abuse of a Parliamentary power, have forced coercion upon Ireland, against the wishes both of Ireland and of England. It may have appealed to the country, and the ship of State may be floundering in the welter of a General Election. It may have come to its senses, and, recognising that it is part of the old Tory tradition to steal the Liberal policy, have become more Home Rule than the Home Rulers themselves. Whatever happens, they are in a sorry state. They can no more stop Home Rule by a policy of coercion than they can eclipse the

blessed sun himself with a tin extinguisher. Undoubtedly they will do their best. All the aid that they can gain from shameless forgery, from journalists of the type of Mr. Richard Pigott and Mr. E. D. J. Wilson, from the recklessness of men like Colonel Saunderson, a recklessness that has already been most happily described within the walls of Parliament—all such aid they will use to the uttermost. It may be said of some of their friends as was once said of a party in the House of Commons by an eminent member, that "perjury is the vernacular of their daily lives." But they are doomed to fail. The future of England is with the Radical party; the future of Ireland is with her Radical party; the future of the two countries is with English and Irish Radicalism united. There never was such an alliance in the world before. It will solder close what seemed to be impossibilities, and make them kiss. It will create, it has already created, a union between England and Ireland which shall abide and endure in strength and honour when the very existence of the coercion coalition is forgotten, and the word coercion is only remembered as signifying, like the use of the rack or the devastations of the black plague, a well-nigh nameless horror which has passed away for ever before the march of civilisation.

JUSTIN HUNTLY M^cCARTHY.

SCIENCE NOTES.

Tinned-food Poisoning.

AMONG the domestic innovations due to the application of modern science to the practical business of life, that of "canning" is attaining continually increasing magnitude. Within the recollection of most of us, tinned fish, tinned meat, tinned poultry, &c., were expensive luxuries, prepared exclusively for yachtsmen and other travellers. At certain ports in the Mediterranean there were stores where specialities of this class might be purchased by those who could afford expensive luxuries. I remember Stampa's shop at Pera, and the tinned oyster sauce, tinned lobster, tinned salmon, &c., there supplied to millionaires.

When sold at these high prices they were, of course, very delicious; but now that tinned Labrador salmon is retailed at sevenpence per pound, a tin containing as much lobster-meat as would cost five shillings at the fishmonger's may be bought for sixpence, and tinned oysters are sold at the rate of three halfpence or twopence per dozen, they are, of course, despised by all superior people.

Even those who estimate merit irrespectively of cost find certain defects in these, the same as they would have discovered in the costly tinned meats of earlier date. The chief defect, I may say the only defect, of fish, flesh, or fowl thus preserved is the over-cooking due to the necessity of driving out all the air. The tins are filled and the covers soldered on, leaving only a small pin-hole. They are then placed in a saline bath, the boiling-point of which is higher than that of water. This is heated, and from each of the immersed tins a jet of steam and air blows out until its appearance indicates that all the air has been expelled. Then a plug of melted solder is dropped on the hole, and the contents thereby hermetically sealed. But the driving out of all the air demands more boiling than is necessary for cooking the meat.

There is another system of canning essentially different from this, and quite free from this defect. It is the hermetically sealing of choice fruits, of tomatoes, &c., immersed in syrup or their own juices.

Pineapples of the finest quality and most delicious flavour are thus brought within the reach of the million; but a serious question is here suggested: do the acids of the fruit dissolve any of the tin or solder; and, if so, is the solution poisonous?

This question becomes the more serious because many metallic salts, notably acetate of lead, are "slow poisons," are cumulative in their action; a little may be taken without notable mischief, but, if this is repeated, each additional dose adds its effect to those preceding, and thus a serious result may be treacherously produced.

Mr. T. P. White has recently made a large number of experiments on the action of tin and its compounds on the animal organism, and concludes "that tin is entirely devoid of danger when taken internally in any form that could arise from being in contact with fruits or vegetables; and the cases of accidental poisoning attributed to tin," he believes, "were due to solder or impurities—arsenic, copper, and lead" (*Journal of the Chemical Society*, December 1886).

This question of solder might easily be solved by prohibiting the use of other than pure tin for soldering receptacles of preserved food. Ordinary solder is an alloy of lead and tin; the lead is added merely to cheapen the solder, and this cheapening is often carried very far. As regards facility of manipulation, pure tin is superior to the alloy. I have had some experience in soldering various metals, and prefer pure grain tin to the ordinary alloy for all soft-soldering work, and doubt whether it practically costs any more, as melted tin is more liquid than melted lead or the ordinary solder alloy, and therefore less need be used if applied skilfully. Or supposing that one-tenth of a farthing were added to the cost of each tin (and this is an extravagant estimate of the difference), the canning trade would benefit by allaying the panic which arises from time to time when cases of lead poisoning occur, all of which are due, no doubt, to the use of grossly leaded solder.

The Great American Bore-hole.

"IRON" tells us that a most remarkable Bill has been introduced in the American Congress. It appropriates 100,000 dollars to be expended in boring into the earth's crust, and the duty of spending the money has been relegated to the Engineer corps of the United States Army. This boring is to be for the purpose of extending and enlarging our knowledge of the formation and structure of the earth's crust.

Let us hop[illegible] out. The results

cannot fail to be very instructive. Such an amount, judiciously expended, will probably enable the engineers to reach the limits of the possibility of boring. What will determine that limit? What will be the obstacle or obstacles that will finally defeat all human efforts to penetrate any deeper?

This is a very interesting question, whether we regard it from a philosophical or an economical point of view. We know that here in England, and probably also in America, there are vast quantities of coal lying at far greater depths than any mining operations have yet reached, and it is usually assumed that the limiting depth of such operations will be determined by the temperature of the earth's crust, which, as is well known, increases as we descend. Taking the increase of temperature at one degree Fahr. for every 60 feet of descent, the rocks will reach 99·6°, a little above blood-heat, at 3,000 feet, and 116·3° at 4,000 feet. The Royal Commissioners of 1870 estimate this to be the limit of rock temperature at which coal can be worked. In an essay on "The Limits of our Coal Supply" ("Science in Short Chapters," p. 215) I have shown how the difficulties presented by this temperature may be overcome, and coal-working may be carried on to a far greater depth than 4,000 feet, so far as the obstacle of high temperature alone is concerned.

Since that essay was written I have further considered the subject in connection with the researches of Mr. Spring (*see* Notes in this Magazine for August 1882, February and November 1883, and October 1886). He has shown that substances which are usually regarded as solids, and which present the characteristics of solidity when subjected to only ordinary atmospheric pressure, gradually yield to higher pressures, and ultimately flow as liquids when the pressure becomes sufficiently great. Thus we have only to go deep enough to find that granite will flow like treacle, even at ordinary temperatures. The amount of pressure demanded for the development of such fluidity must of course be lessened as the temperature rises.

Even in collieries of ordinary depth this approaching fluidity is displayed by an action which the miners call "creeping," *i.e.* a gradually bulging downwards of the rock-roof, and upwards of the rock-floor of the roadways in deep workings. This creeping may go on until the roof and floor of such subterranean passage, though cut in what we call solid rock, shall meet.

I therefore conclude that, before we reach the limit at which high temperature will overcome our efforts (estimated in the above-named essay at 8,000 to 10,000 feet), we shall encounter a degree of viscosity,

or approximate fluidity of rock matter, that will render it impossible to keep the workings open while the coal is being extracted.

If I am right, this action will limit the depth to which the boring of the United States engineers can extend. The walls of a naked bore-hole will flow slowly in when a certain depth is reached; but by "tubbing" the hole, *i.e.* lining it with a strong iron tube, the boring may be carried much deeper. Finally, the iron itself will collapse.

Beyond this the boring can no farther go; but even if it demonstrates quantitatively the limits and nature of such action, this demonstration alone will be worth more than the 100,000 dollars. A vast deal more of physical and geological information must necessarily result from the skilful carrying out of such a project.

Utilisation of the Earth's Internal Heat.

THE boring described in the above note will afford important practical information concerning this subject. At Pesth an artesian well has been sunk to a great depth, in order to supply hot water for public baths, washhouses, &c. It already supplies 176,000 gallons daily at a temperature of 158° Fahr., and the boring is to be continued until it reaches 176°. This is just the temperature for stewing meat, cooking eggs, and performing most of the operations of cookery in the best possible manner, far better than at 212°.

In France there are similar wells, and it is found that the deeper the well the hotter the water. At Grenelle a well 1,802 feet deep supplies 500,000 gallons daily, hot enough to be used for warming the neighbouring hospitals.

We have only to go deep enough to reach an internal temperature considerably above the boiling-point; but we have yet to learn whether this is possible, or whether the collapse anticipated in the preceding note will occur before this is reached. If not, we may obtain steam-power without any consumption of fuel, by simply allowing the required quantity of water to descend into the natural subterranean boiler; or we may warm all the dwellings of a great city, and supply public baths and laundries with hot water, by means of hot-water-pipes communicating with a sufficient number of suitably placed bore-holes.

In doing this we shall also obtain some artificial earthquakes on a small scale, due to the local contraction
cooling of the lower rocks. These will
seismologist, and put an end to jerry

Oyster Culture.

In a former note, April 1886, I discussed this subject, and referred to the success of the Chinese and Americans. A recent official report shows that similar success has been achieved in France. In 1857 there were in the Bay of Arcachon 20 parks, or district oyster beds; in 1865 there were 297, producing 10 millions of oysters annually. At present this bay, with an area of 37,500 acres, has 15,000 acres of oyster beds, yielding an annual supply of about 300 millions of oysters. From Auray, on the coast of Brittany, 7 millions of oysters were sent to market in 1876–87; in 1885 the numbers exceeded 70 millions.

I have lately had some correspondence with gentlemen concerned in British oyster culture. They attribute their lack of success to our climate. In spite of my respect for their practical knowledge and general intelligence, I cannot accept this explanation. The range between China, North America, and France is very wide; the winters in China and America are far more severe than ours. In olden times ours was the fatherland of oysters. "Oysters from Britain" was one of the recognised items in the *menu* of the luxurious gourmands of ancient Rome; and within my recollection we exported oysters to Paris.

It is surely disgraceful that we should now be beaten on our own element in the domestication of our own mollusc. With the present exorbitant prices of native oysters the inducements to commercial enterprise in this direction are most powerful. It is not a subject of mere dilettanteism, but one demanding the investment of a large amount of capital. Such investment cannot be made without security for the enjoyment of the expected returns, for which the investors must be enabled to secure either the freehold or long leasehold of suitable harbours or estuaries from the Government, to whom the foreshore and sea beyond belongs. The rental of such oyster nurseries may become a source of national revenue, provided we take care that the "land-grabbers," who have stolen our commons, shall not similarly appropriate the waters.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

Spring and the Poets.

ARE the seasons in very fact changing, or have our poets through successive generations beguiled us with pictures of a delusive and non-existent "Spring"? If the latter supposition is true, it is time to head a revolt against the complacent acquiescence in error. A generation ago Hood wrote, apostrophising Thomson for his description of Spring—

> Come, *gentle* Spring! ethereal mildness, come!
> Oh! Thomson, void of rhyme as well as reason,
> How couldst thou this poor human nature hum?
> There's no such season.

So known a humorist, however, was Hood, that his protest appears to have been accepted as waggishness, and humanity has gone on making believe. A season such as the past places the matter beyond dispute. Except for the lengthening of light, which, by tempting us abroad, is more of a danger than a gain, March and April are worse months to bear than January. In southernmost England, on the Undercliff, in the secluded and sheltered chines of Dorset, and in the wooded dells of Devon, the Easter sun which Suckling held up as the type of a "fine sight," shines upon no sign of coming vegetation except the lilacs, which, not yet wholly forgetful of their Eastern origin, will "come before the swallow dares," and tantalise humanity with a display of Spring tints. When Thomas Nabbes, with no comical intent, entitled his masque "The Spring's Glory," the year was a dozen days later than, since the change in the calendar, it has become. When, again, Shakespeare, who is not prodigal in his praise of Spring, introduces into "As you Like it" a ballad with a burden—

> In Spring-time, the only pretty ring time,
> When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
> Sweet lovers love the Spring,

he assigns it to two pert and juv-
rebuked by Touchstone: "T

was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untimable." I dare not impute to Shakespeare, fond as he was of quips and puns in the most serious situations, an intention in this case to play upon words, but I venture, as regards present experience at least, to say of all songs in praise of Spring, that "the note *is* very untimable."

French Violence to English Residents after the Death of Charles I.

ENGLISH popularity in France has never rested on a very secure basis, or proved very enduring. In a time of apparent community of interests, as when the troops of the two countries returned successfully from Sebastopol, a little temporary enthusiasm might be manifested at the sight of English uniforms or at international gatherings. Ordinarily, however, when we are not hated, we are barely tolerated. For this a full explanation may perhaps be found in the insular ways we carry with us, in our ignorance, our arrogance, and other eminently national characteristics. It is somewhat curious, however, that Englishmen never stood so low in the estimation of Frenchmen as immediately after the execution of Charles I. In a letter recently unearthed of Sir Edward Nicholas, somewhile Secretary of State to Charles I., dated, assumably from Paris, March 8 (N.S.), 1648-9, occur these words: "Our nation is here soe odious for ye horrid death of our blessed and glorious master and soveraigne, as ye French offer ye English without distinccion great violence and insolence for no cause upon every occasion. Wherefore I and many others of our countrymen are thinking to remove into Holland, when wee shall meete with a convenient and safe meanes." It is singular to think how far in advance of ourselves in regicidal vengeance the French were to go. Between the courtly crowd, however, that surrounded Louis XIV., then in the eighth year of his prolonged reign, and which was doubtless responsible for the violence of which Sir Edward complains, and the working classes, who were even then constant victims of oppression, if hearts could have been read, some differences of opinion as to the rights of rulers might have been found.

Charles I. in Kirk.

FROM the same correspondence from which the foregoing extract has been taken, the first part of which, under the title of "The Nicholas Papers," has just been published by the

Camden Society, which is now doing fine service to letters, and especially to history, an insight into the state of England during the troubles, livelier than is conveyed in almost any other original documents, can be obtained. Charles himself stands out in bold relief. One of the most striking pictures is that furnished by Sir Henry Vane, writing from Holyrood of the attempts of Charles to curry favour with the Scotch religionists. "This day" (September 7, 1641), he says, "hath been solemnised heare as day of thankesgivinge ; his Majestie hath heard too sermons, sunge many pshalmes according to the manner of the Scottish Kyrke, and with as great attention as ever I saw him heare antym or loude service. Mr. Henderson preached, and did plainly and home, without flatterie and yet discretly." It is edifying to think with what cynical attention this stern reformer and republican, who was subsequently to pay for his opinions with his life, contemplated this piece of expediency on the part of his master.

Philology from the Bench.

IN a recent libel trial to which I was subpœnaed, Mr. Justice Field in addition to his counsel to the jury, delivered a philological lecture of some length and interest. Two words with which he specially dealt were "naughty" and "fatuous." The former word is possibly undergoing the kind of degradation which has resulted in banishing from mixed conversation some of the cleanliest expressions in the language, and has attached an evil signification to such words, once of simplest import, as villain, knave, and rogue. In the case of "fatuous," the learned judge decided it to mean stupid. I venture to question this decision, supported as it is by the dictionaries. The first use of it noted in English literature is by Alexander Brome, who in his "Poems," 1664 (second edition), applies it to fire and to vapours, obviously confining it to the will-o'-the-wisp. In the "Pleas of the Crown," Hale speaks of "*ideocy or fatuity a nativitate, vel dementia naturalis.*" Vossius derives the Latin *fatuus* from *fando*, that is, from *vaticando*, presaging. I am inclined to hold that the word did not come to us direct from the Latin, but through the French *fat* and *fatuité*, and that its use implies a man being foolish through being on exceptionally good terms with himself. It is best applied to a self-avowed lady-killer. This meaning is assigned it by Littré, though Professor Skeat does not give it. To say of a man
the meaning is that he is si
erroneous than sayin

dispute involves no question of ratiocination. Fatuous is not among the words introduced directly into the language by the translators of the classics in Renaissance times. The use of it by Brome implies a quite different signification, and in that by Hale it is not even anglicised.

Street Rests.

NOW that we are opening out in every direction wide thoroughfares, which will shortly develop into boulevards, the question whether some rests should not be provided the weary pedestrian, admits but of one answer—in the affirmative. There are of course seats in the parks, on the various Thames embankments, in Leicester Square, and a few other favoured and privileged spots. In the wide new thoroughfares, however, which debouch at Charing Cross and Piccadilly Circus, a series of seats between the trees, until they can be placed beneath them, is imperiously called for. The only reason these have not already been supplied is found in the fact that our parochial authorities, like our police, look with little favour upon loitering. "Move on!" is the maxim constantly in the mouth of our authorities. A proper enough maxim it is in most respects, though when the man to whom it is addressed is weary, and has no home to which to move, the message is not wholly that of mercy. The state of things in which the universal application of the maxim was possible is, however, passing away. A mere survey of the streets shows how powerful and assertive is the young democracy, and when once it knows its strength it will exact seats on which wearied labour may rest, even at the risk that in the night-time some homeless wretch shall try to utilise them for slumber. The question for us to ask is, however, Is it worth while to wait until that time, or might we not with advantage, according to a suggestion I have seen, have not only seats but kiosques and other conveniences, as in Paris, with a system of synchronised clocks at each circus or public place?

SYLVANUS URBAN.

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"FORGETFUL OF ALL ILL."

BY ISABELLA WEDDLE.

CHAPTER I.

A MAN, apparently middle-aged, for the dark hair was grizzled that showed beneath his low-crowned hat, sat in the corner of a third-class railway carriage as it sped northward towards Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

The route is an interesting one, passing busy villages and noisy factories, and fields where then the harvest was just being carried home.

There was many a picturesque bit of landscape, many a homely idyll of English life, many a scene of manufacturing industry to be witnessed from the carriage windows, but this man scarcely raised his eyes to look out.

Even at the stations, when other travellers came or went, he never moved, nor glanced at any with the faintest show of interest; yet it was a clever, thoughtful face, and not a stolid one, that gazed at the floor or straight onward at the opposite side of the compartment.

A clever face and interesting, yet not wholly prepossessing. The brows were too strongly knit, and the lips wore a stern expression, as if they had forgotten how to smile.

There was plenty of talk and jovialty in the carriage, for it was just before these last hard times began, and farmers and mechanics were alike cheery and social, and had a word ever ready for one another about the crops, the markets, and the state of trade in their respective districts, with now and then some reference to the politics of the hour.

Many a glance of curiosity was cast at the silent corner, but none attempted to break on his were left undisturbed, and gloomy en

He passed his hand at times across his forehead, as though it ached, and, spite of the warm sunshine, shivered as if with cold.

He perhaps heard more of the talk than was apparent. Heard it as you might a language you did not understand, if alone in a foreign land, only making you feel your loneliness the more keenly.

Yet this man was an Englishman, and an Englishman drawing near his native town.

There had been a time when all life, all humanity had interested him, when he could not have sat a single quarter of an hour with a fellow-creature without longing to find some subject in common; but now he seemed so little at one with mankind that it never once occurred to him to join in the talk of his companions.

Only when the collector called for tickets, the sudden sharp voice of command seemed to startle him out of his reverie, for he straightened himself nervously, and half raised his hand as if to touch his hat, then recollected himself, and, with a sort of suppressed sigh, relapsed into his former position.

He was free now, his own master once again; but, alas! the freedom came after so long a term of bondage, and was as yet so new to him, that the quick call brought back in a moment the feeling of slavery, the habit of obedience.

After the collector had passed, the poor fellow tried to lay hold on his manhood.

He was ashamed, bitterly ashamed, of that momentary instinct of the slave, even though none knew what his start meant save himself alone.

He was at liberty! He kept repeating the word.

At liberty after five years of penal servitude, yet he scarcely felt glad.

Perhaps the power to feel so was crushed out of him by those galling years.

Yet, after all, what was his liberty worth?

Would it be a great gift to come back from the grave after as many years, to wander up and down in a world that had no place for its once beloved inmate; a world that had learnt it could do without you, and had well nigh forgotten you ever were?

Still, there was one thing this man could do, being free. One purpose that had sustained him all through, and which now he lived but to fulfil.

They say ghosts used to rise from their graves to bring vengeance down on those who had sent them too hastily there. Robert Railton came back from his prison to walk the earth for this one end, to punish the man who had consigned him to that living tomb.

The train reached its destination, and he stood in the town he had left five years ago, left a ruined man.

He stood outside the handsome station portico for a few minutes looking up and down the busy street, then walked quickly through the town.

A few people glanced at him curiously.

There was something noticeable in his appearance, but they passed on their way and forgot him. A miserable face is no such uncommon sight that it should be long remembered.

Was there no one to welcome him back to life then, no kindly home or heart open to receive him? It seemed not. He had left a widowed mother weeping for him; and as he was led from the dock a girl had stretched out her hands wildly towards him, and then fallen back fainting into the arms of the man who had wrought his ruin.

That mother was dead now, and her last message had been to pray him to confess, and not add obstinacy to his sin, but to beg forgiveness from God and man.

Confess! What had he to confess? That he had trusted one who called him friend; had trusted that God, not the devil, ruled the world.

That he had been a fool he was ready enough to confess; but, oh, heaven! to think his name should have been so blackened that even his own mother died believing he was a thief!

He walked on and on through the town, choosing either the very busy streets, where he passed all but unnoticed in the crowd, or else the very quiet ones, till he reached a pretty little terrace with tiny gardens in front, gay with hardy annuals and scarlet geranium.

The flowers looked strangely like they used to do, and the scent of a clump of sweet peas was wafted towards him as he paused for a moment in front of one of the houses.

It made him feel faint and sick, and he leaned on the railings for support.

Why had he come?

Another name was on the door than that which he used to know, but he was prepared for that.

There, had lived the woman he used to love, and the very few letters he had received in prison had told him it was her home no more, and no longer did she bear the name by which he had known her.

He moved on now, for a young fellow was coming towards the house whistling blithely, and a sweet rosy face was looking out of a window, and smiling a welcome to the approaching visitor.

A little longer, and he stood in a cemetery and over his mother's grave.

He did not weep, nor did he kneel in prayer, but he raised a white, defiant face to heaven, and between his clenched teeth he muttered an awful oath: "I swear it, spite of God, if there be one, and spite of the devil, who will surely try to save his child! I swear to be revenged on him who wrecked my life."

Then, without a backward glance, he turned away.

Chapter II.

Edward Gilespie, managing clerk and junior partner in a business house in New York, howbeit there were certain episodes in his earlier life of which he did not like to think, was a most exemplary member of society.

He had come over from England three years ago, recommended by the firm he was leaving there.

He was known to have capital, so, of course, was respectable without the added merit of being a church member.

He was something of a philanthropist, and besides was a tender husband and father.

Life had been good to him, so good that he used to wonder at it with a strange feeling of humility, for he knew he had no right to the happiness that had come to him.

He was not absolutely a hypocrite. If in his business he made money, he made it with clean hands.

If he did call himself a Christian, it was more that he wanted to be one, than that he merely wished people to think him such.

In short, if there had been no Edward Gilespie five years ago, the present bearer of the name might have reckoned himself—as he was reckoned by everyone else—a very good sort of fellow. Alas! however, the past is for ever making havoc of the present.

He could not forget that past, and his pretty young wife used to wonder at the shadow that came over his face at times as he sat silently looking into the fire, and at the strange tone of pain in his voice whenever they were speaking of anything which touched upon the higher life.

It used to puzzle the sweet religious soul that this husband of hers, who served God so faithfully, should have so little joy in the service.

Was God unfaithful, or was it still only the human

would not be comforted for the friend of his youth, who had turned out so unworthy and wrecked the fair promise of his life?

That friend, who had been her own accepted lover before the terrible revelation came, and who was still thought of and prayed for though she believed him thief and liar.

She was standing at the window of her pretty drawing-room, looking out at the fading light of the summer evening, and she sighed involuntarily as she turned towards her husband.

"Poor, poor Robert! Do you remember the five years will be over very shortly now? Oh, Edward, what will the poor fellow do when he comes out?—and *we* are so happy!"

Milly only thought of the contrast, and pitied the miserable wretch of whom she spoke from the height of her own blessedness; but the simple words sounded in Edward Gilespie's ears as a bitter reproach.

He did not answer, only leaned his head against the cool glass of the window, and his wife stole her hand within his arm.

"My own Edward, I know you cannot bear to think of that sorrowful time, but would it not be right to do something for him now? He may have repented, and it will be so hard for him to get another chance in England, where everyone knows his story;" and Milly looked up appealingly into her husband's face, and her eyes were full of tears.

Edward stroked her head tenderly, but his face was set and stern-looking.

"Oh, you men are so hard! You've no pity for a sinner; no help to give him, though you call yourselves Christians."

"And, woman-like, my little wife would forgive anything, and make a saint out of the blackest sinner living if he showed an atom of remorse, would she? Oh, Milly! it isn't so easy, darling, to get rid of the consequences of our deeds."

But Milly, with all her gentleness, was endowed with a fair share of womanly persistence, and she had thought out this subject in many a lonely hour.

She had not spoken before, but now she pleaded with all the eloquence of a loving heart, using every argument of which she could think, and her voice had a strange, soft thrill of emotion as she spoke of it being the best and noblest way that Christians could be Christ-like, for was not He the friend of sinners.

If the words were conventional the tone was not, for Milly was one of the few whose belief means genuine, intense conviction, not

[illegible]fferent assent.

The twilight deepened into darkness, but she had not gained her point.

Edward was in outward seeming strangely unresponsive.

For a moment she wondered if he were jealous of the man she had once loved, and displeased at her pleading for him.

But it was of very different thoughts his heart was full.

How often he had longed all these three years Milly and he had been man and wife to tell her the sin which lay so heavily on his conscience, that even in his outwardly happy and prosperous life he knew no peace.

Yet, he had so dreaded the loss of her love, so dreaded that her pure soul would turn in disgust from the pollution he must show her, that the confession had never passed his lips.

But to-night, while she pleaded for the man branded in the world's eyes and her own as a thief, as she spoke so tenderly of his *possible* repentance, so charitably of the temptation that might have been his, the heart of her husband gained fresh courage.

He would tell her all. Surely she would not be very hard on the man who called her wife; and together, perhaps, they could devise some way to atone for the past—though, alas! it seemed well nigh impossible.

She had seated herself in a low chair by the window, and he sank on his knees at her feet.

"Oh, Milly, my wife, you pity Robert, can you forgive a greater sinner still?"

She put her cool hand on his forehead, and stroked back his hair very gently.

"Poor boy! You are feverish and nervous, dear, and I've made you worse talking of these painful memories. Oh, my dear one, how I wish you could believe God is willing to forgive us—that He *does* forgive us for Christ's sake, and not trouble yourself so bitterly."

Her voice was very tender and patient. They had often talked before of sin, and he had spoken of his own as too heinous to be forgiven.

Milly, however, had been brought up in an ultra-Evangelical sect, and was so used to strong language and strong feeling on this subject that she never dreamt her husband had any blacker a list than many a worthy right-living man that she had heard speak of himself as chief amongst sinners. In fact, she rather thought it was his extreme conscientiousness and high ideal that made him so humble, and admired him but the more.

"Milly, Milly, do try to understand. It is not the fanciful language of your school I am using, but real, downright tangible sin I mean. Oh, my wife, do not draw your hand away, or I'll never be able to tell you. Milly, *I* was the guilty man when Robert Railton was sent to prison. Listen, I *must* tell you all now. God knows I've longed to and dare not, and the secret is killing me.

"It was the morning after you accepted him, and the poor fellow was almost beside himself with delight. We were friends he thought, and he never had been reserved with me, so he poured out all his happiness, little guessing that each word was goading me to madness. He was bookkeeper, as you know, while I, a rich man's son, was merely in the office to learn the business.

"You remember that he had entered £50, instead of £500, which was known to have been paid to him, and that there was a deficiency of the £450 in the cash when Mr. Dalrymple went over the accounts at the end of the month.

"Can you guess what I want to tell you?

"Robert had made the mistaken entry in the book simply enough when talking to me of you, and, poor lad, he was given to being rather careless in his accounts.

"Well, when he had gone out for luncheon, I happened to glance over his books and saw the error, and, in a moment, the devil entered into me and whispered how easily I could have my revenge. I was mad against him for having won you, and I *hated* him at that moment. Snatching from the cash drawer a roll of notes and hastily counting them, I slipped the lot into the pocket of an old office-coat of his, so old, that as I put my hand in I found the lining loose, and so pushed the notes inside of it.

"Perhaps I might have repented even then, but Robert came in immediately, and there was no chance to undo my work without confessing—but I do not know, I could have *killed* him, I hated him so; but I did worse. There were many entries that day, and, finding his cash correspond with the books when night came, he did not discover anything wrong, and Mr. Dalrymple was the first to do it.

"Of course Robert protested his innocence, but there was the false entry he could not explain; and indeed it seemed almost impossible he could have entered such a glaring mistake without discovering it, to say nothing of the damning evidence of the hidden notes discovered by the policeman; and who else could h[illegible]

"No one thought of attaching blame to me s[illegible]
and he seemed to do so from the first. He

poor, what more natural than that he should be a thief also? Thus at least argued the well-to-do jurymen. You know the rest: know how the sentence was thought a severe one; but the judge was noted for giving in most cases the extreme sentence the law allowed, and he spoke of the great trust that Mr. Dalrymple had bestowed on so young a man as making his crime more foul.

"Yes, I repented. Repented so as to wish I had not done it, but I *couldn't* confess the sin of which I had been guilty. I had always cared so much for what men thought of me, and I had never in my life before done a thing for which I could be despised—and I hated him still! Hated him when I saw you grow paler day by day for his sake; and when you fainted at his trial and I helped to carry you out, and your eyes looked gratefully at me as you recovered, and you turned to me as 'Robert's friend,' I vowed I would win you if it was with the help of the devil.

"After that, till I won the happiness I sold my soul for, I never wavered for a moment. Since then, wife, with all my love to you, my life has been a hell upon earth, for your purity, your saintliness have made me feel my own sin, and for ever it has risen as a barrier between my soul and yours.

"Now you ask me to befriend the man I ruined; what help would he take from me? Milly, you pitied him, have you no word for the man who sinned because of his love to you?"

Edward looked appealingly into his wife's face, but there was no relenting there.

The eyes that had wept for Robert Railton's punishment were dry now, and the rosy lips that had quivered as she pleaded for him were white and firmly closed. With all her sweet charity there was one sin Milly could scarce even pity, and that was hypocrisy. She could not speak one word of forgiveness, one word of love in that terrible moment, and turning away in stern and bitter silence she left him alone in the darkness.

God only knows what thoughts he had as he lay, hour after hour, stretched on the floor through the long night. How he cursed his folly in confessing now that it was all too late. He had for ever lost his wife.

He thought of suicide, but dare not rush on such a death.

What sort of idea he had of Divine justice he knew best.

He had ventured to blast another soul; but he wanted to save his own.

When morning dawned, he rose cold and trembling, but his resolution was taken.

He would kiss his child once more and go away, it mattered not where; he could not meet again the look he had seen in his wife's eyes, as the light fell on them from the street lamp, when she rose and left him.

Very quietly he crept upstairs and into the room where little Janet lay asleep, but, alas! his wife was there also.

She had felt widowed. The husband she had loved and honoured lived no more, and the instinct of motherhood had led her in her loneliness to the crib of her little child.

She looked up as Edward entered, and his wan, miserable face moved her to a moment's pity.

He caught the softer expression, brief as it was, and it gave him courage for one more appeal.

"Milly, I am going from you for ever. Oh, my wife! if there was only anything I could do to win your *respect* again—even if your love is killed."

"There *is* one thing you can do. Will you do it?" she asked, bitterly. She had lost all faith in him, and did not, for a moment, believe he would.

"As God is my witness, I will! I swear it. Tell me what it is," he said, solemnly.

"Go back to England at once. Robert will be released immediately. Tell him all, and make what restitution he chooses. Make it even if it be to declare yourself a felon in the eyes of all men. Then, when you do that, you may call me wife again—but not till then."

"And you? Oh, Milly, what will come of you and her?"

The young mother's lip quivered, not for herself, but for her child; still she answered:

"We will go with you and bear what you bear, so long as you try at last to do the right."

She stooped over the crib, and her tears fell on the little upturned face that had not yet awakened to all life's sin and sorrow.

Chapter III.

It was with a sort of contemptuous pity that Robert Railton recalled the young ardent lad he remembered himself to have been.

The lad who believed in man and God, and thought himself beloved by both.

He had thought in th

kneel, and pour out all his heart to God, and fancy the answer came in greater love and stronger faith; but, alas! it is all so easy to believe in God so long as the sky is blue above and seems like the smile of His face. Easy to believe in Providence when the winds blow gently, and waft your craft towards the haven you long for; but what of it when all o'erhead is cloud and darkness, and the gales rise, and your frail bark is powerless to resist their cruel strength?

There was a sneer on his lip now as he thought of the old stories his mother had taught him, and he had believed so implicitly—the stories of Daniel and all those Old Testament worthies who served God, and were delivered by Him from man's injustice.

He had served God—but no help had been granted him.

He would serve Him no longer. If God ever did take any interest in man, He had given it up long ago. No wonder! Men were so bad that even God Himself could hardly mend them; perhaps it was not wonderful He had tired of meddling with their affairs.

If he himself had turned out such a bad bit of work he would have been glad to forget the muddle he had made of it.

Perhaps there were other worlds that did their Maker greater credit, and He paid more attention to them than to that He had made in His 'prentice days.

There is surely no sadder fact in all our sad life than that the victim of a flagrant wrong is often more demoralised by the injustice he has suffered, than the perpetrator of it is by the sin of which he has been guilty.

Certainly, judging on the surface, Robert Railton, as he sat amongst the passengers on board the *Medusæ*, bound for New York, his head full of thoughts like these, and his heart staunch to one purpose—viz., since there was no justice in the world to try at least to show there could be vengeance—was a worse man than Edward Gilespie, as he poured out his remorse in the ears of the woman he loved, the woman whose good opinion was more to him than that of the whole world beside.

Sitting watching the waves, never speaking when he could avoid it to the rough men and women on board, Robert had time enough to plan his scheme, though after all it did not take much planning.

Even yet it was not in his nature to take a lengthy revenge.

He never dreamt of blasting the character of the man that had wronged him, scarcely for a moment thought of telling his wife. "It would hurt her so, poor thing, and she must have believed in him."

No, he would meet Edward and shoot him; he would hardly need to say why he was going to do it, the very sight of his face would tell that.

It was a sort of perverted love of justice that was moving him, and (awful as it seems to say it) there was something of a martyr's enthusiasm in the way he forgot himself and his future, while dwelling on the retribution he was to work.

His mother had left a few pounds to be given him by a neighbour on his release, and, small as the sum was, he did not need to be told what self-denial it represented.

This, with his prison gratuity money, was all he had with which to commence life in a new land.

He had found out from the same neighbour where Gilespie had gone, and the name of the firm he was with in New York, so there would be little difficulty in finding him.

Another day or two more and they would arrive; and the passengers were in good spirits, singing, laughing, and telling stories.

They had got over already the worst wrench of parting from their old associations, and were looking forward eagerly, and for the most part hopefully, to the new life that lay before them.

Their mother country had not been a tender parent to them. There was many a care-worn face and toil-worn hand amongst their number, and pretty generally they had found life a hard problem.

Not in the sense that many of us do—viz., to understand what it was given for, and what the upshot of it will be, but in a decidedly less abstract way, that is to say, how they were to obtain means to keep themselves in it, whatever its value might be.

What glowing ideas they had of the new country. Hadn't their Tom, or Bill, or Jim, written to tell them how well he was getting on, and how a man that would or could work might always get work to do, and be well paid for it too, and how he wasn't looked down on for having to toil, but was respected for what he was, &c., &c.

Robert sat apart, watching the fading light, and the soft grey mist that seemed creeping nearer and nearer as night drew on.

There had been a time when he loved nature, when the sound of the wind or the water seemed to whisper to him secrets from the infinite, when the rich glow of sunset, or the dewy freshness of sunrise excited him, and the beauty of the world felt ever a new delight; but the years he had seen little of that beauty seemed nearly to have killed his love for it.

Beauty now only gave him a strange feeling of sickness and loneliness. It was like some strain of old home music in the ears of an exile, or like a glimpse of heaven to one in hell—it mocked his thirst and made him conscious of his despair.

Still, he liked night and the soft appro

as if Nature were trying to hide the wicked ways of her children; and he loved the grey of twilight and the mist upon the ocean.

He could not have told why, but surely it was some yearning for sympathy, some instinctive feeling that the greyness and the dimness were akin to his soul's life. It softened him strangely, this feeling; and to-night, as he sat listening to the ceaseless moan of the water—that moan which seems a never-ending dirge for the lives it has destroyed—he grew curiously calm and patient, and his revenge for the time being lost its attractiveness.

What was the use of it? It was all fated, perhaps; anyhow, it was all a mist.

If God took no interest in man, and did not care whether he were good or not, how could he help going to the devil?

Pitying all humanity in his own lonely hopelessness, feeling he represented God-forgotten man, tossed about on the ocean of life at the mercy of every wind that blew, he half pitied also the man he had vowed to murder.

Ever and again Edward Gilespie's face would rise before his mental vision, the face that he used to love; somehow, with it before him, he could not remember the wrong done him, could not think of his boyhood's friend as the foe of his manhood.

There were tears in his eyes of regret for the friend who was, as it were, dead. This man he was hunting, this man he meant to slay, seemed some one else, or some ghastly phantom of a disordered brain.

When at length all turned in to rest, amid the rough men who formed his companions he fell asleep to dream of Edward, to dream of him pleasantly as he had not done for years.

Once more they were innocent lads together, wandering on a Sunday afternoon through fields of summer flowers; there had been some estrangement, but he could not remember what it was, and it only served to make their trust the sweeter now.

Was it some mysterious action of mind on mind, for on board another vessel Edward Gilespie was nearing him even then?

Coming to make what restitution was yet possible.

Did his mind go quicker than the heavy, lumbering machinery—and Edward meet in a fair dream-world the soul he had so nearly ruined in this one?

Who can give the answer?

Chapter IV.

Night upon the sea. A night of mist and great darkness, and two vessels drawing nearer each other at every stroke.

On board of both a freight of human souls, everyone with its weight of sin and woe, known only to Him who holds the sea in the hollow of His hand.

Had He turned His face away that the darkness was so deep, or did He not know that their paths would cross?

Did He, without whom (as our hearts would fain believe) not a sparrow falls to earth, forget what was happening on the water?

Slowly passed the hours; the passengers on board of both were sleeping, all unconscious of danger, while captains and crews were alike anxious, for the fog had deepened after nightfall, and now the lights but served to show how dense it was, as their rays penetrated only a yard or two around.

On the whole wide sea was there not room for the two, that ever as the minutes passed the vessels neared, or was there some hidden purpose in the coming catastrophe?

On and on they came—two great black figures looming through the darkness, yet ever and again becoming as it were only a part of it, as thicker wreaths of fog deepened the impenetrable gloom, while the waves roared sullenly, and licked the sides of the vessels like hungry monsters greedy for their prey.

Suddenly, a great crash! a cry of despair! a hurrying to and fro upon the deck! and then——what?

One of the vessels righted itself, and the seamen on board the *Medusæ* knew that they had escaped the worst danger, for the water was not rushing in on them as they feared.

But what of the other? Wild cries for help pealed through the air and mingled with the roar of the waters.

In the awful, impenetrable darkness it seemed hopeless, yet, instinctively, some of the men hurried to loosen the boats, and the passengers, who had rushed on deck, stood straining every nerve to gain by eye and ear knowledge of the fate in store for those on board the injured vessel.

It was then that a strange experience happened to Robert Railton.

It seemed to him that, athwart the absolute appalling darkness, suddenly there flashed a ray of effulgent light, revealing for a brief instant to his eyes the dark outline of the ill-fated steamer.

Brief as the glance was, he saw she had been cut down to the water's edge and was filling fast.

On the deck stood, huddled together in their despair, the passengers and crew; and there, with faces turned towards him, were the man and woman who in all the world [illegible] own life most for joy and woe.

The man looked pale and terror-stricken, but the woman was calm and brave, though she held, with a passionate clasp, a little child in her arms.

Her face wore a martyr's faith as she murmured to the man who clasped her to his heart, "My husband, life and duty were too hard for you, God has given us death."

Then the water closed above the vessel, and the strange light faded from Robert's eyes; but through the darkness a hand was outstretched towards him, and a strangely weird, yet familiar, voice reached him, whispering, "Forgive, forgive, I meant to do the right at last!"

It could not have all occupied much more than a single moment, and again Robert was conscious but of the scene on board the *Medusæ*, and he passed his hand across his forehead wondering what had come over him.

Was his brain really so disordered that the horror of the catastrophe had made it impossible for him to separate fancy from reality?

He ventured a remark about "the lightning" to a man near him, but from the impatient reply it was evident none had seen it but himself.

Now, however, the cries for help had ceased, and no answer came to any call from on board the *Medusæ*. No trace could be found of vessel or of crew, though the boats were lowered and spent much time in diligent search. At length the attempt was abandoned as hopeless.

They could not see to save.

With heavy hearts the seamen discussed the probable fate of the vessel, and tried to hope she had been less injured after all than they had feared, and been able to make headway; or else had drifted beyond earshot, but, alas! the general feeling was that she had been almost instantly submerged.

The injuries the *Medusæ* had herself received were serious enough; she had run stem on into the other, and, though the air-tight bulkhead had saved her from an influx of water, the prow was broken and other damage received.

It was agreed to wait till morning, in the faint hope that the fog might lift and some trace of the other steamer be discovered, but none sought rest again that night.

Robert lingered on deck trying to calm himself; the vision he had essed had strangely excited him, and he struggled in vain w notion it had raised.

Some of the professed phenomena of clairvoyance were familiar to him, but he had regarded them with little credence, and besides, it seemed so improbable, so almost impossible, that these two he had seen could have been on board.

Was he going mad he wondered? yet he was able to think consecutively, even did an intricate calculation to test his power, and for once entered voluntarily into a conversation to see if he could bear his share in it without exciting any suspicion.

The weary hours passed and morning dawned at length, but nothing could be seen of the wreck, and sorrowfully the *Medusæ* went upon her way.

The fog had done its work, and now was fast clearing.

Great masses of cloud floated before the rising wind, and the sun shone out—at first with something of the look of a flat transparency seen through the vapour, yet here and there patches of exquisite brightness fell upon the waves as the clouds parted and the light streamed out.

A little longer and the soft blue sky appeared. The sun had triumphed, and the darkness was conquered.

So Nature wrought her parable once again in the eyes of man. That parable which every race from cultured Greek to savage Hottentot has at least partially interpreted as a hint of the conflict of good and evil.

A conflict that, alas! seems ever to renew itself, and of which faith and hope alone can see the issue.

"The morning cometh and also the night"—will the day really dawn at last, human hearts cry out in their despair, when the shadows shall flee away for evermore?

Chapter V.

Perhaps it was that the strange experience he had on the night of the collision took greater hold on Robert Railton's mind than he wished, or perhaps it was merely because his nature was in reality a sweet and forgiving one, and that hatred and revenge were foreign to it, and did not take a deep root in a soil suited to less poisonous growth; at all events, from that night his feeling towards Edward underwent a change.

Yet he did not consciously attach much significance to the vision or the dream, his brain had too often played tricks upon him of late years for him to think much of any new vagary.

Nor did he relinquish his proposed vengeance, rather, by force of

will, tried to keep it before him, and, by dwelling on all his own suffering and others' sin, constrained himself to be true to his resolve.

Immediately on his arrival in New York he set to work to find his enemy.

This seemed easy enough at first; he had but to get hold of a directory, such a respectable man was sure to have his name in it, and there accordingly it was.

He would not go to Gilespie's house, for thus he might meet Milly, and that he could not, would not, do.

He would watch the office, and see Edward either as he went in or out, then by following get a private interview.

One of Robert's possessions in his early days had been a very handsome revolver, and his poor old mother, little dreaming of the use to which he would think of putting it, had carefully kept it, together with one or two of the things he had specially prized.

He had it always in his pocket now.

Day after day he loitered in South Street, where the office was, but still saw no trace of the man he sought, and his patience grew exhausted.

He even went out at night to Gilespie's private address, but saw the house was closed, and concluded that either its owner had removed, or was in the country.

With no friends, no testimonials, and an appearance that somehow told against him, such a position as Robert was best fitted to fill was effectually closed against him. But he had at least learnt manual labour during the years of his penal servitude, and he got now and then a brief spell of work as a rough labourer.

He was able to live, that was all. Work was harder, too, than of old. He grew weary, and there was a dull ache in his left side and a pain in his chest when he had heavy weights to lift.

He had felt it often when a prisoner, but now it was more constant and his strength less.

The weeks were passing. He was tired of waiting. He would go boldly to the office and ask for Mr. Gilespie; no one would guess his object.

He carried out this determination; but what was his surprise to hear from a clerk that Mr. Gilespie, his wife and child, had sailed for England some weeks ago, and that the vessel had not been heard of since, save that the *Medusæ*, of Glasgow, had collided with a vessel—which apparently sank almost immediately—at about the point where the *Petrel* would have been at the time.

Robert's start of surprise and evident emotion, together with a feeling of sympathy for a fellow-countryman, made the young English clerk communicative, and he grew loquacious.

"Nobody knew why the Gilespies had gone; private business was the reason given, and they had decided on it all in a hurry. No, it wasn't a passenger boat, it was a steamer belonging to the firm, and the Gilespies, a servant, and the captain's wife were the only souls on board besides the crew."

Robert staggered and grew faint when he reached the outer air.

His vision, then, was a truth! On board that ill-fated vessel had been the man he hated and the woman he loved, and they had perished alike within a few yards of him.

He managed to walk on till he reached the Battery, and there, leaning on the chain-rail overlooking the water, he tried to think.

This, then, was the end of it all!

The matter was taken out of his hands.

What could it mean, their going back to England just when he was free? Was there any connection between the two things that he thought of them together, he wondered? What, too, had meant that outstretched hand and plaintive cry?

Poor soul, had he died with the weight of unforgiven sin upon his soul; and had he tried, even in the moment of death, to communicate with him against whom he had sinned?

Robert's brain whirled as he realised that spirit had called to spirit in that dread moment; and that with some keener, clearer sight than eyes of flesh he had been enabled to pierce the darkness.

He could understand nothing clearly but this—that the man he had meant to slay was for ever beyond his reach; and he took the revolver slowly from his pocket and threw it into the water below him.

He could not bear the sight of it now.

Why, he did not know.

Was it because his revenge was denied him, or was it that the sanctity of death already invested him for whom its deadly charge had been meant?

Perhaps—such inconsistent creatures are we men—both feelings mingled in the act.

. . . . . .

It was winter, the depth of winter, and a poor man lay dying in a ward of Bellevue Hospital.

He had been found in the

of starvation, and kindly hands had carried him there, and brought him back to consciousness.

With a wan smile he thanked them.

They meant well, how could they tell how cruel was the life to which they had recalled him?

They had found it happy enough themselves, and they went back to their prosperous homes and spoke pityingly of the poor, hunger-stricken man as they sat at their comfortable tables.

Then banished the painful recollection that marred their enjoyment with the thought that at all events the poor soul would be cared for in the hospital, and they had done the best for him possible.

It was but for a little, however, that he had been recalled to earth, and perhaps it was well that in death he should find the world less cruel than it had been in life.

Soft hands touched and gentle voices spoke to him, and a grave, clever face bent over his bed with a look of pity underlying its keen clear scrutiny.

There was kindness in the world, then! kindness even for him. It made death easier.

After all, there might be love on the other side too.

Love still, though he had grown to disbelieve in its very existence.

He lay perfectly quiet, too tired to move.

Sometimes dozing, at others in a sort of waking dream.

The only sound was the low sweet voice of the nurse, who read for a few minutes to her patient.

She hardly knew whether he heard or not, the bodily senses seemed to be clouded, yet the beautiful sacred words reached his soul and mingled half-consciously with his thoughts.

Presently she shut the book, for he began to talk with a strange mixture of reason and incoherence.

"I did not understand—the Christ—oh! I forgot Him—He suffered for others' sin, but He did it willingly—and I——

"I didn't want to drink of His cup of suffering, did not want to serve Him for naught!

"He didn't promise happiness here, only there—but I—'Forgive us our trespasses'——"

He dozed again and dreamed, and night deepened.

"You are come again, Edward—and you repented, you say? Hold my hand in yours, old lad; I'll die easier so, and death, you say, is just, and puts all right."

Then the voice ceased, and Robert Railton breathed no more.

Was there truth in very surety in the last sweet dream of which the dying lips had babbled?

Is it possible that the false friend of other days was permitted to become the guide and helper through death's dark valley?

And did the forgiven soul lead the forgiver home, to where sin and suffering are unknown for evermore?

Fain would we think it.

Yet, is it likely that when the heart had all but ceased to beat, and the dulled brain took no longer hold on the things of earth, that the soul should have eyes to pierce the veil that hides the vast beyond?

Science smiles superior on such a theory, and graciously pities the faith that would accept for objective reality the fancies of a brain disordered by death's narcotic cup.

Yet, surely it is possible another world is round us, into which microscope and telescope fail alike to pierce, and which dying eyes alone can penetrate.

Whether you choose to think the dying man had a vision illuminated by the first ray of a dawning heaven, or a dream lit up by morbid phosphorescent action within the brain itself, the dark passage was cheered by the light it shed.

When the nurse came back on tip-toe, lest she should waken her patient, she found the weary, toil-worn face, that had smiled so little in life, smiling now in the sleep of death.

Gently she closed the tired eyes, and passed on to the living that needed her care, leaving him "To take his fill of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill."

WATER IN DRAMATIC ART.

A REMARKABLE prophecy, uttered considerably more than a century ago by one whose judgment in literary matters has been received with a chorus of disapproval by posterity, appears now to be on the verge of literal fulfilment. Writing in the "World" on the advance towards nature in fashion and art, Horace Walpole, under the pseudonym of "Julio," says, "The world, Mr. Fitz-Adam, though never sated with show, is sick of fiction. *I foresee the time approaching when delusion will not be suffered in any part of the drama.*" Apt as we are to imagine, with Zolaism confronting us, that stage realism is a weed of mere mushroom growth, it is opportune to refer to this remarkable passage, because our diagnosis of Walpole's capabilities goes to show that such a horoscope could not have been cast by him in 1753 without some very significant portent looming contemporaneously in the theatrical horizon. As a matter of fact we find direct traces of this "naturalism," exactly fourteen years afterwards, in the singularly appropriate *intermède* arranged by Beaumarchais for performance between the acts of his "Eugenie," with the intention of preserving the continuity of the piece. Realism in literature and art, however, obtained no distinct recognition in France until about the year 1850. It came then as a direct revolt against romanticism, and was first championed on the stage in this form by Champfleury at a minor theatre. It is difficult to account for its steady growth during the last thirty years, more especially as all the widely recognised canons of dramatic art properly exclude this noxious quality from the boards. Long before Georges Sand indited the crisp formula that "Art is not a study of positive reality but a seeking after ideal truth," Addison in his fifth "Spectator" had clearly defined the narrow limits of realism as applied to the drama. "A little skill in criticism," he writes, "would inform us that shadows and realities ought not to be mixed up in the same piece; and that the scenes which are designed as the representations of nature should be filled with resemblances, and not with the things themselves." A cursory examination

of the methods employed on the stage in the representation of water scenes will tend to exemplify the force of this simple law.

From the strictures of Sir Philip Sidney, it may readily be inferred that no attempt was made during the Elizabethan era to simulate the aqueous element on the stage; but it is not so easy to determine in regard to the early Court masques, as authoritative accounts on that heading are very conflicting. Ben Jonson in his description of Inigo Jones's contrivances for the "Masque of Blackness," performed before James I., Twelfth Night, 1604-5, at a cost of some £3,000, explicitly says, "For the scene was drawn a landscape consisting of small woods, and here and there a void place, filled with hangings, which falling, an artificial scene was seen to shoot forth, as if it flowed to the land, raised with waves which seemed to move, and in some places the billows to break, as imitating that orderly disorder which is common in nature." After this it is passing strange to find Sir Dudley Carlton writing to his friend Winwood in directly opposite strain regarding the same entertainment. "At night," he says *inter alia*, "we had the Queen's maske in the Banqueting House, or rather her pageant. There was a great engine at the lower end of the room, which had motion, and in it were the images of sea horses (with other terrible fishes), which were ridden by the Moors. *The indecorum was that there was all fish and no water!*" We tread, however, on firmer ground in treating of the Court entertainments of a later period. Representations of the ocean had a prominent place in Davenant's three masques of "The Temple of Love" (Whitehall, Shrove Tuesday, 1634), "Britannia Triumphans" (1637), and "Salmacida Spolia" (January 21, 1639); and the stage directions in the printed copy of the first mentioned would go to show that these sea, were very elaborately set. "Their dance ended, the mists and clouds at an instant disappear, and the scene is all changed into a somewhat calm, where the billows moving, sometimes whole and sometimes breaking, beat gently on the land, which represented a new and strange prospect. . . . Out of a creek came waving forth a barque of a gracious antique design, adorned with sculpture finished in scrolls, that on the poop had for ornament a great masque head of a sea god; . . . . whilst this barque [bearing Orpheus and his *harp*] moved gently on the sea, heaving and setting, and sometimes rolling; arrived near to the farther shore, it turn'd and return'd to the part from whence it came. . . . The barque having taken port, the masquers appear in a maritime chariot, made of a spungy rockstuff mixt with shells, seaweed, coral, and pearl, borne upon an axletree with golden wheels without a rim, with flat spokes like the blade of

an oar coming out of the waves. This chariot was drawn by sea monsters and floated with a sweet motion in the sea. . . . The song ended, all the forepart of the sea was in an instant turn'd to dry land, and Indamora with her contributory ladies descended [from the chariot] into the room, and made their entry." If the reality came up to the description, the following encomium, printed at the end, was certainly not too flattering:—"Thus ended this masque, which for the newness of the invention, variety of scenes, apparitions, and richness of habits was generally approved to be one of the most magnificent that hath been done in England." It is most significant to find that Inigo Jones was the contriver of the scenes and machinery in these three masques, as John Webbe, his nephew, son-in-law, and pupil, was afterwards recognised as Sir William Davenant's first scene-painter when he assumed the management at the Duke's Theatre. Hence many of these extraordinary scenic effects may have been transferred at an early period to the boards of a regular theatre. There is some reason for believing that the first important simulation of water on the English stage was made in Dryden and Davenant's alteration of "The Tempest," brought out with costly machines, &c., at Dorset Gardens in November 1667.[1] A stage direction in the book informs us that the opening scene consisted of "a thick cloudy sky, a very rocky coast, and a tempestuous sea in perpetual agitation. This tempest (supposed to be raising by magic) has many dreadful objects in it, as several spirits in horrid shapes flying down among the sailors, then rising in the air. And when the ship is sinking the whole house is darkened, and a shower of fire falls upon 'em. This is accompanied with lightning and several claps of thunder to the end of the storm." Judging from a passage in the prologue to "Tunbridge Wells" (Duke's Theatre, 1678), it would appear that sensation scenes of this nature were popular for some years afterwards:

> Devils and witches must each scene inspire;
> Wit rowls in waves and showers down in fire.

When Addison ran a tilt at the absurdities of Italian opera in his fifth "Spectator," he was evidently unaware of this previous outburst of scenical extravagance. "An opera," he writes, "may be allowed to be extravagantly lavish in its decorations, as its only design is to gratify the senses, and keep up an indolent attention in the audience. Common-sense, however, requires that there should be nothing in the scenes and machines which may appear childish

[1] Noteworthy otherwise as the first native play in which an actress assumed a male *rôle*.

and absurd. How would the wits of King Charles's time have laughed to have seen Nicolini exposed to a tempest in robes of ermine, and sailing in an open boat *upon a sea of pasteboard!* What a field of raillery would they have been led into had they been entertained with painted dragons spitting wild-fire, enchanted chariots drawn by Flanders mares, and *real* cascades in artificial landscapes!"

Here we have the first intimation of real water being introduced upon English boards; and the innovation was undoubtedly due to the influence of Bartholomew Fair, where, as we are informed by Strutt, the puppet showmen of Queen Anne's time were wont to exhibit a number of fountains in "The Old Creation of the World." In another part of the same paper Addison says: "I found by the discourse of the actors that there were great designs on foot for the improvement of the opera; that it had been proposed to break down part of the wall, and to surprise the audience with a party of a hundred horse; and that there was actually a project of bringing the New River into the house, to be employed in jetteaus and water-works. This project, as I have since heard, is postponed till the summer season, when it is thought the coolness from fountains and cascades will be more acceptable and refreshing to people of quality."

Of course, all this was "wrote sarcastik"; but no one at all conversant with the history of the stage can well deny that the satirical anticipations of the essayist were not subsequently fulfilled almost to the letter.

Let us now take a brief retrospective glance abroad. In the MS. of Hardy's "La Folie de Clidamant" (1620), preserved in the archives of the Théâtre Français, the following extraordinary stage direction occurs:—"There must be in the middle of the stage a handsome palace, and on one side the sea where appears a ship with masts, where appears a woman who throws herself into the sea, and on the other side a fine chamber which opens and shuts, where there is a bed well covered with cloths." A comprehensive scene truly! It is significant also to find that in both France and Italy, real fountains were invariably considered the only proper embellishment of palace scenes in the various pastorals and operas produced during the eventful period of 1670-1680. Indeed it is a well-authenticated fact that when the "Semiramis" of Roy was presented at Paris with very lavish adornment about the year 1700, an attempt was made to convey the impression of a rain shower by means of a thin stream of real water descending from above, but with only

wholesome change, however, came over the spirit of the French theatres, when the great Florentine architect Giovanni Servandoni began to paint for the Opera in 1726. Setting vigorously about the task of reforming the many long-standing scenic abuses then rampant in Paris, almost his first move in that direction was the banishment of all the old fountains in favour of a well-contrived "artificial cascade" machine of Italian invention. Very evident is it that the modern practice of throwing a series of scintillations upon a transparent piece of scenery representing a mountain torrent, by means of an internally-illuminated and externally-perforated cylinder revolving behind it in the direction of the stream, is directly owing to the introduction of this ingenious device.

A fresh outburst of sensationalism, experienced about the year 1728, is pertinently referred to by Christopher Pitt in his "Prologue for the Strollers":

> To aggravate the case we have not one
> Of all the new refinements of the town.
> . . . . . .
> *No paper seas*, no thunder from the skies,
> No witches to descend, no stage to rise.

Possibly Pitt's shafts were partially directed against the Drury Lane entertainment of "Perseus and Andromeda," which presented a sea scene, described as follows in the printed book:—"Then follows the first interlude of the comick, which being ended, and the overture performed, the scene draws and discovers a prospect of the sea, bounded with rocks. Six sailors or boatmen (supposed to be the crew of Cepheus and Cassiopea, who are come to visit their daughter Andromeda) dance a comick dance . . . . a storm arises, and out of the sea spring four Tritons, who bind Andromeda to a rock in the sea," &c.

Treating of an unrehearsed effect produced by Senesino, the great tenor, while performing in Handel's "Rinaldo," *circa* 1733, Walpole, in the memorable paper already referred to, caustically informs us that "he was stepping into Armida's enchanted bark; but, treading short (as he was more attentive to the accompaniment of the orchestra than the breadth of the shore), he fell prostrate, and lay for some time in great pain, *with the edge of a wave running into his side.* In the present state of things, the worst that could have happened to him would have been drowning; a fate far more becoming Rinaldo, especially in the sight of a British audience." That stage fashion works in cycles is amply shown by the recurrence in Garrick's time of those real cascades which exercised the mind of

Addison; and Walpole's allusion to the "present state of things" is clearly explained in an earlier passage of his paper. "The only preference," he writes, "which I shall give to the modern stage over Greece and Rome relates to the subject of the present letter: I mean the daily progress we make towards nature. This will startle any bigot to Euripides, who perhaps will immediately demand whether Juliet's nurse be a more natural gossip than Electra's or Medea's. But I did not hint at the representation of either persons or characters. The improvement of nature which I had in view alluded to those excellent exhibitions of the animate or inanimate part of the creation which are furnished by the worthy philosophers Rich and Garrick; the latter of whom has refined on his competitor, and, having perceived that art was become so perfect that it was necessary to mimic it by nature, he has happily introduced a cascade of real water. I know there are persons of a systematic turn who affirm that the audience are not delighted with this beautiful waterfall from the reality of the element, but merely because they are pleased with the novelty of anything that is out of its proper place. Thus they tell you that the town is charmed with a genuine cascade upon the stage, and was in raptures last year with one of tin at Vauxhall.[1] But this is certainly prejudice: The world, Mr. Fitz-Adam," &c., &c.

If such penny showman devices had been confined to spectacle, the matter would not be worth dwelling upon; but from a caustic sneer in the 79th "Citizen of the World" it would appear that tragedy in 1761 was not exempt from the ravages of this mania. When Murphy's occasional prelude, "News from Parnassus," was brought out at Covent Garden in September 1766, the water craze was cleverly satirised in some neat dialogue, between Mr. Fitzfrolic, "a pantomime poet" (appropriately played by Harry Woodward), and one Boccalini. The former, in imparting the grave secret that he has constructed an entertainment called "Harlequin Colchos," in which he intends to introduce a reservoir of water supplied specially by the New River Company, adds that in case of accident during the futile search for the Golden Fleece the members of the Society for Restoring the Apparently Drowned will be entreated to sit in close proximity to the stage, prepared for all emergencies. Such banter sounds curious when read by the light of modern events.

If one can draw an inference from the clever scenic exhibition which De Loutherbourg, the Drury Lane scene-painter, gave at

[1] See also Dr. Bathurst's allusion to Vauxhall in the third "Adventurer" *(November 14, 1752)*.

the Patagonian Theatre early in March 1781, the sea scenes of Garrick's later days must have been staged most effectively. Loutherbourg's "Eidophusikon," as it was called, consisted of a number of scenes illustrating sunrise, noon, sunset, moonlight, and tempest, which were worked with admirable completeness in the lighting and in the imitation of natural sounds. The entertainment was chiefly remarkable for the representation of a storm at sea, with the sinking of a large East Indiaman, in which attention was paid even to the movement of the clouds, which were manœuvred with rare fidelity to nature. After modelling the waves in clay, De Loutherbourg had them carved in soft wood under his own superintendence, when they were skilfully painted and highly varnished so as to reflect the vivid flashes of lightning which permeated the scene. Several ingenious instruments were constructed to imitate the various effects of hail, wind, thunder, &c., prominent among which was an octagonal box, fitted up with small shelves, containing a supply of shot, peas, and pebbles, which was rolled about to give the idea of the lap of the waves upon a shingly shore. In the course of a long description of this curious entertainment the *Whitehall Evening Post* of March 1, 1781, says: "The last scene is a tempest, which is progressively brought on by a variation of sky, that does infinite credit to the ingenuity of the artist. The water, however, appeared to us (perhaps from sitting too near it) not to be managed with so much skill; the transverse direction of the pieces, from which the deception arises, was too apparent, and that in a great measure from the waves being too abruptly angular; . . . . and the shipping frequently sailed (to use a seafaring phrase) in the wind's eye, when all their sails were filled a-back."

Tom Ellar, in his unpublished Reminiscences, relates a quaint incident which happened while he was playing harlequin at the Crow Street Theatre, Dublin, in 1809. On the opening night of the pantomime the mechanism of the final scene—a sort of hydraulic temple, which was superintended in the working by Belzoni, the Patagonian Samson—went astray, and the audience were treated to the extraordinary spectacle of a large volume of water pouring over the stage into the orchestra, and scattering the players and musicians in all directions.[1]

But if the genuine element has its drawbacks, its more artistic simulation is not without its occasional accompanying absurdities.

[1] Writing on "Unrehearsed Effects" in *The Theatre*, April 1879, Mr. Robert Reece describes a similar *contretemps* which occurred a few years ago at a provincial theatre in a scene representing the bursting of a dam with real water effects.

Thus the powerful effect created by the great sensation scene showing a cliff-bound strand by twilight, with the advent of a storm, and the swift approach of the waves towards Sir Arthur Wardour and his daughter, which formed the principal attraction of Daniel Terry's adaptation of "The Antiquary," when produced at Dublin in November 1821, was completely marred by the cloud of sneeze-invoking dust incontinently raised by the rising tide! Away and apart from this, the genesis of this stage effect forms a curious morsel of theatrical history. Terry's play was based on an earlier work by Pocock, who from a lack of knowledge of the resources of stage carpentry considered the representation of rising waters beyond the powers of the theatre, and so cut the scene entirely out of his version of the novel. Terry, better advised, merely brought his characters into the dilemma, and wrote in his MS., "Here the water is seen to flow in upon the stage," leaving the rest to Providence and the stage carpenters of Covent Garden. Luckily for him, the details of the scene were admirably wrought out, and the play pulled through the fire by the sheer merits of its predominating "sensation."

After the many humorous references to the New River in the old essayists, it is a strange coincidence to find that the proximity of the gentle stream to Sadlers Wells suggested to Messrs. C. and T. Dibdin and Reeve, the composer, the advisability of transforming the Islington resort into an aquatic theatre when they assumed the reins of management there in 1802. The innovation met with complete success, and the tenure of the triumvirate was only marred by several shocking accidents resulting from false alarms of fire. These aqua-dramas, although for some years the principal attraction of Sadlers Wells, were invariably performed as after-pieces, and the great water scene, which generally presented some very powerful sensation, was always to be looked for in the last act. When the curtain was lowered for its preparation, the audience whiled away the interim in listening to the trickling of the water into the great tank, which was ninety feet in length by twenty-three in width (coming to within six feet of the foot-lights), and of sufficient depth for an average-sized man to bottom and yet swim in. At first the stage was made to ascend to the roof of the theatre by means of an ingenious mechanical contrivance, after the lowering of the curtain; but in after years, to save the delay of twenty minutes thus wasted, the operation was more quickly performed in full sight of the audience. There was also another tank considerably smaller in size, at the top of the theatre, which was used in the production of waterfalls in spectacular pieces. Never ending were the variety of surprises per-

in which all the principal actors had their aquatic doubles, upon whose lively actions the interest mainly centred. Mimic vessels of war, three feet long, would sail about the tank engaged in all the din and strife of conflict, and real out-and-out-villains, when pursued like poor Harvey Duff, would throw themselves headlong into the water amid the execrations of the audience. In "Philip and his Dog"—very popular in 1816—a cleverly trained dog, known as Bruin, used to first rescue a dummy infant from the water and then proceed to drown the villain who had thrown it in. This was sensation with a vengeance!

Among the many aqua-dramas and romances produced between 1802 and 1820—long shelved and forgotten—may be mentioned "The Ocean Fiend, or the Infant's Peril" ("the last two scenes on real water"), "The Magic Minstrel, or Fairy Lake," "The Wild Man," "The Prince," "The Battle of the Nile," "The Corsair," "The Two Caliphs," "The Gheber, or the Fire Worshippers," "Sadak and Kalasrade," and "Kaloc, or the Pirate Chief." In 1821 Sadlers Wells fell into the hands of Egerton, the Covent Garden actor, who abolished the aquatic scenes, and generally succeeded so well in rendering the house unpopular that he retired from the management after two very disastrous seasons. During Mr. Williams's brief and unlucky tenure in 1824 the aqua-drama made its reappearance in the bill, and held its ground intermittently until the year 1833, when Islington playgoers saw it no more. Meantime, however, it kept cropping up occasionally at other theatres, both metropolitan and provincial, usually reimbursing the manager for the necessary outlay. Thus Drury Lane, under Elliston, brought out "The Cataract of the Ganges," with a sensation scene presenting the material features of two recent London successes. Large and astonished audiences were treated to the spectacle of a foaming torrent of real water surrounded by steep rocks, up which a daring lady rode a "frantic steed" (Ducrow's). Strange to say, when Moncrieff's play was revived by Mr. Chatterton at the same house in the season of 1874-75, dire disaster attended the speculation.[1]

[1] No account of the cascade in dramatic art would be complete without reference to that memorable letter which Dickens wrote to Fechter under date May 22, 1868, *apropos* of the production of "No Thoroughfare." "I have an idea about the bedroom act," he writes, "which I should certainly have suggested if I had been at our 'repetition' here. I want it done *to the sound of the waterfall.* I want the sound of the waterfall louder and softer as the wind rises and falls, to be spoken through—like the music. I want the waterfall *listened to when spoken of, and not looked out at.* The mystery and gloom of the scene would be greatly helped by this, and it would be new and picturesquely fanciful."

At the Birmingham Theatre, in May 1825, a melodrama was performed called "The Caravan," in which a reservoir was used containing some 2,000 cubic feet of water. "The last scene," says the playbill, "exhibits a waterfall and lake of water, into which the dog Carlo is seen to plunge and save the life of the child Julio." At the Adelphi, in October 1841, was produced a penny-plain-and-twopence-coloured melodrama called "The Tower of the Rhine," with a stupendously farcical sensation scene, in which a moonlight lake was represented by the genuine element. Perched on a high rock at the side of the stage was a massive German castle, the stronghold of a titled depredator, who is presently seen flinging a presumptuous page into the water for making love above his station. The rescue of the immersed being attempted by a faithful friend, a couple of diabolical mercenaries jump into the lake with the intention of drowning Messrs. Damon and Pythias. After an extraordinary series of struggles in the water the contumacious youth is pronounced victorious, and proceeds to climb to the window of his lady love, just as the fair one succeeds in implanting a dagger in the bosom of her remorseless parent. Then the curtain swiftly descends on the lovers posed *à la* Romeo and Juliet in the balcony scene. In or about the year 1834, Paris herself became slightly water-bitten, owing to an attempt being made to transfer the effete glories of Sadler's Wells to the boards—or rather tanks—of the Salle Ventadour. When the "Théâtre Nautique" first opened its doors the bill presented two novelties, in the shape of a slight fairy spectacle, "Les Ondines," and a three act aqua-drama of Chinese life, entitled "Kao-Kang." One of the earlier scenes in the latter piece disclosed an elaborate interior with an immense aquarium in the centre of the stage, surmounted with numerous *jets d'eau*; but the final tableau was in reality "the draw." It is night, and the bright beams of the moon shine down upon a spacious canal, crossed at one end by a heavy wooden bridge, beyond which a picturesque town looms mysteriously forth. Suddenly, just as several gaily painted barges glide upon the scene, all the houses become illuminated and the portion of the stage behind the canal is peopled with a myriad of joyous holiday makers carrying different-coloured lanterns. A lively dance then ensues, in the course of which the mingling lights and swiftly-moving figures cast many weird shadows and fantastic glimmerings upon the waters. Shortlived, however, was the reign of the aqua-drama in Paris; the novelty soon wore off and the theatre became forsaken.

Other "barnumisings" in this way, such as

attempts at producing "The Colleen Bawn" with realistic effects in the cave scene, may be slurred over in favour of the recent Standard drama, "A Dark Secret," which, with its well executed scene of Henley Regatta, has contrived to engage a considerable amount of public attention. The play was certainly *not* the thing in this instance, as the water scene was entirely unnecessary to the development of the plot; and it is a sad sign of the times that suchlike exhibitions should be so well supported by patrons of the theatre as to recompense the manager for closing his house an entire week to make the alterations requisite in his stage. Some idea of the vast preparations made by Mr. John Douglas may be gleaned from the dimensions of the tank laid down to hold the 200 tons of water used in the great scene. This was 135 feet in length, 20 in breadth, and varied in depth from four feet at the front to two at the back. On the O. P. side it extended behind the scenes as far as the railway arches, from which point the steam launch and competing boats were started on their brief journey. Of course the magnitude of the tank militated against its removal during the run of the piece; but attendant difficulties were surmounted by covering it, when not in use, with a sloping platform, excellently disguised, from time to time, according to the nature of the various set scenes built upon it.[1] In connection with the performance a rather whimsical incident took place on the *première*. Stephens, the orthodox second in the race for the Diamond Sculls, received an unfortunate "spill" before appearing on the scene, leaving Martin Brooke to finish the contest unattended. Horrible thought—things might have been reversed! But such are the drawbacks of stage realism.

That the water scene is one of the most difficult to put on the boards is clearly shown by the fact that the cleverest arrangements known barely convey the illusion aimed at; while the genuine element, besides looking like a poor imitation of itself, invariably retards the action of the piece, and so is completely inadmissible in a soundly constructed play. The oldest method of simulating moving water is at once the simplest and most effective. It is managed by spreading a painted cloth over a number of supernumeraries, who lie prone on the stage and work it vigorously with hands and feet. Divers attempts have been made to improve upon this primitive artifice; but, with one restricted exception hailing

[1] A water tank, some forty feet long and twelve wide (holding twenty-one tons of the aqueous element), which formed the prime attraction of a recent Manchester pantomime, was so constructed as to run dry and take to pieces in [illegible] out twelve minutes.

from America, all such experiments have failed egregiously. Doubtless, on occasion, one could "make believe" a great deal; but one must needs possess weak sight and great imaginative powers to be taken in by the spectacle of a few rough-cut canvas screens or "waves" running parallel to the foot-lights and working backwards and forwards alternately from wing to wing in an obviously irregular manner.[1] The principles of ocular deception are better expounded on the boards in "ice scenes," such as have been effectively produced in plays like "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Supposing a basis of deep black cloth to represent the sea, the idea of ice can be satisfactorily conveyed by blocks of white canvas or strips of the same material picturesquely arranged above it. The illusion of "breaking up" is admirably conveyed by the agitation of the cloth simultaneously with the gradual withdrawal of the upper canvas. In 1818 a spectacular piece, entitled "The North Pole; or, the Arctic Expedition," was produced at Birmingham by Elliston, the closing scene of which was described as follows in the bills:—"A ship of immense size, fully rigged, with a crew of forty persons, commanded by a naval officer, will effect her passage through floating islands of ice, which on separating will show an expanse of ocean covering the whole stage; she will sail down to the front lights, with her bowsprit over the pit, producing as novel and powerful an effect as can be exhibited on the stage." In many instances, however, the material inclusion of the sea is altogether unnecessary; and the French, although the pioneers of the realistic movement, have not outraged theatrical propriety so much in this way as ourselves. By the adoption of an immense platform disguised as the deck of a vessel, and suspended above the stage by well-balanced mechanism, they are occasionally enabled—more particularly in operas like "L'Africaine"—to impress upon the spectator the idea of navigation without giving him more than the slightest glimpse of the waters. Suggestion, not realisation—such is the fundamental principle of all theatric art.

If America still draws largely upon the resources of Europe for her dramatic pabulum, she can, at any rate, teach the Old World a lesson or two in *mise en scène*. Perhaps the most intricate sea scene ever witnessed within the walls of a theatre was that produced at the Arch, in Philadelphia, some twenty years ago, in Miss Olive Logan's comedy, "Surf; or, Summer Scenes at Long Branch." The following account of the elaborate mechanism introduced is given by the authoress in her Reminiscences:—"There was a large

[1] The curious reader will find the mystery of ... representation minutely explained in Lloy... *(G. Rowney & Co., 1875)*.

cylinder reaching across the stage from wing to wing on either side, and garnished with curling, stiffened canvas running around the cylinder after the fashion of the threads of a screw. This was put in revolution by means of a crank at the end, which was turned by a man behind the wing. The curling canvas was painted to represent the foaming wave. Behind the first cylinder were two others of similar character, which revolved in like manner. When the three were in motion together, with a back arrangement of light and shade upon them, the effect was strikingly like the rolling of the waves upon the beach. There were various other appliances employed to heighten the illusion, such as a large box of pebbles tilted to and fro behind the scenes, in a manner to closely imitate the sound of the waves; a gauzy painted cloth worked up and down an inclined plane to represent the thin wave that rushes up the sands and returns again; rows of broom-corn painted green simulated the seaweed. The characters of the play, who are supposed to go in bathing at Long Branch dressed in the usual costumes, sprang through openings made of indiarubber—painted like the rest—which closed behind them as water might, could, or should do; and a little later the actors, having passed under the stage by means of traps, reappeared at the back of the scene between the revolving cylinders, and jumped up and down as if disporting themselves in the surf." Strange to say, this remarkable scene has never been reproduced in England in its entirety; but in "Vanderdecken," some years ago, at the Lyceum, the single cylinder was made use of in the scene in which Mr. Irving was thrown up on the strand by angry waves. Among other American inventions coming within the scope of the present article may also be mentioned a mechanical whirlpool, which formed an attractive feature in the Irish drama of "The Blackbird," when produced at Harrigan and Hart's Theatre, New York, in September 1882.

Among the many old-fashioned devices which the advance of realism and other stage charlatanry has tended to abolish may be reckoned the patriarchal method of implying rain by causing a quantity of small pebbles to trickle down a long narrow box behind the scenes. One of the earliest departures from this principle occurred some years ago in a Parisian spectacle, in which an attempt was made to convey the ocular idea of a shower by means of a gauze curtain thinly covered with regular strips of silver foil and illuminated by vivid flashes of strong light. The novelty was afterwards improved upon at another theatre, when a series of swiftly agitated steel wires were substituted for the striped gauze cloth. After all, the heresy of the French managers calls for little or no reprobation, as the tricks in question

were strictly confined to show pieces at minor theatres; but, unfortunately for Mr. Augustus Harris, no such excuse was at his beck when the critics fell upon him for introducing a visible rain shower in London streets in "A Sailor and His Lass" (October 1883). The astute Drury Lane manager thought to get out of the difficulty by laughing at his castigators for assuming that a shower of rice and spangles was a genuine downfall of real water; but this was a side issue which in no way weakened a stricture based upon the soundest principles of art. In the face of the fact that the Standard has since blossomed forth with an unmistakable water shower, surely no one will have the hardihood to deny the opportuneness of the protest. The Press, with all its fabled power, seems unable to cope with the gathering strength of this modern Antæus; and assuredly, if some swift and resolute action be not taken, the future drama promises to be as bald and unimaginative as a police-court report in the newspapers.

W. J. LAWRENCE.

ERNEST AUGUSTUS, KING OF HANOVER.

VISITORS to Hanover will remember the commanding statue dedicated by a faithful people to the father of the country which occupies the centre of the Platz on emerging from the railway station. It is almost the first object of interest which meets the eye of the newcomer if he travel by railway to the ancient capital. Ancient indeed it is, though the antiquities have now to be sought for. A new Hanover has sprung up almost within living memory; and the reconstruction is due greatly to Ernest Augustus, whose beneficent reign the Hanoverians have commemorated by this stately equestrian bronze.

If the visitor steps over any of the little bridges that span the somewhat muddy Leine, he will soon find out the truth of what we have said in delicious little bits of old-world art and decoration, the more welcome that they were hardly expected: carved old wooden-fronted houses, with projecting storeys and gabled roofs of the most picturesque order. With a touch of surprise, and it may be some sense of scorn, he may find himself in what is a narrow and very old thoroughfare of this character, dubbed the *New* Street (Neue Strasse). And he may then realise what a change time has brought in its wake as he thinks of the New Hanover he has left behind him, and be thankful at once for the policy that spared so much, and improved so much. He will learn that to the wisdom and energy of Ernest Augustus he is largely indebted for the almost unique mixture of ancient and modern—of hoary monuments and stately structures fresh from the mason's hand. In governing his people he never forgot the advantages of continuity and tradition, with the result that though half a foreigner he was yet one of themselves. Though he would not listen to ill-advised projects of reform, very soon after his accession he did something to cut down the privileges of the nobility, against whom there was an outcry, as if their privileges were detrimental to the peasantry. He made an end too of the Baronial Courts of Justice, which led the people to say that now they had one king, whereas formerly they had twenty.

Ernest Augustus was a Tory of the old-fashioned type, but he understood well

> to take
> Occasion by the hand, to make
> The bounds of freedom wider yet.

He had learned some things of constitutionalism from his life in England, to which he looked back with longing eyes, and he retained a keen relish for many of its customs—the national roast-beef not being by any means the only good thing English from which he sought to draw consolation amid the burden of royal cares. He had a healthy dislike of sham, and was apt to set his foot upon it wherever he found it.

The Rev. Mr. Wilkinson, who was chaplain to his Majesty for several years, up to his death, has favoured the world with his reminiscences of the Court and Times of King Ernest of Hanover,[1] and has not failed to illustrate in a humorous and lively manner the old half-blind king's propensity for treading on people's corns. But he has also brought out well the noble elements of Ernest's character—his manliness, his patriotism, his openness to reasonable appeal, and his consistency in his means of seeking his people's good as he honestly saw it. Mr. Wilkinson's volume will form a reliable and happy commentary on the more sober pages of history, and if the old king does not always appear in the stately and dignified attitudes we are wont to associate with royalty, no one will feel less of interest in him as a man because of his severe rebukes to silliness and affectation, his occasional outbursts of temper, and his determination in unexpected circumstances to call a spade a spade, though sometimes ordinary politeness, not to speak of courtly etiquette, did suffer somewhat at his hands. And he was occasionally brusque if not rude—this much honesty demands to be said—but in everything he showed himself a character—a man of much individuality and well worth a little study.

Mr. Wilkinson did not undertake the chaplaincy without some qualms. He had heard of certain peculiarities that might, on occasion, prove disagreeable. One of these was the royal habit of muttering responses in church where they very clearly were not in any rubric, and sadly out of place, and not likely to aid the composure of the officiating clergyman. Mr. Wilkinson tells us that this was a family habit; George III. and King Ernest's brother, the Duke of Cambridge, having been guilty of it. "Stories were about" [illegible] Mr. Wilkinson, "that when the clergyman said 'T[illegible] Royal Highness had added, quite audibly, "

[1] Second edition. Hurst

when the clergyman read, in the story of Zacchæus, "Behold, the half of my goods I give to the poor," the Duke astonished the congregation by saying aloud, "No! no! I can't do that; that's too much for any man—no objection to a tenth." Again, when there had been a long drought, and the prayer was announced for rain, "Yes, yes," said the Duke aloud, "quite right, quite right; but it will never rain till the wind changes." In addition to this it was hinted that King Ernest patronised clergymen for whom the world had little respect, that he might lead them to excess and amuse himself by making fools of them. But, as in a multitude of other cases, Mr. Wilkinson found that those evils were much worse in prospect than in reality; in fact—whether from these matters having been exaggerated, or from Mr. Wilkinson's manner and character—the King showed towards him from the first the utmost consideration, respect, and kindness. On one point the King deemed it necessary to convey a plain hint; but Mr. Wilkinson was wise and practical enough to profit by it. After his first dinner at Court, his Majesty asked—

"'Doctor,[1] have you ever read Ogden's sermons?'

"'No, sir, I have never seen them.'

"'Oh, I'll lend them to you. They were my father's favourite sermons—indeed, we all like them much; they are very short—none more than twenty minutes—but very pithy, without, I believe, a single unnecessary redundant word. *Multum in parvo*, we call them. No doubt they were prepared with great care, and indeed I have always been of opinion that any clergyman who had made a sermon for forty-five minutes could always give us the real pith of it in twenty, if he would only take the trouble.'"

Mr. Wilkinson never exceeded the twenty minutes, and carefully studied condensation, and there is no saying how much this contributed to his success. And then it is evident that Mr. Wilkinson had a taking way with him, and could adapt himself to high-born folks, like Lady Jersey and her daughters (who were then cynosures of all eyes at King Ernest's Court), and poor widows, and characters like Temple, the King's coachman, of whom we shall speak anon. But here is an introduction to one of the "poor widows," a story touching and characteristic enough:—

"In the case of most of the old women thereby hung a tale; but one I may mention whose history was very remarkable. She declared to me she was of a noble family, and mentioned the Earl of ——, to whom she was nearly related, and, as cousin, had borne the well-

[1] The King always styled his chaplains "Doctor."

known family name. She said she was induced to run away with a non-commissioned officer of the German Legion quartered in her neighbourhood; that she was married, and followed the regiment through all the Peninsular campaign—in which the few women allowed to go with their husbands, to wash for the officers and others, went through greater hardships than the men. She went with the regiment to Belgium, and on the night before Waterloo, she and another woman lay out for hours in the wet under trees and hedges; and on the following memorable Sunday, during the whole of the day, she was constantly in the thick of the fight, rushing about and taking shelter in ditches or under banks, and in barns or outhouses, driven from place to place by the whizzing balls of the enemy's fire. She was sick and with child, and the terror and flight from place to place, and the harassing fatigue, brought on premature labour. In the middle of that night she was dragged by her friend to a shed, where her child was born. It was pitch dark, and she was rolled up as best could be done, and laid upon what she thought was a log of wood for a pillow; but, when morning broke, she found she was lying upon a leg that had been amputated, while other limbs were lying about the shed, which had been used after the battle by the surgeons for their dreadful but necessary operations. The babe survived the terror of that night, and went back to Hanover with the regiment, and was christened 'Waterloo.' Thirty years afterwards I saw her there. She lived in the neighbourhood, and was respectably married to a young carpenter."

Mr. Wilkinson's ready interest in this kind, his tact and his power to take his part in any innocent sport or pastime—accomplishments in which his residence at Oxford and then an extended period of travel did much to aid him—all combined to recommend him to the royal favour, and he was in fact raised to a friendly and even something of a confidential footing, and was often at the court parties and dinners, and frequently a witness of funny and entertaining rebukes and repartees.

"I have seen," he says, "good old Sir John Bligh, our minister at the Court of Hanover, writhing under the King's sharp and sarcastic remarks, particularly about the Whigs and Whig doings, and what his Majesty was pleased to call Whig delinquencies, which Sir John, however he would have stood up for his party in private, could not answer as he wished before company and servants, and about which, having been in the vice, and having been screwed up again tighter and tighter in agony, he used afterwards
measured terms, and accuse his Ma

in taking advantage of his own position and running him into a corner openly at the dinner-table, where he was obliged to keep his mouth shut.

"No doubt the bullying element often prevailed, and the jokes, though sometimes good, and conveying merited reproof, were still rather bad jokes, with sharp, not to say cruel, spite against those who were the butts of them."

No doubt such remarks as that to the dirty old count was rude and even cruel; but from what Mr. Wilkinson tells us of the rarity of baths in Hanover in these days, and the resources of dowagers to save up snow-water for their complexions, which they doled out to themselves at the rate of half-a-glass a day, through the whole summer, the King even thus may have done a service to personal cleanliness in the higher ranks. And it is evident from the peculiar relations in which the King stood to his efficient but self-reliant valet, that his Majesty did not fail in these matters in which he reproved others. And he could be bravely abstinent too in trying circumstances, being content to dine for a week together upon a slice or two of cold meat that had been cooked in England. Then at five he received his guests, and took some light "plat," perhaps some oysters and some jelly, with a glass or two of champagne. A cup of tea with a biscuit in the evening completed the day's fare. His Majesty was a good specimen of his system. He was erect, hale and hearty, and rode well on horseback when long past the three-score years and ten.

"Once his Majesty was ill for several weeks, really ill, seriously at his age. The doctors, of course, came every day, sometimes twice or more, and they prescribed as usual. Anyone who has been ill for any length of time, and has been attended in the ordinary way once or twice a day by one doctor, will know what various medicines are prescribed, and changed again and again under each phase of the disease, and he would, I believe, be astonished to see all the medicines he had drunk during his illness. Anyone may then conceive what a quantity was likely to be ordered, and what changes were likely to be rung by a bevy of doctors with such a precious personage as a king for a patient.

"As any bottle or powder was brought his Majesty said, 'Put it in the cupboard,' and again and again it was 'Put it in the cupboard.' Not one drop was touched. Starving and patience were the only remedies resorted to. At last his Majesty got his good turn and began to feel he could eat again with a relish, and by degrees nature flung off the disorder, whatever it was, which had run its course. His Majesty was up and dressed early and at business.

"'Get all these bottles, powders, and pill-boxes out of the cupboards,' he said, 'and range them in a row round the room.'

"It was a very small room, and they almost made a circle round the walls. The doctors came in smirking and smiling, and congratulated the King upon being up again and looking so well.

"'Yes, doctors,' said his Majesty, 'thank God it is so. But look there—count it up. Don't you think, if I had drunk all that stuff I should have been dead long ago?'"

It is clear, also, that Mr. Wilkinson did not seek to secure favour by any compromise of professional propriety. On one occasion the King chose to fix a levée for Sunday, to which, in the most respectful manner, the chaplain declined to go, on the ground of his sacred calling; but when others about the Court sought to secure exemption also, the King declared firmly, "They shall all come," and fixed Sunday levées for a considerable time after, just to teach them who in such matters was master. Mr. Wilkinson, on receiving a second card of invitation (or command) to a Sunday levée, repeated his former reasons for not appearing, and said that he would rather resign than compromise himself and act against his convictions. An exception was made in his case, and his firmness and consistency only added to the old King's favour for him. But no man could more quickly see through a specious pretext than Ernest did.

Rough and rude as the King's remarks might often seem, they were always directed at some form of weakness or fear. As Mr. Wilkinson says:—

"Those always got on best with the King, high or low, who were not afraid of him, and had an answer ready. He had one curious little Kammerdiener[1] about his person. I think he was a Bohemian. He was most useful, for he had passed his apprenticeship as a dentist and a barber, and so, among other duties, took care of the beautiful teeth, of which his Majesty was very proud, and shaved his august master every morning. He was most useful, in fact, in his way, indispensable, and he knew it and took advantage of it." If the King was irritable, he was irritable also, and answered, as Mr. Wilkinson tells, in the very spirit and terms of the King's rebukes. He always had his answer ready, and sometimes not a very respectful one. For what seemed impertinence he had been dismissed two or three times in no measured terms from the royal service, but he had no idea of going. He knew he had a

[1] Kammerdiener = body-servant; Diener = servant, from dienen, to serve, as in the Prince of Wales's motto.

good place, and that his Majesty could not do without him. So, in spite of the evening's altercation, he always appeared at his Majesty's dressing-table the next morning at the usual time, and pursued his regular work as if nothing extraordinary had taken place—neither he nor his royal master making any reference to the past. It was quite understood between them that byegones should be byegones. "I think he had been seventeen years with the King."

His Majesty was very abstinent, as we have seen, and had great faith in nature's own processes of cure. Certain forms of indulgence he particularly hated. Tobacco he could not endure. And his dislike of it was such that his Private Secretary, General von Düring, who was a slave to the habit, as most military men in Germany are, was put to the most severe and laughable straits to indulge it and yet not to offend the King.

"Half-past nine was the general's hour of morning attendance. Five minutes before that time, four servants stood in the passage leading to the ante-room. One held an old horse-soldier's cloak with a slit behind; one held a red-hot shovel with a long handle like a warming-pan; one held a decanter of water and a glass, and a bottle containing a coloured liquid; and one was there to hold the papers, and to take the pipe which the general smoked down the passage to the very last moment. No. 1 then covered the old secretary's shoulders with the threadbare and stained old cloak, which had gone through the Peninsular war, and which was now buckled tight round the neck. No. 2 poured some incense into the hot shovel, and inserted it between the general's legs through the slit behind. The process continued for a minute or two, and the old man was nearly stifled, but only impregnated. Then No. 3, from decanter in hand, poured out a glass of water, of which the general took a hearty gulp, rinsed his mouth out, and spat it out on the carpeted floor; then he threw off his cloak, seized his papers and letters from No. 4, and rushed steaming into the King's presence as the various clocks struck the half-hour."

And the good general's occasional difficulties with the King's bad writing, and that of the King's correspondents, were laughable enough. Poor old general, he was often reduced to sore straits in doing his duty and getting his smoke! Sometimes (and no doubt General von Düring was very glad of the chance) Mr. Wilkinson would undertake the general's duty for a time on one ground or another. It was part of the duty to read the English newspapers to the King, whose eyesight was not of the best. "Often and often in the middle of a speech in the House of Lords or the House of

Commons, I saw his Majesty's eyes close and head nod. I then at first used to stop, when it was a case of 'the silence awoke the little judge;' and his Majesty, pretending he was shutting his eyes to listen, used to say, 'Go on'; so, after one or two instances of this, I used to continue to read Lord So-and-So's speech, even though my royal Master began to snore. When I came to an end, and was silent, he always said 'Go on,' and if I announced 'That's all, sir,' he used to say, 'Ah, very interesting! Now see what's o'clock; I think it must be time for the Commandant.'"

"If I told him, 'No, sir, it's only half-past ten,' or, 'It wants twenty minutes to eleven,' his Majesty would say,

"'Well, doctor, now let us have a look at the police reports; there's always something striking there—there one sees life and character.' And I must say that his Majesty was really interested, and, often as I found him go to sleep over a debate, I never remember him to have napped over a police report."

Of the court-balls, where everyone, even the ladies, went according to military rank, the fair dames becoming for the nonce generals and colonels, and even majors and captains, Mr. Wilkinson has some funny stories to tell; but none of them surpasses in fun that of the consternation caused among the strict military-governed ladies of Hanover, when some Scottish gentleman appeared there in the Highland full-dress. "A little German baroness, too old and ugly, one might have thought, to have had any scruples or prejudices of delicacy in such a case, exclaimed 'Ach! ih! was ist das? Auf einem Hofball! In Damengesellschaft! Dicke, haarige, scheussliche, nackte Beine! Das ist sonderbar, nicht zu sagen gemein. Und das erlaubt die Königin Victoria.'"[1]

Perhaps still more attractive is the picture given of a children's ball at the Chaplain's Quarters at Herrenhausen, at which the King, the Crown Prince and Princess, with their children, all self-invited, attended. "It was indeed charming to watch the stern old man, as so many thought him, stretching out his arms to catch some little one as they rushed past him, and, in that utter absence of fear or thought of whose presence they were in, actually clung around his Majesty's leg (as I saw one) to make the turning-point of the race a few of them were running. One of four years old—it happened to be my own daughter—the King entrapped and raised up and kissed her; and his Majesty was, I hope, too blind to see what a face she

[1] "Oh, gracious! What is that? At a court ball! In ladies' society! Thick, hairy, horrid [illegible] is too much of a good thing! That is out of the war- [illegible] Victoria!"

made, and how she wiped her cheek which had been tickled by the long white moustache. She ran up to me and said,

"'Oh, papa, what a Loch (hole) he's got in his Kopf (head)!'

"This remark from the little child, who, in the moment of being taken up and kissed, saw the awful indentation which everybody who remembers the King knows his Majesty had on his head, was a strong confirmation of Sir Everard Home's evidence at the inquest—'that the would-be assassin (Selles) had given his Majesty a fearful blow with the sabre, which smashed the skull so that the brain was seen pulsating.'"

We referred to Temple, the King's coachman, and certainly when the King and the coachman were together two "characters" were face to face; and the coachman in that point of view, with his "contract" and his dislike "of them foreigners," and his beer-drinking, beef-eating propensities, did not suffer beside his master. Mr. Wilkinson has made a most interesting and touching chapter on this John Bull. Here is one characteristic anecdote :—

"The King sent for Temple one day in the middle of a very cold winter, when his Majesty had not been well, and had not driven out for some weeks.

"'How's this, Temple, I hear my horses look very rough and unsightly. What have you been doing?'

"'Well, sir, if they've telled your Majesty that, they've either telled your Majesty a lie, or they've made a mistake between my horses and my terrier dogs.'

"'Well, well,' said the King, 'let me see them this afternoon.'

"Temple duly appeared at the window (his Majesty lived on the ground floor). He drove the six horses, the two in front with postillions, in a most stately way, and at a slow trot, up and down the street, and stopped before the palace. He never turned his head, but waited for due criticism, and then, when ordered, drove away in the same slow, stately style. The horses looked magnificent; coats as smooth as in summer time, harness and carriage in perfection, fit to drive up our Mall to Buckingham Palace in the season. What the informer got I know not, but I know that Temple got whatever he wanted after that.

"The Hof-Marshal was always growling about the immense cost of Temple and his establishment every time pay-day came round.

"'Contract,' said Temple. 'Contract's a contract. Even a doctor keeps his contract.'"

"A doctor was, I believe," adds Mr. Wilkinson, "in the lowest scale in Temple's idea."

It lies beyond our province here to refer to the humorous sketch of Caroline Herschel, or to the admirable portrait of Jenny Lind ; but readers who procure the book will find that it is not only courtly but becomes truly human, and the old King seen in many lights, with all his faults, oddities, and gruffnesses, comes out more attractively than might have been expected, without much of gloss or varnish, which the customs and the flatteries of courts are so apt to produce or to confirm. Such is the true service of biography.

ALEX. H. JAPP.

TREE LORE.

LIKE all other objects of nature, trees have played an important part in the education of humanity, influencing belief and custom in a manner that may still be traced beyond the limits of barbarism. The identity of such beliefs and customs between our own peasants and savages, past or present, is indeed one of the many indications of the often disputed original savagery of mankind. There is a clear community of thought, for instance, between the Staffordshire labourer deeming it a dangerous thing to break a bough from an ash tree, or the Saxon peasant, with folded hands and bared head, praying pardon of the elder tree before cutting it, and the African negro dropping palm oil on the ground for the spirit of the asorin tree, which he has cut, to lick up whilst he himself makes good his escape. The Gallas of Abyssinia, who pay direct worship to their sacred tree Wodanabe, and pray to it for riches, health, and other blessings, or the Gauchos of South America reverencing with every kind of offering a solitary tree on the Pampas, are intellectually allied with our own forefathers against whose similar religion the early Christian missionaries waged such incessant warfare. The cathedrals of Metz and Strasburg are said to stand on ground where in former times stood the sacred grove; and in spite of the Benedicts and Bonifaces, who burnt or cut down with surprising impunity the tree-gods of our ancestors, there are still amongst us persons who still see fit to pour libations of milk or beer over the roots of certain demi-gods of the forest.

There is no part of the world where travellers have not noticed trees hung all over with rags and other things; and it has been suggested that the origin of this custom was the idea that sufferers from disease might in this way transfer their malady from themselves to any hapless person who might pass the tree. But it accords better with all the accounts of trees so decorated to regard the hangings as direct votive offerings to the tree itself; for it is not merely pieces of clothing that are suspended, but iron or brass trinkets, reindeer hides, kettles, spoons, and even articles of food. And all these customs connected with the worship of trees, or implying a belief in their

divinity, may be traced back simply to the old primitive thought which ascribed to trees, as to other objects, actual human attributes and a conscious personality : a state of thought for the existence of which there is abundant evidence, and which may be fitly illustrated by the following absurd stories from Samoa.

Tutunga, the paper mulberry, and Salato, a stinging tree, were originally two brothers who quarrelled about boundaries, and whose parents, to whom they referred the matter, decided that the two should separate, and that Salato should go farther inland, and be sacred and respected, whilst Tutunga should be liable to be cut and skinned and made to cover the bodies of men. And so it came to pass, for whilst the paper mulberry is made into cloth, Salato is so sacred that no one dares to touch it.

Again, Toa and Pale were brothers, who, wishing to escape from a cannibal king of Fiji, fled to the bush and became trees. Knowing that a party were coming to the woods to look for a straight tree, wherewith to make the keel of a new royal canoe, Pale changed himself into a crooked stick overrun with creepers, whilst Toa, against his brother's advice and to his own detriment, became a tall tree.

So in India the Toolusee plant, to which the Hindoos erect pillars near their houses, and whose wood and leaves they regard as sacred, was originally a very religious lady who prayed to Vishnu that she might become his wife, and was for that, by Lukshnee, Vishnu's prior wife, changed into the plant which is now so piously revered.

The principal part played by trees in popular mythology is in connection with transformation scenes of this sort, there being obviously no greater difficulty in conceiving the sudden conversion of a human being into a tree than into a rock or a star. In the Tirol you may still see an Alpine rose, which sprang from the blood of a girl who in the defence of her innocence lost her life. Then there is an Austrian tale of a girl whom, for falling in love with a soldier, her mother cursed into a maple tree ; her body became rough, her skin turned to bark, her hands to branches, and her hair to leaves. Near Nuremberg are three trees which were originally maidens who decoyed strangers to a wood and there robbed and murdered them : they were at last struck by lightning, and turned into trees, and their cries may still sometimes be heard after the evening's bells have ceased to ring. In a certain state of culture there is nothing incredible in this kind of occurrence.

All through the middle ages stories of conversion into trees *abound.* An Alsatian girl, praying constantly to the Virgin that she

may remain unmarried, is turned into a lime tree which stands near a church dedicated to the Virgin. Or, again, Charlemagne, having defeated and slaughtered a number of Saracens, wishes to bury both friends and foes, yet to separate the Christians from the infidels; in his perplexity he prays earnestly one night, and the next morning beholds the bodies of the enemy changed into thorn trees. And there is the story of the two lovers in the old ballad preserved in Percy's Reliques:—

Margaret was buried in the lower chancel,
And William in the higher;
Out of her breast there sprang a rose,
And out of his a briar.
They grew till they grew unto the church top,
And then they could grow no higher,
And there they tied in a true lovers' knot,
Which made all the people admire.

The old German story of Tristran and Isolde, who after death reunite as trees in the churchyard, corresponds in the main idea with the tale of William and Margaret; and a story from Afghanistan may be compared with both. The hostility of the parents of two lovers proving a bar to their union, the lady was married to a man for whom she had no affection. She planted two flowers in her garden, and called them respectively after her lover and her husband. One morning the lover's flower was faded, and that very day the lady's husband announced to her that he had killed him in fight. Thereupon she died, and was buried near her lover. From the spot two trees sprang, the interlacing of whose branches pointed to the reunion of the lovers in a continued arboreal existence.

Also from China a similar story comes. A certain Chinese king, coveting the wife of his secretary, imprisoned and killed the latter. The widow, to escape from the king, threw herself down from a high terrace, and so died, begging the king in a letter to let her corpse be buried with her husband's. This favour the monarch refused, and had them buried at some distance apart from one another. But it was of no avail, for that night two cedars sprang up, which in a few days had made such progress in growth that both their roots below and their branches above met and intermingled.

There is also a Roumanian legend of two lovers, who, having been buried together in a cemetery, embraced shortly afterwards in the forms respectively of a pine tree and a vine. So that this type of tree legend seems to be very widely spread over the world, illustrating the remarkable mental uniformity of different races from which such childish traditions spring.

Many of the old classical stories of Greek and Roman mythology have really no higher interest and probably no deeper meaning than the foregoing legends. The nymph Myrsine, at first the favourite, and then, for her superior running powers, the rival of the goddess Athene, being killed by the latter became the first myrtle, in that form keeping the gods in mind of the crime of the goddess.

Cypresses in Greek fancy were certain tall girls, of whose dancing powers, when compared with their own, the goddesses were so jealous that they threw them into a marsh, where they died and were changed into cypresses, tall as they had been in their human shape. The elder tree was originally a famous Hamadryad of Arcadia, saved by change into that form at the hands of Diana from the importunate attentions of the god Pan. The pine-fir was a nymph, beloved of both Pan and Boreas; the preference of the nymph for the former led to her murder by the other; and the gods in pity changed her into a tree, which continued to weep when Boreas blew and whose tears might still be seen in the drops that exuded from the trunk. The laurel, of course, was Daphne, changed by the gods into a tree, to save her from the pursuit of Apollo.

This latter story has been compared with the Vedic myth of Urvâçî, the nymph pursued by the Prince Puravanas; and the two names respectively being taken to mean the Dawn and the Sun, we are assured that the story of Daphne and Apollo must also allude to the pursuit of the dawn by the solar orb. But it is not always Apollo who pursues; sometimes it is Pan, sometimes a merely human lover. And as the pursuer cannot always be resolved into the sun, so it is often equally impossible, with whatever philological ingenuity, to resolve the pursued into the dawn. Hence if some myths of the sort do not refer to the sun and the dawn, is it not possible that few, if any, really do, and that the pursuit of Daphne by Apollo is simply the story of the pursuit of a maiden by a god? When it was not thought impossible for gods to love mortals, what more natural than that stories should abound of importunate deities pursuing human damsels, and of those damsels owing their escape to that unfailing resource of all primitive story-tellers, namely, instantaneous transformation? Surely this is a more natural origin for such stories than forgetfulness of the meaning of words meaning sun and dawn. The latter cause, though it might add to the number of such stories, seems in no sense necessary to account for their existence. In fact their existence hardly seems to call for explanation at all; their absence would call for it much more.

Writers who favour the solar interpretation of mythology see of
[illegible] of a merely partial application of their theory, and

therefore as a rule they apply it with indiscriminate hardihood to everything of the sort that demands explanation. If, for instance, it is in the empty trunk of an oak that the Dioscuri hide themselves from their enemies, we are told by Signor de Gubernatis that the oak here seems to represent the tree of night where the evening hides, and whence the light of day issues every morning. If in the Kalevala a dwarf from the sea, who becomes afterwards a giant, tears up an oak tree planted by the son of the solar orb, the tree is said to be the dawn itself, whilst the dwarf means really the sun, which chases away the dawn and tears up the tree that represents it. If Phyllis, abandoned by Demophoon, hangs herself upon an almond tree, and an almond tree springs from her tomb, leaveless till Demophoon comes to embrace it, Demophoon evidently refers to the spring sun, whilst Phyllis as evidently represents winter, the funereal season of the year. According to an Andalusian legend the Virgin and her family came once to an orange tree guarded by a blind man. The latter had his sight restored on granting an orange apiece to each member of the Holy Family. Here, again, "the myth is clear. The *blind man* here is the night which guards the trees of the Hesperides, which receives the setting sun and makes appear the moon. As soon as one has gathered the fruits of the lunar tree, the night disappears, the blind receives his sight, the sun of morning, which sees and makes see, illumines again the horizon."

One can only suggest, with reference to such a method of interpretation that "the fruits of the lunar tree" most fitly to be gathered of it would be the watchful supervision of a lunatic asylum. Why, in the name of all that is sensible, resort to these far-fetched explanations, when the story itself is its own sufficient explanation? What more natural than that the Dioscuri, if they needed a hiding-place, should resort to a hollow oak tree; or that Phyllis, deserted by her lover, should hang herself and be transformed into a tree? It is all in strict accordance with the elementary rules of primitive story telling. There is no mystery save that which is of the mythologists' own making. No absurdities or incongruities of mythology require explanation if we are but content to regard the primitive human mind as naturally blossoming in the direction of the absurd. It is only the assumption that mankind started in the world with a complete set of theological and other truths, which throws any obscurity over the matter at all; and for this assumption where are the arguments?

A survival of the notion that trees might be transformed human beings is traceable in the qualities of human consciousness still popularly attributed to them. They are silent but severe judges of

human misconduct. Many a lime or oak has ceased to put forth leaves after witnessing a treasonable conspiracy hatched beneath its branches. Three ladies having left a certain wood to a German parish on condition that the church bells should ring every day for evening prayer, the trees all withered when the authorities suspended the practice, and only recovered when they resumed it.

Often, too, they attest the innocence of an injured mortal. Near an old German castle is a lime, which a boy, accused of killing his master, planted with its head in the earth, to attest his innocence if it grew and flourished. Two friends were attacked by robbers in a wood, and one of them was killed. The robbers having been put to flight by a flash of lightning, the surviving friend, found kneeling at the side of his dead companion, was condemned to death for his murder. On his way to execution he planted a stick which he adjured to take root and grow if he was innocent; as, of course, it is proved that he was by the beautiful apple tree that the stick became. Somewhat similar is the account of the Luther-elm near Worms. A bigoted old Catholic lady, planting a stick in the ground, declared her resolution not to accept the new faith till that dry stick became green. The fact that it did so proves the interest taken by trees in the preservation of orthodoxy ; but it would seem that the elm tree takes a special interest in matters of this sort, for is not the elm tree the symbol of St. Zenobius, because, when the coffin of that saint was carried past it, a dry elm tree suddenly burst into leaf?

Another way by which trees reveal their inherent sympathy with humanity is by bleeding. Both Virgil and Ovid tell the story of Polydore, one of Priam's sons, entrusted to the care of a king of Thrace, and by him killed after the taking of Troy; from his grave there grew a myrtle, which, when Eneas plucked its boughs, bled in a purely human fashion, much to that hero's dismay. The present writer himself has searched for an oak tree in a Surrey wood which was said to show a blood-red sap in memory of a murder committed in its vicinity. At all events, if a deed of blood had been committed near the spot, the tree in question had forgotten all about it, for no blood issued from its wound, and a disbelief in bleeding trees had to add itself to many another negative conclusion.

The peculiarities, no less than the existence, of trees admit of mythological explanation ; and strangely absurd those explanations often are. Here, for instance, is one of the jagged form of the oak leaves, an explanation of the same order as that which traces the minute holes in the leaves of the St. John's wort to the needle with which the devil pricked it as a punishment for its devil-dispelling

powers. The devil agreed with a man that he should have the latter's soul at the time when the oak leaves fell; but when he came to look at the oak in the autumn, he found it still in leaf, nor did it part with its old leaves till the new ones began to sprout. In his rage and disappointment he scratched the leaves so vehemently that they have been in consequence jagged ever since.

Here again is a German tale to account for the pendulous form of the branches of fir trees. When the disciples and their Master were travelling in the Voightland, it began to rain; the disciples took shelter under a fir tree, vainly entreating their Master to do the same, but the tree shaking its branches as soon as they were beneath it, wetted them to the skin; for which reason it has hung its boughs in shame and ignominy ever since.

The Chinese call the cocoa-nut by a word which means "the head of Prince Yue." This was an unfortunate prince whose head was cut off by another prince and hung upon a tree. There it became a cocoa-nut, on which may still be seen the two eyes of the slaughtered prince.

So, again, the aspen leaves are condemned to perpetual trembling because it gave its wood to make the Cross, or because it did not, like other trees, tremble at the time of the Crucifixion. Why does the willow weep? Because it has never been able to look upwards, since it was used as a scourge just before the Crucifixion. Why does the broom crackle so when it is burnt? Because, say the Sicilians, the noise it made in the garden of Gethsemane led to the surprise, and the noise it made then it was doomed to make to all eternity whenever it was consigned to the flames. Thus as it is with flowers, and stars, and stones, so it is with trees; all are made to play some part in that vast but little studied mythology which has grown up round Christianity just as it did round the fundamental beliefs of Greeks or Buddhists, showing us how those beliefs are influenced and modified in order to account satisfactorily for all that requires explanation in the natural world outside them.

But there is yet another point in which trees may be compared with flowers or stones in popular belief; and that is in the magical or talismanic virtues ascribed to them. In Sicily the elder is deemed to be fatal to serpents, and to have the power of warding off robbers; and perhaps that is why people still take their hat off to that tree in the Tirol. In Russia, too, it is thought to drive off evil spirits. The laurel is well known for the prophetic gifts it confers.

In Sweden boughs of the willow picked before sunrise protect cattle for a whole year from witchcraft: a virtue which in Silesia is

attributed to the fir tree. Other trees ward off diseases or thunder-storms, and, in short, perform all the sundry good offices that can fairly be expected of talismans.

Do these virtues flow from the divinity of the trees, or is their divinity an inference founded on their virtues? Probably neither belief is really a sequel of the other, but both originated contemporaneously in far off primitive times. The divinity or sacredness of trees would of itself be a natural consequence of attributing to them human feelings, the thought of a tree as a man passing obviously into the thought of it as something more than man, that is, as a god; and the virtues and powers commonly associated with sorcerers, who perhaps gave the first model for conceptions of the divine, would naturally attach also to trees, already credited with faculties similar to those of the sorcerer or the god.

Another result of the human aspect under which trees were originally regarded is the not uncommon idea that man himself has had an arboreal origin. As many tribes trace their pedigree or that of the human race back to some ancestral lower animal, so do others to some ancestral tree. The Sioux Indians said that two trees had stood in one place for a long time, till a great snake came and gnawed their roots, when they moved away in the form of men and founded the race. So in the old creation-myth of Persia, Maschia and Maschiana, the first human pair, sprang from a tree which was at first single, and then separated. Nothing is too absurd or impossible for primitive mythology.

Whether the tree is regarded itself as a deity or as the abode of a deity it would obviously be idle to inquire. Probably the distinction between the two conceptions would not present itself clearly to primitive thought, though the distinction appears later, as in the case of the tree-spirit for whom, as distinct from the tree, the negro pours palm oil on the ground. When the distinction does appear, and we meet with clearly defined conceptions of the spirit of the tree or of the larger whole, the forest, we are far advanced on the road towards demonology and the belief in devils. It is an interesting speculation whether in a world entirely destitute of trees the curious idea of a demon or devil would ever have taken its place in the mental equipment of our race. Would the personification of the night or the storm-cloud have been sufficient alone?

At all events it can be shown how trees have lent their aid in this matter. Anyone who has ever lost his way in a forest on a dark night may form some faint conception of the impressions of and terror with which a pathless forest would be e

inspire the mind of men in an earlier and ruder age. Alike the sounds as the stillness of the forest would suggest the presence of invisible but malicious beings; and accordingly we find few, if any, rude tribes that have not freely accepted the inference. The natives of Brazil believe in and dread a wood-spirit which decoys men after it, and then vanishes with mocking laughter when they have lost themselves in the forest. The Kamschadal devil, the crafty and deceitful Kanna, dwells in a certain alder, where the Kamschadals yearly shoot, or used to shoot, him with arrows. To the Australian black, the rustling of the wind in the trees is the voice of Koppa, the bad spirit, to whom the dead belong, and to whom the living hold forth their spears to pacify his wrath. In the Hervey Islands, when Ono felled the famous iron-wood tree, he all but fell a victim to the terrible teeth of the fierce-visaged evil spirit Vaotere whom the tree really impersonated. The Malays of Malacca dread the demons of the trees who send all sorts of maladies; and so apparently do the Dyaks of Borneo, who leave bits of their clothes in the forest, in the hope of thus escaping the jungle fever. And as the Finns still fear the forest-spirit, whose terrible voice they hear anon, so are the natives of Senegambia terrified by the hairy demons of the forest, the long-branching trees, that send them fevers and other calamities.

This of course is only a portion of the evidence which proves how closely in the lower culture the belief in evil spirits, or an Evil Spirit, is associated with the life of the forest. The poet Goethe once drew attention to the difference in human character and superstition likely to result from the surroundings of bright trees like the birch or the lime, and gloomy trees like the fir or the yew. But in old times, when forests were much more extensive than now, all trees must, from their mass, have had a depressing influence, and every wood must have been a Black Forest; and the theory, that it is to this influence that we mainly owe the origin of our belief, or old belief, in devils, well supported as it has been shown to be from the religious fears of the lower races of the earth, may now be shown to derive still further support from the tree lore of modern peasant Europe.

From the Tirol, from Switzerland, from Germany, or from Brittany, come well-ascertained accounts of the popular belief in certain wild spirits of the wood, who are painted in all the most frightful shapes the imagination can suggest, and are characterised by their delight in every possible form of malevolence. They kidnap and devour children, bewitch the cattle, and lead men to lose their way in the forest. They can assume any size, from the most diminutive to the most gigantic; nor is any form of bird or beast an impossible impersonation

of them. The Skongman, the forest-spirit of Sweden, is like a man, but tall as the highest tree; he decoys men into the wood, and, when they have hopelessly lost their way and begin to weep for fear, leaves them with mocking laughter. The conception is well nigh identical with that found among the natives of the forests of Brazil, showing with what uniformity similar conditions produce similar effects on the human mind. But the Russian spirits Ljeschi (from a Polish word for wood) are even more significant; for not only are the usual diabolical attributes assigned to them, such as the leading of men astray, or the sending to them of sickness, but also the conventional diabolical features. Their bodies are after the human pattern, but they have the ears and horns of goats, their feet are cloven, and their fingers end in claws. The Russian wood-spirit is in fact the Devil of mediæval imagination, and nothing else—a fact which strongly supports the inference that it is from the wood and from the wind rustling over the tree-tops that the idea of the supernatural agency of devils first took possession of the imagination of mankind.

It is in no way inconsistent with this theory that besides devils of the forest there are those of the air or the water. The conception is one which would have met with no barrier to the extension of its dominions, and the devil of the tree or forest would from the first be closely associated with, if at all distinguished from, the spirit that moved in the trees, and was powerful enough to overturn them. In this way the wild spirits of the woods would pass insensibly into those spirits of the air which our ancestors identified with the Wild Huntsman, and which English peasants still often hear when they listen to the passage of the Seven Whistlers.

Truth requires that we should have these thoughts in connection with trees, but we may conjure up pleasanter associations by way of antidote. We may dismiss the diabolical aspect of primitive dendrolatry, or the insipid transformation tales of classical mythology, and dwell instead on the share trees have had in human history as the friends or benefactors of our race. The cypress may remind us not only of the tall daughters of Eteocles, or the youth beloved of Apollo, but of the temples of the Persian Zoroaster, before which it stood as the symbol of the sacred fire-flame, and as the emblem of eternity. For the latter reason the ancients used to plant a cypress at the birth of their daughters, by way of wishing them a long life, not Signor de Gubernatis suggests (who, where he does not see a *invariably sees* a phallic emblem), with any reference to *masters in the* future. Under the broad shade of

may think gratefully of Lord Bacon, who is said to have introduced it from Constantinople[1]; or, if statesmen, of Themistocles, the great Athenian, who compared himself to that tree, to which his countrymen would run for refuge in stormy weather, but which they would speedily desert as soon as the sky was clear. Our sycamores may remind us of Mary Queen of Scots, who brought over a slip from which so many others have sprung. The cherry we owe to the Roman general Lucullus, who introduced it into Europe, whence Sir Walter Raleigh imported it into Ireland. The yew may speak to us of the famous bows, on which, in former times, our military greatness rested, as the ash tree may of our ancient spears: or, turning from military to literary associations, the beech tree, the German *Buche*, contains the key to the origin of our word *book*, for the *Buchstabe*, or letter, was originally a strip of the beech bark, on which the Germans of old cut signs to represent words, for the better remembrance of events.

So, on the whole, the conclusion must be in favour of the advantages as compared with the disadvantages we have derived from the denizens of the forest. The summing-up must be in their favour. It is of course conceivable that it might have happened everywhere, as it has in the Russian steppes, that in the vegetable struggle for existence, grasses which grow to thirty or forty feet might have finally triumphed over every form of tree development. How great might then have been the difference in the mental history of mankind! We might have been spared that frightful belief in an ubiquitous personified malevolence which so tortured our ancestors and still tortures too many of our contemporaries; but against this gain, incalculable it may be, we should have to set so many losses, that no other conclusion would seem really tenable than that the victory of the trees over the grasses has been to the greater benefit of humanity.

J. A. FARRER.

[1] Strutt, *Sylva Britannica*, 110.

A SUMMER'S REMINISCENCE.

EVERY year we see a visible decrease in bird life upon the Norfolk rivers and "broads," and several of the fauna of the district, which were a few years ago comparatively common, are now almost extinct. I was forcibly reminded of the fact the other day when I was shown a brace of bittern, but the particular neighbourhood in which they were shot is unknown to me. It is not my intention to deal entirely with *raræ aves*, because, if I did, this sketch would prove uninteresting to a great many readers, but I will allude to other "birds," which are migratory also. Long before the "broads" became a fashionable and popular resort during the summer months, wild fowl of every species and description were the only visitors to those delightful waters, with the exception, perhaps, of the stealthy poacher who went about his work among the finny tribe quietly, and caused but a very slight flutter of excitement among the feathered community. Perchance a wicked wherryman would occasionally take a quiet pot shot or two at the feathered flock—it was a heterogeneous tribe—when no one was looking, and the old fowling-piece would be as surreptitiously placed beneath the cabin floor, in order to avoid the possibility of unpleasant questions being asked by official-looking individuals when the wherry was moored alongside a public quay. The little "broads," formerly environed by tall towering reeds, which effectively shut out the view from curious, meddling eyes, were the breeding-places for the birds, while the low, swampy, marshy land was a favourite rendezvous for the *élite* of fowl society. The use of steam power to drain the marshes has almost prevented any large overflow of water, except in certain districts contiguous to the river, while in many instances land has been reclaimed. Reeds have become valuable property, and being periodically cut down, have revealed the secret hiding-places of the feathered tribe, and the lonely places where they "did mostly congregate." The advent of "Charlie" (a more respectable relation of the well known 'Arry) upon the Norfolk "broads," has had a wonderful effect upon the fowl, and has also affected the common necessaries of river life—by which I mean [illegible] *other necessaries*. The solitary bittern, in common with

his race, has been startled by the appearance of gorgeous costumes utterly foreign to the neighbourhood, by shouts and cries equally peculiar; their haunts have been invaded and utterly shattered by trampling reckless feet, their solitude broken by noisy laughter and rough horse-play, rude hands and inquisitive eyes have been thrust into strictly private openings in the reeds or banks, which were from time immemorial the honoured trysting-places for enamoured couples. The murderous sound of fire-arms became unbearable, and the quiet little bits of water have been ruffled by the splash of the ruthless shot as it came crashing through the brakes and wild grass and waving reeds, spreading consternation at every yard. A reign of terror had commenced, and from this, and other causes connected with it, the number of wild fowl have sensibly decreased; and although there may still be secluded spots here and there, where the old peaceful spirit abides as in the good old days, they are few and far between and require a good deal of looking for. The soft echoes of the summer night are shaken and vibrate with shrill cries. The sound of music is wafted to and fro on the evening zephyrs, while the sturdy chorus of voices and the splash of oars constitute a fitting accompaniment to the song.

Lights from cabins blink and flicker over the waste of marsh and sedge; sails, looking white and ghostly in the moonlight, are to be seen towering above the reeds, moving in a mysterious manner, the yacht being towed by unseen spirits upon the bank. Daylight breaks with a nice sailing breeze, and some fearful and wonderful navigation takes place. Attired in all the colours of the rainbow strange mariners appear at almost every bend of the river, their postures being equally varied. One lying full length along the cabin top; another preparing the morning meal under the shade of the main-sail; another pretending to fish, but is too hot and too lazy to bait the hook. A fourth gazes dreamily at the verdant banks, all gloriously arrayed in their summer foliage, and at the bright dancing water as it glides past, broken gently by the iron-bound stem; or listens to the musical tinkle of the water as it rubs against the carvel-built jolly-boat, towing astern, with about two feet of its keel exposed to view, owing to the fact that a youth is sitting in the stern, engaged in the pleasing operation of dangling his feet in the cooling stream, looking intently at an approaching wherry, the big brown sail of which stands out distinct and dark like a blot on the horizon. Two of the crew are discussing the *matutinal* glass of beer in the cabin, where the air is hot and heavy with the smoke that comes in small clouds from the lips of the

smokers. But ever and anon the cool breeze from the main-sail disperses this, and, as the yacht heels over to the gentle morning breeze, a bundle of rugs and great-coats, used for bedding, come rolling down to leeward, disclosing the awful presence of a half-emptied bottle of whisky and some score cigars, the former having been evidently a prominent feature in the previous evening's programme. A delightfully Bohemian breakfast is partaken of—some fresh butter and eggs having been procured from an adjacent river-side house—and the cooking utensils, plates, &c., and the usual breakfast accessories having been stowed away, we notice that there are signs that the wind is dying and a scorching hot day is in prospect. The wherry, which has been creeping lazily up to us, is now alongside, and is only moving on the tide, her big sail hanging stiff and straight, like a monstrous sheet of brown paper, while the smoke from the chimney of the little cabin aft ascends perpendicularly, gradually forming a thin blue vein in the morning air, which is redolent with the perfumes gently wafted to us from smiling fields, all aglow with "meadow-sweet" and other field-flowers which crown the banks on either side of us, their simple beauty being reflected, like the sails of our craft, in the water below. Every breath of wind has gone, and the delightful silence is only broken by the cawing of the rooks and the measured tread of the wherryman, who, in spite of the increasing heat, works steadily at his quant. There is, what is called in nautical parlance, a "flat" calm, and the river lies before us like a mirror, the sun giving to its surface a dazzling brightness, which produces a tendency to sleep among the quiet votaries of the gentle art, who look up lazily as we creep pass, bestowing an envious glance at the cool shelter that our cabin affords. The wherryman has arrived at the conclusion that quanting is hard work, and has ceased his labours. A dead silence now ensues, and an indescribable feeling of delight and enjoyment possesses us. It is a peaceful scene, and I have seen many such, but I have not the power to adequately describe them, neither have I the space at my disposal if my pen were at liberty. There are visitors to the "broads," however, who are not so innocent in their pursuits as the young gentlemen I have portrayed. This peculiarity arises from two causes, namely, a lack of good manners and a dangerously little knowledge of elementary navigation. Now, I do not wish my London readers who visit our delightful
take my remarks as applying generally to London
contrary, I wish to particularise the persons to
allude, with a view to showing how their man

and their presence among us respected. Fortunately the species of "young England" I refer to is at present rare upon the rivers and "broads" in the summer-time. Suddenly let loose from close confinement in London, and with a comfortable sum of money each, a small party of young men hire a yacht and scorn the services of a man. They know how to hoist the sails, and *one* of them says he has steered a boat before. He is unanimously appointed helmsman for good or evil, and after a fashion he manages to sail the craft, but an impartial judge would certainly give it as his opinion that she sailed better when this metropolitan Ixion took his hand off the tiller. Emboldened by their success, they do not hesitate to take as many liberties with the adjacent land as they have done with the river, and one of them, emulating the character of Mr. Winkle, is the sportsman of the party. By virtue of this qualification he is no respecter of persons, and whether it is on board the yacht or on the "ronds" the others stand an equal chance of being shot. With impudence and recklessness born of common minds and pitiful ignorance, these worthies do not hesitate to blaze away at birds whenever they get the opportunity, and in the jolly-boat they explore the various "broads" and indentations, displaying a refreshing disregard for the notice-boards they occasionally encounter. Neither do they confine their exploits to the water, for, having hauled the boat into a little creek, or moored her by the painter with a knot which is guaranteed to come untied at the smallest possible amount of tension, they depart on their mission of adventure, and, if they have not the gun with them, they frighten fowl by unearthly screams and cries, at the same time trampling down the cover, and generally executing a war dance, with a chorus illustrative of the adventures of "Charlie Dilke." Disturbing peaceful fishermen, familiarly accosting other yachting parties, and levying blackmail upon young country girls by insinuations and apoplectic gestures, these corsairs continue their course, all of them on the best of good terms with themselves.

Their career, however, is not an unchequered one, for their ignorance of simple navigation leads them into scrapes of all kinds, while the possibility of their being run down or running down someone else is looked upon as a common accident, and at least twice a day comes within the bounds of probability. Missing stays is considered a necessity, and with the jib-sheet made fast to windward, they struggle to push the yacht off the bank against which she is pressed by the wind. Getting hard and fast ashore, carrying away gear, getting aback, narrowly escaping collision, &c., &c., are matters of hourly occurrence.

If "things have riz" up the rivers, or, in polite language, if board and lodging, eggs and butter have gone up in price, it is because the unsophisticated landlord, after having supplied the necessaries or taken the money for the lunch, is accosted in this style, "What, governor, only —— for all this; why, you don't half charge, we can't get stuff half so cheap in any other place but Norfolk."

The end of it is, these gentry have created aspirations in the breast of Boniface, which he realises on every possible occasion by remembering the advice so temptingly offered to him to "charge."

Still, there is little to complain about after all, because if things were absurdly low in price three or four years ago, one cannot expect them to remain so, when there is such a large and increased influx of visitors to the now celebrated "broads" and rivers of Norfolk. The riparian ownership of tidal waters is one thing, and a reckless disregard for property is another, and I feel sure that so far from wishing, or even attempting, to prevent the access of visitors to these delightful waters, the supposed owners thereof desire that the same freedom should be extended to the many hundreds of pleasure seekers who annually revel in the beauties of Norfolk river scenery. It is not necessary that strangers should go about armed in Norfolk, and those persons who have watched the behaviour of the natives will agree with me that they are well disposed towards "foreigners," and are always willing to render assistance when called upon to do so. Complaints have frequently emanated from those gentlemen interested in the keeping of Wroxham Broad, and apparently they have had just cause; therefore let us hope that these observations of mine, disinterested as they are, may have the effect of deterring unsophisticated youths from giving free exercise to their mischievous predilections while "doing" the Broads.

ROWLAND GOODWIN.

FLIES:
"THE HOSTS OF ACHOR."

FLIES and spiders are so naturally associated that having had the one for my subject the month before last, I can scarcely help having the other for my subject this month. To the fly the association is grim enough, and among the most appealing sounds in nature is the long-drawn cry of the captive shrilling its life out in the spider's ear. And yet, extending a sufficient sympathy to the victims, I am tolerably content to know that the spinner's toil has not been all in vain. When I see the glistening husk of an empty bluebottle hanging outside a cob-webbed chink, rattling like a calabash on a savage's door-post, I drop the tributary tear to departed worth; but remembering, anon, the burly trespasser that one slumberous afternoon in midsummer filled my room for an hour together with the intermittent horror of its buzz—as maddening in the suddenness of its cessations as in the heartiness of its recommencements, now quartering on the carpet, now hurtling about on the ceiling, everywhere by turns and nowhere long—I cannot but admire the kindliness of nature in bestowing on the poor spider the gift of spinning webs.

Those who think that the foremost function of the poet is the drawing of morals should be content with the treatment which "flies" receive in verse.

At the outset, however, it should not be forgotten that, poetically, insect, vermin, and reptile are interchangeable terms. Thus despicable humanity in general; or specific classes of unpopular persons and unpopular callings; or individuals held in contempt—are each and all described indifferently as insect, vermin, reptile. But the first of these terms is used to denote the "winged" variety of the obnoxious. Not as an invariable rule, of course, for poets[1] do not hesitate to speak of both vermin and reptiles as "by the light air upborne." Still, as a broad distinction, insects mean in poetry *winged* insects, and still more specifically "flies." And though among these occasionally the butterfly, moth, dragon-fly, beetle, and other creatures are spoken of as flies, that word may be accepted as

[1] See "Poets' Reptiles," *Gentleman's Magazine*, Nov. 1885.

individualising the household insects, the domestic *musca*, and the bluebottle. Vanities and the transient and fleeting phases of human life are, of course, symbolised under the ephemerids—"the swarm that in the noontide beam are born." The May-fly, fire-fly, horse-fly, and so forth, are each used for their special purpose. But in the first place, and the majority of cases, the fly of poetry is the *habitué* of our window panes, the *imagines Diavoli et hereticorum* of Luther—in fact, the house-flies.

So far by way of premise. Now the poet's vermin and reptiles are "engendered" of mud and slime—"Swampy fens, where putrefaction into life ferments," and "hoary fens, in putrid streams emitting the living cloud of pestilence." In this origin "insects" therefore share. "Sire of insects, mighty Sol!" says Prior, apostrophising flies. It is "the rank fly," "corruption's insect-blights," Pope's

> Morning insects that in muck begun
> Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting sun.

From such an origin, of course, only the vile can emanate and such as have a natural sympathy with corruption. So in metaphor the fly represents, more frequently than any other class, the base-born and base, the maggot-bred and maggot-breeding.

> Of pension'd patriots and privileged slaves,
> That party-coloured mass, which nought can warm
> But quick corruption's heat, whose ready swarm
> Spread their light wings in Bribery's golden sky,
> Buzz for a period, lay their eggs, and die.
>
> *Moore.*

> Those gilded flies that, basking in the sunshine of a Court,
> Fatten on its corruption! what are they?
> The drones of the community; they feed
> On the mechanic's labour.
>
> *Shelley.*

> Oh! that a verse had power and could command
> Far far away these flesh-flies of the land;
> Who fatten without mercy on the fair,
> And suck, and leave a craving maggot there.
>
> *Cowper.*

> Ye tinsel insects whom a court maintains,
> That count your beauties only by your stains,
> Spin all your cobwebs.
>
> *Pope.*

Pope, it is seen, mixes up butt
then it is only Pope, and his

How curious, by the way, that want of generosity is in poets which makes them take every opportunity that offers to remind winged insects of their previous and more lowly stage of existence. One would almost have expected them, as moralists, to see the encouraging aspect of the transformation of caterpillars into butterflies, and grubs into flies, to have taught humility the lesson of hope, and industrious obscurity the gospel of rewards on this side the grave. The intermediate chrysalis stage is, again, most simply eloquent of patient expectancy based upon a perfect faith. The philosophers of old would have made much of these beautiful and profound parables, and the many inspiriting readings they offer to the student. But the poets, so rarely as almost to justify my saying never, take heed of them. "The crawling worm that turns to summer fly" is a vermin, a reptile; and the summer fly only a muck-worm in disguise, braving it like a harlot, in finery for half the day:

> Diseased, decayed, to take up half a crown
> Must mortgage her long scarf and mantua gown.
> Poor creature who, unheard of, as a fly
> In some dark hole must lie a whole half-year
> That, for one month, she tawdry may appear.
>
> *Rochester.*

A masquerading maggot, a tawdry gaudy grub. And, say the poets, "blood will out." The fine fly reveals in its progeny its own descent. It is bound to betray itself, and lay eggs which will turn to maggots. All this is very curious to me, and somewhat puzzling.

However, to return to metaphors. Flies are "courtiers," "sycophants," "beggars," "triflers," "rhymesters," "critics"—everything in fact, that poets specially censure, and that are elsewhere described as "vermin" or "reptiles":

> You like the gaudy fly your wings display,
> And sip the sweets, and bask in your great patron's day.
>
> *Dryden.*

> The nameless insects of a court.
>
> *Thomson.*

> Beggars like flies that oft return.
>
> *Broome.*

> Whether he measure earth, compute the sea,
> Weigh sunbeams, carve a fly, or spit a flea,
> The solemn trifler with his boasted skill
> Toils much, and is a solemn trifler still.
>
> *Cowper.*

Witlings, brisk fools, cursed with half-sense
That stimulates their impotence,
Who buzz in rhyme, and, like blind flies,
Err with wings for want of eyes.
Green.

The fly-critic deserves more than one quotation, so here are three, from Butler, Young, and Byron:

Critics are like a kind of flies that breed
In wild fig-trees; and, when they're grown up, feed
Upon the raw fruit of the nobler kind,
And, by their nibbling on the outward rind,
Open the pores; and make way for the sun
To ripen it sooner than he would have done.

Slight peevish insects round a genius rise
As a bright day awakes the world of flies;
With hearty malice, but with feeble wing.
(To show they live) they flutter and they sting;
But as by depredations wasps proclaim
The fairest fruit, so these the fairest fame.

Humming, like flies, around the newest blaze
The bluest of bluebottles you e'er saw,
Teasing with blame, excruciating with praise.

Youth hovering round dangerous temptation, and desire for beauty, have of course their poetical counterfeits in insects, that flutter into flames and rifle flowers. In the first catastrophe the moth is properly the usual victim, but sometimes the fly, as Ben Jonson's simpleton,

In his mistress' flame, playing like a fly,
Was turned to cinders by her eye.

Or Byron's "youthful friend,"

E'en now thou'rt nightly seen to add
One insect to the fluttering crowd;
And still thy trifling heart is glad
To join the vain and court the proud.
There dost thou glide from fair to fair,
Still simpering on with eager haste;
As flies along the gay parterre
That taint the flowers they scarcely taste.

A more original fancy than the majority is, however, Mackay's:

And there were other suitors, human flies,
That ever drone and buzz at honey pots;
With busy wings, lank legs, and suckers dry,
For want of golden sweets; that long to light
Upon the paths of widows richly dower'd,
And settle there; insatiate as wasps
That dig their feelers into luscious [illegible]
Or burrow into peach or apricot.

Mallett, too, finds in the bluebottle the suggestion for an excellent stanza :

> Still hov'ring round the fair at sixty-four,
> Unfit to love, unable to give o'er ;
> A flesh-fly, that just flutters on the wing,
> Awake to buzz, but not alive to sting ;
> Brisk where he cannot, backward where he can,
> The teasing ghost of the departed man.

Is "insect" a good synonym for man? The poets think it is, but I confess I do not agree with them. Not because the word is itself absurd as applied to creatures with solidly continuous bodies like men and women (for poetry does not of necessity concern itself with the real meanings of words), but because I am no pessimist, and think much too well of my kind to allow that *human* beings are either reptiles, vermin, or insects. What "vermin" are I do not know. In Western America the Red Indians are called vermin by the blackguard whites. In Australia "wild horses" are vermin; so on the continent are wolves ; in our English game-preserves so are hawks, owls, jays, and weasels. Professional "vermin"-killers mean by the term moles and rats. Patent "vermin"-killing powders and pastes are directed against blackbeetles and crickets. In hospitals "vermin" means lice. So that anything between a Red Indian and a louse may be "vermin."

But reptiles and insects are words which, outside of poetry and hyperbole, have exact meanings, and there is nothing in the nature of these creatures to make their name a term of reproach, or befitting as a synonym for worthless men. What has an underhanded, sneaking coward in common with the ineffable splendour of forest-ruling pythons? Where does the comparison begin between the cringing, malice-mongering wretch and the awfulness of the elegant and courageous vipers? Why are the mischief-making and the worthless called by the name of harmless, useful toads? Does the crocodile properly illustrate small, pitiful hypocrisy? No : I cannot for myself admit that the baseness of humanity finds any reflection in reptiles ; nor yet in insects. It is, of course, a gross degradation to a human being that he should so lose all appearance of reason in his conduct as to seem no better than an unreasoning insect. But meanwhile it should not be forgotten that in this declension of humanity from its own noble level there is no ground for making the insect sink with the man. Because a filthy man descends to the same pleasure in filth that a dung-beetle finds in the dunghill, is the latter dirty? Because he leaves his trail on everything he touches, is the snail to be abused for defiling? Because he taints whatever he settles on, is the fly as noisome as he? Surely not. The dung-

beetle, the snail, and the fly are on their proper plane, and are cleanly, industrious, and respectable. When a human being delights to burrow and wallow in dirt, to beslime all he touches, to deface and besmear the beautiful, he dishonours his own reason, and becomes like something else, which is itself admirable, but for a man to resemble, shameful. It is in the act of resembling, and not the thing resembled, that the shamefulness lies, and where reproach should fall. Monkeys are as good as men. And yet, when men behave like monkeys, they deserve to be whipped out of human society. Does this sound irreconcilable? To tell a man that he is no better than an ape does not necessarily imply that the ape is worse than he. It does not convey the compliment that he is as nimble, as clever, as moral, as good a husband and father as the ape. It simply means that his behaviour does not seem to be controlled by human reason. The ape gets none the worse from the man doing so. It remains what it is, a very admirable wild animal.

Or, to call a man "a regular toad" is really to say that he is a remarkably sagacious, patient, hard-working, and very useful creature. But what is meant by the reproach is, that he is of a bloated, squat, and objectionable appearance, unsociable, hole-keeping. Well, even I do not think (in spite of what those who have kept toads as pets have to say) these creatures delectable in person —and I know persons who look very like toads, just as one knows people with profiles like sheep, horses, baboons, and so forth. But I certainly should not flatter any toad-resembling person if I found him stupid, or irritable, lazy, or mischievous, by saying he was a "regular toad."

However, all this by way of digression, a "spontaneous combustion;" and to return to the original fact, which is, that poets, as a class, are of the opposite way of thinking; and that when they detect a resemblance between a human act and an insect one, they transfer to the latter all the rest of the former's weaknesses, failings, and vices.

In direct association with man, the most familiar one is the fly that will not let you sleep. "I fain had slept but flies would buzz around" is not very poetical, but it is a very truthful incident. The other that gets into what you are drinking, and finds a Duke-of-Clarence death therein. Whence Quarles has this moral:

> The sun-delighting fly repairs at first
> To the full cup; only to quench her thirst.
> But oftentimes she sports about the brink,
> And sips so long till she be drowned in drink.
> When wanton leisure shall present thee
> With lavish cups: Remember

And the bluebottle that bangs into your room on sultry afternoons and bangs out again—a theme to which the faithful Hurdis rises:

> At the door
> Enters the flesh-fly, and with cheerful hum
> Invades the house interior: on the pane
> Thumps he and buzzes; the resounding hall
> Travels again; and with a bounce departs:
> Grateful remembrance leaving on the mind
> Of still enjoyment in the musing hour
> Of summer's drowsy noon, and pleasing thought
> Oft interrupted by his brisk career.

And the fly that settles on your face, and when you slap it does not get slapped:

> Impatient at the foul disgrace
> From insect of so mean a race;
> And, plotting vengeance on his foe,
> With double fist he aims a blow:
> The nimble fly escaped by flight;
> And skipp'd from this unequal fight.
> The impending blow with all its weight
> Fell on his own beloved pate.
>
> *Somerville.*

The urchin on his way to school stalks the contemplative bluebottle on the sunny wall with all the precautions a Red Indian would spend over a bear; and, even then, the sudden whisk with which his hand goes all ascrape along the wall, proves as often as not unavailing. Either the fly was washing his face, and did not get up off the bricks soon enough, or else he was watching the urchin, as the wily bear often watches the Redskin, and was off too soon. But, whatever the reason, the fact remains that the bluebottle does not. Moreover, in flying away, it startles all the other flies for yards around, and the happy hunting grounds which the shiny-faced youth had found are suddenly desolated by his single misadventure, just as a prairie is emptied of its bison by the mischance of a rifle going off by accident. When grown up, the same boy continues to catch flies, or tries to. He buys gummy compositions, which he smears upon paper, with the expectation that the insects will sit upon it and become entangled on the viscous surface and expire there. But he is doomed to disappointment wholesale, for the flies come and make prodigious meals off the gummy composition, and when they have done they walk round the edge of the plate with toothpicks in their mouths, as proud as old gentlemen in white waistcoats who have just

dined at a grand restaurant. Some of them eat too much, but they are not so mean-spirited as to show it, or to advertise the stuff that kills them; for they creep away into remote places—tobacco-jars, jam-pots, tea-caddies, the family bible, anywhere—and turn over flat on their back, and fold their arms across their breasts, and die with the most decent composure possible. There is no triumph to be scored off such decease. The small things confided in man, and got poisoned for doing so. They thought, as it was intended they should, that the sticky papers were laid out for their refreshment, and partook of the cold collation with that artless trustfulness which, after all, is one of the most agreeable features of the wild world. But the adhesive stuff, neither liquid nor solid—an amphibious sort of mixture, so to speak—had been laid on guilefully, "and the same with intent to deceive," and the flies therefore were as deliberately betrayed to their death as those guests of Jung Bahadur's who were invited to supper, but beheaded before they had time to begin. As a specimen of hospitality, the treacled plate is execrable; as a practical joke, it is in the worst possible taste.

So far, then, the association of flies and human beings, in the poets so characteristically prominent but in nature rather accidental, casual, and secondary. Far more important, naturally, is the association between the fly and spider. Each is the complement of the other; each the corollary to the other's proposition. From spider you deduce fly; it is arguing from the known to the known. The one is as implicit in the other as bride in bridegroom. You cannot imagine flies without spiders any more than you can imagine matter without form. They go together like substance and shadow. The idea of either alone is an absurdity, a negative quantity. Subtract flies from spiders and what remains? And this intimate relativity is not lost sight of by the poets; the literature of fly-spiderism is immense, as in my article on "Arachne" I have already set forth.

Their Fate sits toiling for them, three Fates in one, spinning, measuring, and cutting into lengths; and there is a mathematical neutrality, a cold, calculated deliberateness about the spider as it works that is significant of assured success. How it tries each thread as it is finished, how practically it halts at each crossing of the strands to secure the line, with what an air of "Now I'm ready for dinner," it takes its seat.

Yet there are many delightful passages in poetry recognising the fact that occasionally the silly fly does *not* walk into the crafty spider's parlour to gossip, and that it *does* sometimes break through "th

flimsie nette," and make a triumphant escape, leaving the spider with a great deal of temper to make good and a large hole in the net as well. Thus Bloomfield enlarges on a bluebottle's scrapes. It had escaped, it says, from a sparrow and then from a man's hand, but flew "with such ardour and glee" that it went headlong into a cobweb, with its owner at home:

> Who so fiercely came out
> Of his hole, that no doubt
> He expected that I was secure.
> But he found 'twould not do;
> For I found my way through,
> Overjoyed at escaping, you're sure.

Another association, hardly more agreeable to the fly, is that with fish. Says Herbert:

"You must lose a fly to catch a trout," which is but poor consolation for the bait thus advantageously lost. However, they more often perish of their own act, when, "on the sunny shallows resting," they "tempt the watching fish to spring," or when, as in Grahame, they provoke two fates in one:

> Dimpling the water glides, with here and there
> A glossy fly skimming in circlets gay
> The treacherous surface; while the quick-eyed trout
> Watches his time to spring; or, from above,
> Some feather'd dam, purveying mid the boughs,
> Darts from her perch, and to her plumeless young
> Bears off the prize.

That birds should eat flies does not, somehow, affect the poets. The spider is a crafty villain and a murderer, but "the sweet songster" that carries off insects to its "callow young" is only fulfilling a beautiful parental function. This is, of course, in a way as it should be, for if it were not for prejudices poetry would often be but flat stuff; yet it is worth noting in passing. Owls are formally damned as fiendish for singing to their mates at night; not so nightingales. Storks are complimented on eating frogs, but a wolf must not even look through the fence at mutton.

Hitherto the fly has figured only in its sadder aspects, as the creature of corruption and an emblem of the corrupt, the tormentor of man, the victim of spiders, the prey of fishes and of birds. But it has its gayer side as the persecutor of cattle and sheep, as what Hiawatha calls

> The stinging fly the Ahmo,

but which our poets address as "the breeze." The poets positively revel in this insect. For herds and flocks are especially their delight; and as it is impossible in summer to contemplate either one or the other without becoming aware of "the breeze" at work among them, the fly is worth whole volumes. Both sheep and cattle are of a monotonous sort to watch. Unless outside influences operate, they are a dull lot. It is not often they originate any excitement. Their summum bonum is a complete placidity; their Elysium meadows where something of the halcyon kind should brood perpetually. But even on poets such unruffled scenes would pall in time. Even Cowper and Wordsworth were annoyed by the uneventful tranquillity of cow-happiness. So "the breeze" comes as a boon and a blessing. The vagrant cur is acceptable as an incident; the stranger animal from another herd is welcome; the calf a god-send to "milky-mother" verse. But "the breeze"! What animation it at once imparts to the scene. "Teasing fly-time"! At ordinary times the herds are going to pasture or coming back, eating or reposing. They chew the cud and get milked. The heifer's bell tinkles drowsily at times. A cow in the lane says "moo." But the life is dull, say what you will; and if it had not been for "the fly that pricks the gadding neate," I cannot imagine what some of our poets would have done for pastoral verse. No set of cows, let them be ever so variegated in colour, could well be sung of more than once if they only grazed and lay down. As a touch of Spring in a rural poem the "placid beeves," "unworried in the meads," are admirable once in a way and for all; and "the calm pleasures of the pasturing herds" complete the vernal scene very handsomely—if not recurring too frequently.

> The cattle are grazing,
> Their heads never raising;
> There are forty feeding like one.

But when Summer comes "the breeze-fly" comes with it, and great is the relief of poets. Good-bye to "the balm, of palpable and breathing calm." The herds are now "restless." They rush from their tormentors into the water, and "standing knee-deep, scare off with sudden head reversed the insect swarm," or "fly with tufted tail erect to the shade," "scampering madly." The whole field is astir with swinging tails. Never still, the herd offers a perpetual succession of incidents to the poets, a kaleidoscope of cattle. Feeding becomes a running fight with
milking episode a skirmish:

Even at the close of day
Unruly cows with marked impatience stay,
And vainly striving to escape their foes,
The pail kick o'er.

Nor do the sheep fare much better, "what time the new-shorn flock stand here and there, with huddled head, impatient of the fly." For the shearers are just then at work, and

The fretful ewe bemoans an equal share,
Tormented with flies, her head she hides,
Or angry brushes from her new-shorn sides,

is a welcome touch of Summer, which the poets gratefully acknowledge by frequent use. The horse, too, with cruelly-cropped tail, commands the sympathy that is due:

By the unclouded sun are hourly bred
The bold assailants that surround thy head,
Poor patient Ball! and, with insulting wing,
Roar in thine ears, and dart the piercing sting.

In thy behalf the crest-waved boughs avail
More than thy short-clipt remnant of a tail,
A moving mockery, a useless name,
A living proof of cruelty and shame.
Shame to the man, whatever name he bore,
Who took from thee what man can ne'er restore;
Thy weapon of defence, thy chiefest good,
When swarming flies contending suck thy blood.

Why are flies so unpopular? That everybody dislikes them everybody knows. Luther hated them, and massacred them without mercy. He said they were "emissaries of Diabolus, and the ghosts of heretics," because whenever he was reading a pious book they paraded about upon it to distract his attention, and soiled it. Long before Luther's time, however, they were specially affiliated upon Beelzebub, the patriarch prince of bluebottles. The monks abominated them, and said they were immoral. Religious legends of the Talmud are to the discredit of the dipterous vagabond. The Mussulman brings his slipper down on a fly "in the name of the prophet." In hot countries special engines are prepared for their discomfiture and destruction—prodigious whisks of horsehair or yak-tail, round flaps of leather attached to long handles of cane. Sancho Panza cursed them as being enemies to sleep; and all through Southern Europe they are under the ban of a universal execration. "Fly-time" is in half the world a season of terrors; when commerce hesitates to busy itself, social arrangements are in abeyance, and

everything is dislocated and in disorder, simply because the flies are abroad.

One of the plagues of Egypt was the fly. It is one of the penalties of Purgatory. All this is, of course, very much to the discredit of this small satellite of man, this importunate dependent of humanity.

Historically, flies are insignificant. In Philistia they had a fly-god, Baalzebub. Egypt, in her ancient litanies, prayed to Achor for deliverance from them, but, judging from modern Egypt, with but scant response. Cowley, in his ode, makes the mistake of thinking Aaron's plague was a miscellaneous assortment of species, mixed entomology let loose wholesale upon the Pharaoh and his people.

> Harmful flies, in nations numberless,
> Composed the mighty army's spurious host;
> Of different manners, different languages,
> And different habits, too they were,
> And different arms they bore;
> And some, like Scythians, lived on blood;
> And some on green, and some on flowery food.
> And Accaron the airy prince led on this various host.

Now, Cowley, thinking to improve on the original, has destroyed the whole horror of the plague; for surely there is something positively grotesque in a various host of wasps, gad-flies, hornets, dragon-flies, bluebottles, bumble-bees, fire-flies, mosquitos, may-flies, gnats, sand-flies, tsetse, and all the rest of them? The real, overwhelming, loathsome horror of the visitation was of course this, that the land of Egypt suddenly swarmed from end to end with *house-flies*, and no others. They did not sting, nor bite. They did nothing aggressive, but simply sat in sheets, in heaps, everywhere, acres of them, square miles, crawling one over the other, ever-shifting clouds, almost too thick to walk through, perpetually rising and re-settling. Who that has been in Egypt in the hot weather has not felt the fly an almost intolerable burden, a presence almost too nauseating for endurance? And the bazaars! Even un-plagued they are a memory to shudder at. What is that man yonder selling? As someone passes, the black plaster of flies lifts heavily for an instant off the wares on his stall. They are ruddy in colour. What are they? Sweetmeats dyed with pomegranate juice? Water-melons split to show their rosy freshness? Or meat? The seller is asleep in the corner, his clout over his head, and the flies hang in bunches from every stain on the *dirty rag.* And worse, and worse, and worse is seen, till the cumulative horror would shame an English page to describe it, and sicken

the reader. So why did Cowley—he often does it in the same poem—think to improve upon Divine vengeance, so simple and yet so inconceivably shocking, by the elegancies of variety?

Moore has a poem on the Egyptians' worship of the hosts of Achor, in which he turns the point to suit his own political prejudices:

> The wise men of Egypt were secret as dummies,
> And even when they most condescended to teach,
> They packed up their meaning as they did their mummies
> In so many wrappers 'twas out of one's reach.
> They were also good people, much given to kings,
> Fond of monarchs and crocodiles, monkeys and mystery,
> Bats, hierophants, bluebottle flies, and such things:
> As will partly appear in this very short history.
>
> A Scythian philosopher (nephew they say
> To that other great traveller, young Anacharsis)
> Stepped into a temple of Memphis one day,
> To have a short peep at their mystical farces.
> He saw a brisk bluebottle *fly* on an altar;
> Made much of and worshipped as something divine;
> While a large handsome *bullock*, led there in an halter,
> Before it lay stabbed at the foot of the shrine.
>
> Surprised at such doings, he whispered his teacher,
> If 'tisn't impertinent, may I ask why
> Should a bullock, that useful and powerful creature,
> Be thus offered up to a bluebottle fly?
> No wonder, said t'other, you stare at the sight,
> But we, as a symbol of monarchy view it:
> That fly on the shrine is Legitimate Right,
> And that bullock, the people that's sacrificed to it.

The fly that sat on the wheel and prided itself on the dust that was raised, the other that flew up with the eagle and nestled in its eyrie, and Io's bane, complete, I think, the poets' record of legendary flies of note.

Yet who admires the fly? It is true that Homer compares the valiant Greeks to a fly; and never was simile more apt. For what can exceed the astonishing courage of this insect, the reckless intrepidity of its assault, or the desperate persistence of it? Supposing, as someone says, a man were out walking, and a seven-acre field suddenly turned upside down with him? For this is exactly what happens to a fly every time you whisk it off with your hand. But it comes back exactly to the same spot! What man of us would do much? It is true the fly has made itself familiar with such sudden

upheavals of an apparently solid surface, and this argues no trifling degree of nerve and resource. If the thing were a blockhead and a dunce, and got killed for its clumsiness every time it sat down, it would be another affair altogether; and the bluebottle would be only a kind of Mr. Feeble who gave in to the first Giant he met. But this is not so, for in the matter of lives it takes about nine cats to make one fly. The insect graduates in adventure like the Student of Santillane, accepts the most appalling disasters of existence with the indifference of Sindbad, and treats bodily peril with the lofty scorn of Don Quixote. The fly in fact is an expert in the evasion of sudden death. It is assailed by the equivalents of thunder and lightning, of cannon-fire and volcanic explosion, but escapes them all. Dynamite is sprung upon it without avail. It laughs to scorn the shaking of the spear. Honest hostility in fact is of no use. It would not care in the least for all the king's horses and all the king's men. But against treachery what courage is of avail? Beset by the blandishments of a false friendship, what heroism can be proof? So the fly finds its end multitudinously in poisoned treacle, and the insect that would have braved, if necessary, the thunders of Assaye, falls a victim to the sticky insidiousness of the catch-em-alive-ohs. Whether this is as it should be is for the judgment of each individual.

But besides "the fly" ordinary, there are other species which the poets mix up with the domestic insects. Thus the "bluebottle" becomes the gad-fly when we find it "having tormented man, urge unsatisfied its course to torment the beast." As a matter of fact,

> All the race of silver-winged flies
> Which do possess the empire of the air

are lumped together—which perhaps is no more than is justifiable, for after all, if poets became entomological, verse would suffer. Still it is not justice, not even courtesy to nature.

The gad-fly, however, has a very distinct individuality. It is "fell Œstrus"; "the maddening fly," "the humming gad-fly," which (like the critic and author) "imprints its malicious comments on the tender flank." In Summer it is of course supreme in bovicultural verse:

> And scorching sunbeams warm and sultry creep
> Waking the teazing insects from their sleep:
> And dreaded gad-flies with their drowsy hum
> On the burnt wings of mid-day zephyrs come,
> Urging each clown to leave his sports in fear,
> To stop his starting cows that dread th
> Droning unwelcome tidings in his
> That the sweet peace of rural

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

THOUGH more than five years have passed since Dante Gabriel Rossetti died, the time has not yet come for forming a full and final estimate of his merits and demerits, his rank among contemporaries, and his place in modern literature and art. Were he living now he would only be in his sixtieth year, Tennyson's junior by nineteen years, Browning's by sixteen, Ruskin's by nine, and G. F. Watts's by eight, and of about the same age as Millais, Holman Hunt, and other friends of his youth who are still in their prime. The most remarkable, though hardly the greatest, English poet of this century, and a painter whose genius was rendered all the more conspicuous by its shortcomings, he was a man of such mingled strength and weakness in private life, of such a commanding spiritual presence, of such keen sympathies and such variable prejudices, that the admiration with which he was regarded by some and the aversion he provoked in others alike survive in too great force for all the truth to be as yet known and uttered about him. Much, however, has already been done towards showing him, if not in quite a correct light, at any rate in a light which the critics and panegyrists consider to be correct. Besides scores of shorter memoirs and comments, he has been described in separate volumes by three of his friends, Mr. William Sharpe, Mr. Hall Caine, and Mr. Joseph Knight. Two special exhibitions of his paintings, moreover, one under the auspices of the Royal Academy and one at the Burlington Arts Club, have helped the public to ascertain the quality of his work as an artist; while the complete collection of his writings which has lately been issued by his brother, Mr. W. M. Rossetti,[1] facilitates the study of his work as a poet. When to these volumes are added the same brother's promised selection from family letters and the literary biography that is being prepared by Mr. Theodore Watts, along with the careful account of his pictures in their chronological order which is projected by Mr. F. G. Stephens, we shall be supplied with as ample and as authentic information as can be looked for from his own circle. In the meanwhile, and without waiting for the whole library to be

[1] London: Ellis & Elvey, 2 vols., 1887.

furnished, outsiders have information enough to help them towards knowing a good deal about this notable product of nineteenth century culture, himself a notable producer of fresh culture in the lines of thought and work along which he moved.

Culture is only in a limited sense the right word to apply to Rossetti's training and influence. Born in London on May 12, 1828—his christening name being Gabriel Charles Dante, which he afterwards altered to Dante Gabriel—and being, as his brother says, "in blood three-fourths Italian and only one-fourth English," his regular education was, for the double career on which he entered or was driven by his genius, very slight. At fifteen he ceased to be a schoolboy and became a pupil in a private art academy. At eighteen he was a Royal Academy student, only working spasmodically in the antique school, however, and getting other practice in the studio of Mr. Madox Brown. Before he was twenty he and Mr. Holman Hunt were partners in a studio in Cleveland Street, Fitzroy Square, where much memorable work was done, and in which was started the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, though the organ of that brotherhood, *The Germ*, was planned in another studio in Newman Street, of which Rossetti was tenant a year later. His precocious talent as an artist bore fruit in paintings of considerable merit, and enabled him to take the lead among a group of friends, all of whom were his seniors, while he was still an "infant" in the eyes of the law, and his literary exploits kept pace with his eccentric skill in handling the brush. This singularly early growth of mind may have been partly due to his Italian ancestry, which certainly had much to do with the direction in which his faculties were exercised. His father was Gabriele Rossetti, the Italian patriot, who had to take refuge in England from the tyranny of Ferdinand I. of Naples, and who, during his thirty years of exile, wrote much on Dante and other subjects. His mother's father was Gaetano Polidori, who had been Alfieri's secretary, and who was also a zealous literary craftsman. Young Rossetti spoke and thought in Italian as well as in English from his childhood, and, easily acquiring a knowledge of French and German also, had an altogether cosmopolitan home training, with plenty in it to encourage and stimulate his native enthusiasm. Lack of systematic schooling was in part made up for by the zeal and intelligence with which he used all his opportunities for educating himself, and, though to the unusual conditions of his early life may be attributed some of his later misfortunes and failures, there can be no doubt that t
much to make him the great and brilliant man he

indeed, they were not the best possible conditions for the development of his peculiar genius. Poets—and painters, too—are born, not made. Both as a painter and as a poet Rossetti's growth was as natural as it was abnormal.

The two pursuits, which in his case were essentially one pursuit, followed in two concurrent but harmonious paths, jointly occupied him from the first. His art, in which some may think there was too much artifice, was always the same, whether it expressed itself in writing or on canvas; and though much, if not all, of the work in both respects which he did in his teens was perforce crude and unsatisfactory, it was all good practice. Of his paintings and drawings prior to 1848 only one, an interesting portrait of his father, seems to have been preserved, and the loss of the rest is hardly to be regretted. If, moreover, some of his earlier writings which have been preserved had also disappeared his reputation as a poet would not have suffered. But these latter, and the stray records we have of other experiments which have vanished, are of considerable use in showing what sort of a man he was at an age when, for most of us, manhood has not yet begun. From German he translated portions of the "Nibelungen Lied;" and "Henry the Leper," a graceful rendering of Hartmann von Aue's Swabian miracle-rhyme, "Der Arme Heinrich," is included in his collected poems. He translated more from Italian, however, many of the renderings of the "Vita Nuova" and of other writings by Dante and Dante's contemporaries and forerunners, which were touched up and completed as "The Early Italian Poets," published in 1861, having been made before he was twenty. By such studies he prepared himself for original work.

No uninitiated reader of "The Blessed Damozel" and "My Sister's Sleep," could imagine that these were the productions of a youth of nineteen. They were altered, it is true, and in many respects improved, at later dates; but the plans of the poems, both in thought and execution, remain as they were in 1847, and in each the thought is that of a mature man and the execution that of a skilful poet. The shorter poem—wholly imaginary, as no such sorrow had as yet fallen on the writer—is a simple and pathetic picture of a Christian maiden's death on Christmas-eve; and "The Blessed Damozel" is a highly imaginative realisation of another Christian maiden's patient waiting in heaven till death, which has parted her from her lover, shall restore him to her, while the lover less patiently awaits on earth the re-union he also longs for. There is full expression the pre-Raphaelite spirit in this quaint poem. To quote from the liest version, as it appeared in *The Germ*:—

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift
On the neck meetly worn;
And her hair, lying down her back,
Was yellow like ripe corn.

. . . . . .

"I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said;
"Have I not prayed in solemn heaven?
On earth has he not prayed?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
And shall I feel afraid?

"When round his head the aureole clings,
And he is clothed in white,
I'll take his hand and go with him
To the deep wells of light;
As unto a stream we will step down,
And bathe there in God's sight.

. . . . .

"Then will I ask of Christ the Lord
Thus much for him and me;—
To have more blessing than on earth
In no wise; but to be
As then we were—being, as then,
At peace. Yea, verily."

The four lines last quoted were afterwards greatly refined thus:—

Only to live as once on earth
With love; only to be,
As then awhile, for ever now,
Together, I and he.

But Rossetti could not in 1880 make much improvement on the words he had penned in 1847, and the dainty fancies to which he gave utterance in his teens were in harmony with the bolder temper of his verse, and the more varied expressions of his art, in the best of all his later years.

Yet more characteristic of Rossetti's prevailing mood through life, and a more masterly composition in itself, was "Hand and Soul," written in poetic prose when he was about one-and-twenty. This was a fanciful account of the experiences of such an one as Rossetti himself might have been had he, like the Chiaro dell' Erma whom he imagined, lived in Pisa six hundred years ago. "Conceiving art almost for himself, and loving it deeply," this young artist is represented as high-souled and nobly ambitious, but for a while disheartened when he saw "how [illegible] win fame, and *how little there* was to

his walks, he saw the great gardens laid out for pleasure, and the beautiful women who passed to and fro." "Torpid" for a time, his spirit soon revived. "For the most part he was calm and regular in his manner of study, though often he would remain at his work through the whole of a day, not resting once so long as the light lasted, flushed, and with the hair from his face. Or, at times, when he could not paint, he would sit for hours in thought of all the greatness the world had known from of old, until he was weak with yearning, like one who gazes upon a path of stars." He won fame by painting pictures on religious subjects, but himself got no satisfaction from them, for "he became aware that much of that reverence which he had mistaken for faith had been no more than the worship of beauty." Then he took to painting other pictures, "such as had for their end the presentment of some moral greatness that should influence the beholder, and to this end he multiplied abstractions, and forgot the beauty and passion of the world." These, however, brought him neither applause nor satisfied his own longings, and he was again disheartened. At length, in an hour of supreme agony, a presence came to him, as of a woman "clad to the hands and feet with a green and grey raiment." "It seemed that the first thoughts he had ever known were given him as at first from her eyes," and "he was like one who, scaling a great steepness, hears his own voice echoed in some place much higher than he can see." It was an image of his own soul that had taken shape to reprove and instruct him. After other speech—

"Thou hast said," she continued, gently, "that faith failed thee. This cannot be. Either thou hadst it not, or thou hast it. But who bade thee strike the point betwixt love and faith? Wouldst thou sift the warm breeze from the sun that quickens it? Who bade thee turn upon God and say, 'Behold, my offering is of earth and not worthy; Thy fire comes not upon it?' Why shouldst thou rise up and tell God He is not content? Had He, of His warrant, certified so to thee? Be not nice to seek out division, but possess thy love in sufficiency. Assuredly this is faith, for the heart must believe first. What He hath set in thine heart to do, that do thou; and even though thou do it without thought of Him, it shall be well done; it is this sacrifice that He asketh of thee, and His flame is upon it for a sign. . . . . Give thou to God no more than He asketh of thee; but to man, also, that which is man's. In all that thou doest, work from thine own heart, simply; for his heart is as thine, when thine is wise and humble, and he shall have understanding of thee. One drop of rain is as another, and the sun's prism in all; and shalt thou not be as he, whose lives are the breath of One? Only by making thyself his equal can he learn to hold communion with thee, and at last own thee above him. Not till thou lean over the water shalt thou see thine image therein; stand erect, and it shall slope from thy feet and be lost. Know that there is but this means whereby thou mayest serve God with man;—Set thine hand and thy soul to serve man with God."

More follows, and the whole of "Hand and Soul" is a literary gem; but the sentences quoted suffice to show what was the proud, yet humble, purpose with which Rossetti set himself to pain pictures and write poems when, in his twenty-first year, he considered that his duties as a man had begun. He fell short of his ideal—who does otherwise? but his purpose was great, and his achievement not small.

Both "Hand and Soul," and "My Sister's Sleep" were printed in the first number of *The Germ* in January, 1850, "The Blessed Damozel" appearing in the second and only other number. This shortlived magazine was continued through two other numbers as *Art and Poetry*, and had a successor in the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine* of 1856. In all these Rossetti and his friends, chiefly pre-Raphaelite, made a bold effort to forward the revolution which the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood had undertaken in 1849 to bring about. The movement was interesting, but it has been often chronicled, and it is not necessary here either to trace its history or to follow in detail the contributions that Rossetti made to it, as writer and as painter. Rossetti's paintings and drawings, indeed, of which nearly four hundred exist, if they and their sequence are to be explained, need far more space than can be devoted to them in a short article, and, as they only illustrate by another means of expression the same story of spiritual progress as his poems reveal, it will be sufficient to make a few passing references to them in the rapid survey now to be taken of his career as a grown man of letters. That career was in three stages, each of some ten or twelve years.

In or about 1850, having hitherto lived with his parents, Rossetti established himself in Chatham Place—since demolished—near Blackfriars Bridge. Here, till 1862, he made painting his chief business, as it was also his chief pleasure; writing whenever he was in the mood for it; holding intercourse with a large circle of friends, and showing little of the irritability that afterwards troubled himself and others. His greatest trouble for some time appears to have arisen from obstacles that his small income and other causes put in the way of his long-deferred marriage with Miss Elizabeth Eleanor Siddall. This young lady, a milliner's assistant, had been persuaded to sit as a model to one of Rossetti's artist friends. Rossetti, thus becoming acquainted with her, sought a like favour, and in this way began a friendship that led to an engagement, apparently in 1853, though they were not married till 1860. Attracted at first by her beauty, of which profuse reproductions appear in his paintings, he discovered or imagined in her great intellectual gifts, and especially *artistic talent.* Fr from his

pupil his cherished and revered companion—a Beatrice to his Dante. Some of his friends looked coldly on the intimacy, and yet more on the prospect of its ending in marriage, but others approved and sympathised. In a letter to Mr. Madox Brown, written in April, 1855, Rossetti tells how Lizzie and he have been spending a day with Mr. Ruskin, and how Mr. Ruskin thinks her "a noble woman." "Every one adores and reveres Lizzie," he said in another letter quoted by Mr. Joseph Knight. Unfortunately, Miss Siddall was a frequent invalid, and her state of health was an additional reason for not marrying on a small and precarious income. To her the poet addressed this sonnet, probably in 1854 :—

Would God your health were as this month of May
  Should be, were this not England, and your face
  Abroad to give this gracious sunshine grace
And laugh beneath the budding hawthorn-spray.
But here the hedgerows pine from green to grey
  While yet May's lyre is tuning, and her song
  Is weak in shade that should in sun be strong ;
And your pulse springs not to so faint a lay.
If in my life be breath of Italy,
  Would God that I might yield it all to you !
  So, when such grafted warmth had burgeoned through
The languor of your May-time's hawthorn-tree,
My spirit at rest should walk unseen, and see
  The garland of your beauty bloom anew.

In May, 1860, Rossetti and his nineteenth-century Beatrice were married. Death parted them in February, 1862, and the brightest stage in the poet-painter's life was cruelly ended—all the more cruelly because the blow come through Mrs. Rossetti's accidentally taking an overdose of the laudanum with which she tried to lessen the pain of an attack of neuralgia from which she was suffering.

The previous years had been busy years. In 1861 Rossetti published his volume on "The Early Italian Poets," part of which he had prepared at least twelve years before, but which, especially the inimitable translation of Dante's "Vita Nuova," was congenial work to overhaul and perfect in the time of courtship and early wedded life. He also copied out, with some alterations, so many as he cared to preserve of the original poems he had written long ago and since, with a view to their publication. In a morbid fit, however, after his wife's death, he, as he then thought, abandoned for ever this purpose. "On the day of the funeral," says Mr. Joseph Knight, "Rossetti walked into the chamber in which the body lay. In his hand was a book into which, at her bidding, he had copied his poems. Regardless of those present, he spoke to her as though she

were still living, telling her that the poems were written to her and were hers, and that she must take them with her. He then placed the volume beside her face in the coffin, leaving it to be buried with her in Highgate Cemetery." It was not till seven years later, and then only after long and earnest persuasion by his friends, that he allowed this volume to be disinterred, and its contents copied, in order that they might be included with his later work in the book of "Poems," which was published in 1870.

Much of Rossetti's best poetry was written during the period before 1862; foremost in time, if not in merit, being his well-known "Sister Helen," the date of which is 1851. In weirdness and pathos, tragic suggestion and word wizardry, this ballad is unsurpassed. Its forty-two short verses—originally only thirty-three—unfold the whole story of a wronged woman's ruthless vengeance on her false lover as she watches the melting of the "waxen man" which, according to the old superstition, is to carry with it the destruction, body and soul, of him in whose likeness it was fashioned. The innocent prattle and the half-ignorant narrative and questioning of the "little brother," who watches and reports the incidents attending the working of the charm that "sister Helen" has contrived, helps immensely in giving shape and strength to the poet's conception; and the dirge-like refrain makes the ballad indeed a splendid example of what Mr. Theodore Watts has aptly, if somewhat pedantically, called "the renascence of wonder." From the first verse, which was not in the original—

"Why did you melt your waxen man,
Sister Helen?
To-day is the third since you began."
"The time was long, yet the time ran,
Little brother."
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Three days to-day between Hell and Heaven!)—

the notes of scorn and sorrow, lamentation and loathing, vary and alternate; but there is one sustained wail of pitiless hate and fateful retribution down to the end in which this mediæval Medea shares the doom she has brought on her betrayer:—

"Ah! what white thing at the door has cross'd,
Sister Helen?
Ah! what is this that sighs in the frost?"
"A soul that's lost as mine is lost,
Little brother!"
(*O Mother, Mary Mother,*
Lost, lost, all lost, between Hell and Heaven

Rossetti wrote other ballads, in their

which "the renascence of wonder" was brilliant and striking, but he never surpassed this creation of his twenty-third year. "The Last Confession," of about the same date, is perhaps a finer poem, but it shows too much the influence of Mr. Browning, whose acquaintance Rossetti had made not long before he wrote it, and whose method is imitated, though with almost equal dramatic force and subtlety, in the Italian patriot's account of the way in which, to save her from the cruel, shameful fate he imagined to be before her, he was led to kill the luckless maiden who had come to him for protection as a little girl, whom he had tenderly cared for during eleven years, in which time she had passed from childhood to womanhood, and by her ripening beauty had changed his affection from a father's to a lover's, without herself feeling other change than gradual estrangement under the spell of outside and baser interests. "The Bride's Prelude," moreover, had Rossetti written more than the long introduction which was penned in or before 1853, might have taken high rank among his works; and "The Burden of Nineveh," as well as "Dante at Verona," and many of his best sonnets and shorter poems, must be attributed to the years of early manhood; but, more notable than anything else of this decade, after "Sister Helen" and "The Last Confession," was "Jenny," to be presently referred to.

Rossetti, meanwhile, was hard at work with his painting, so long as his wife was near him, before and after marriage; and he found much else to do, one agreeable business being co-operation with Alexander Gilchrist in preparation of the latter's "Life of Blake," and, after Gilchrist's death, giving assistance to the widow in completing the work. Some letters from him, which are quoted in Mr. H. H. Gilchrist's lately published memoir of his mother, furnish pleasant evidence of Rossetti's large heartedness and good nature, and all who knew him in his Chatham Place days testify to his gracious manners and solid worth. "The main features of his character," Canon Dixon wrote to Mr. Hall Caine, "were, in my apprehension, fearlessness, kindliness, a decision that sometimes made him seem arbitrary, and condensation or concentration. He was wonderfully self-reliant. . . . . His work was great; the man was greater. His conversation had a wonderful ease, precision, and felicity of expression. He produced thoughts perfectly enunciated, with a deliberate happiness that was indescribable, though it was always simple conversation, never haranguing or declamation. He was a natural man because he was a natural teacher. When he chose to be interested in anything that was brought before him no pains were too great for him to take.

His advice was always given warmly and freely, and when he spoke of the works of others it was always in the most generous spirit of praise. It was, in fact, impossible to have been more free from captiousness, jealousy, envy, or any other form of pettiness than this truly noble man." That is a friend's portrait, but scarcely over-coloured, it would seem, of Rossetti as he was before his wife died.

After his wife died he bore his loss bravely. "I find the inactive moments the most unbearable, and must hope for the power, as I feel most surely the necessity, of working without delay." But his work for some years to come was as a painter, not as a poet; his "Beata Beatrix," in which he idealised his own lost Beatrice, being, along with "Dante's Dream," finished in 1870, perhaps the most notable of all his works. As he could not "any longer bear to remain in the old home," he settled down, after some shifting about, in the house in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, of which he was tenant till his death. His intention was to share it with congenial friends, and his partners at starting were his brother, Mr. W. M. Rossetti, Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. George Meredith. This arrangement, however, proved unsatisfactory, and the novelist and the poet soon departed, though with Mr. Swinburne Rossetti maintained intimate relations till 1872. In that year, or thereabouts, the second stage of his adult life came to a close.

"Fairly happy," is Mr. Joseph Knight's description of "the first portion of Rossetti's residence in Cheyne Walk." "Here," says the same friend, "were held those meetings, prolonged often into the early hours of the morning, which to those privileged to be present were veritable nights and feasts of gods. Here, in the dimly-lighted studio, around the blazing fire, used to assemble the men of distinction or promise in literature and art whom the magnetism of Rossetti's individuality collected around him." But it was somewhat forced gaiety, though genuine enough while it lasted, which Rossetti found in his own house and among his friends outside. It diverted him from the grief of loneliness, and from the sad memories that find expression in so many of the sonnets in "The House of Life," several of which appear to have been written during these years. But he already began to be troubled with the sleeplessness which grew upon him in later years, and in which his temper may often have been such as is expressed in his plaintive little poem, "Insomnia":—

Our lives, most dear, are never near,
Our thoughts are never far apart,
Though all that draws us heart to heart
Seems fainter now, and now more clear.

To-night Love claims his full control,
And with desire and with regret
My soul this hour has drawn your soul
A little nearer yet.

During three or four years after his wife's death Rossetti wrote little or no poetry; he seems to have thought it sacrilege to do so, now that the sympathetic critic he had most prized was gone from him. After a while, however, he resumed his pen, and by 1868 so many new poems had been accumulated that he was urged to publish them, and, in order to join with them the best of his earlier work, to consent to the recovery of the manuscripts which had been buried with his wife. This was done at length in the autumn of 1869, and in the following year his first volume of original "Poems" appeared. The hearty praise with which this volume was greeted gladdened his heart for a time. The outrageous abuse it subsequently received from some quarters stung him to the quick, and did far more than his cruel enemies can have contemplated to spoil the remainder of his life.

Along with much that was beautiful, besides the poems which have been already mentioned, the volume contained "Jenny," and the series entitled "The House of Life," then consisting of fifty sonnets and eleven songs. Of "The House of Life" about half were poems dealing with love as a vital constituent of human happiness and human misery, and in some of them there were undoubtedly expressions and illustrations that, taken from their connection, appear coarse, or, at any rate, needlessly precise. "Jenny," having for its motto Mistress Quickly's words, "Vengeance of Jenny's case! Fie on her! Never name her, child!" was the pathetic portraiture of a tired courtezan—

A cipher of man's changeless sum
Of lust, past, present, and to come—

as she might be seen at the close of a sad day of toilless pleasure or pleasureless toil:—

So young, and soft, and tired; so fair,
With chin thus nestled in your hair,
Mouth quiet, eyelids almost blue
As if some sky of dreams shone through!
Just as another woman sleeps!
Enough to throw one's thoughts in heaps
Of doubt and horror,—what to say
Or think,—this awful secret sway,
The potter's power over the clay!

Of the same lump (it has been said)
For honour and dishonour made,
Two sister vessels. Here is one,
It makes a goblin of the sun!

The whole poem is a terribly earnest sermon, inspired by and inspiring bitter scorn for the wrongdoers, tender pity for the wronged.

What has man done here? How atone,
Great God, for this which man has done?
And for the body and soul which by
Man's pitiless doom must now comply
With lifelong hell, what lullaby
Of sweet forgetful second birth
Remains? All dark. No sign on earth.
What measure of God's rest endows
The many mansions of His house?

If but a woman's heart might see
Such erring heart unerringly
For once! But that can never be.

One woman, at any rate, not only saw, but wrote to thank Rossetti for the measure of justice he had sought to do to the most hardly used of her sex. In a beautiful letter, printed by her son, Mrs. Gilchrist spoke of "Jenny," issued in the same volume as "The Blessed Damozel," as a poem "which comes upon a woman with appalling force after she has been standing gazing into the very sanctuary of love, where woman sits divinely enthroned. For she knows that if, looking up joyfully, the brightness shining on her also, she may say, 'My sister!' she must also, though shame should rise up and cover her, look down and say, 'O, my sister!'"

All people were not so just or generous, and when, in the autumn of 1871, Mr. Robert Buchanan, under the pseudonym of "Thomas Maitland," published in the *Contemporary Review* his notorious article on "The Fleshly School of Poetry," grossly slandering and wantonly misrepresenting Rossetti, along with Mr. Swinburne and others, the author of "Jenny" was far more seriously wounded than he need have been. Mr. Swinburne parried the attack on himself in characteristic style in his curious pamphlet, "Under the Microscope." Rossetti made a shorter and more dignified reply in the *Athenæum*. "That I may," he said, "take a wider view than some poets or critics of how much in the material conditions absolutely given to man to deal with, as distinct from his spiritual aspirations, is admissible within the limits of art, this is possible enough: nor do I wish to shrink from such responsibility. But [illegible] *the ignoring* or overshadowing of spirit

falsehood, impossible to be put forward except in the indulgence of prejudice or rancour."

The quarrel might well have ended there, or, at any rate, with the tardy attempt at an apology which Mr. Buchanan afterwards vouchsafed. But it did not so end. Rossetti's over-sensitive nature had sustained a shock from which it never recovered. This may have been partly his own fault, or his own misfortune. Had he not intensified his natural nervousness of temperament by keeping irregular hours, alternating dreaminess with enthusiasm, and resorting to narcotics to counteract the sleeplessness that was growing upon him, he might not have been injured by this blow, and might still be living and working among us. As things were, however, his health was all but wrecked for a time, and never fully restored. The last and saddest stage of his life began in 1872.

Amongst his friends there was no marked and immediate change in his bearing, unless it was in a semblance of more buoyancy. With Mr. William Morris and his family at Kelmscott, in Gloucestershire, or with other companions elsewhere, when he was not in Cheyne Walk, he was merrier and more jovial than heretofore; his interests in public affairs—that is, in the affairs of art and letters—were, to say the least, as keen as ever, and to the younger friends who gathered round him he was a most gracious and sympathetic counsellor. But his gaiety was forced, and the chloral, that he now took in constantly increasing quantities "to keep himself up," was weakening him in mind and body. Shortly after the publication of his volume of "Poems" he wrote the beautiful ballad or romance, "Rose Mary," and other pieces, and he worked on at intervals; but prostration began before the end of 1876, when he said, in a letter to his mother, "I must tell you that my bodily state is very suffering, and that my nights are something of which it would be difficult to convey to you an idea for utter unrest and frequent severe pain." "Absolute want of occupation is rotting my life away hour by hour," he wrote in 1877 from Herne Bay, where he was vainly seeking to get back his strength. In a gleam of brightness amid such gloom he may have written the sonnet which he entitled "The Soul's Sphere":—

Some prisoned moon in steep cloud fastnesses,—
  Throned queen and thralled; some dying sun, whose pyre
  Blazed with momentous memorable fire;—
Who hath not yearned and fed his heart with these?
Who, sleepless, hath not anguished to appease
  Tragical shadow's realm of sound and sight
  Conjectured in the lamentable night?
Lo! the soul's sphere of infinite images!

What sense shall count them? whether it forecast
The rose-winged hours that flutter in the van
Of Love's unquestioning unrevealed span,—
Visions of golden pastures: or that last
Wild pageant of the accumulated past
That clangs and flashes for a drowning man.

Rossetti was not yet quite a drowning man. Under the zealous care of his friends, among whom Mr. Theodore Watts was now the chief and most helpful, he so far shook off his lethargy as to make some valuable additions to his store of verse; the chief being "The White Ship," and "The King's Tragedy." Both these passionate ballads are noble compositions, and it is hard to say which of the two is the better. "The White Ship" was written in 1880, especially for the entertainment of the poet's young nephews and nieces; "The King's Tragedy" followed in 1881, and was perhaps the latest contribution to the second of the two volumes—"Poems," and "Ballads and Sonnets"—in which in that year Rossetti brought together all of his old and new compositions which he considered worth preserving, with more or less alteration in nearly every one of them.

By many it will be thought that the most important portion of the second volume is "The House of Life," here rearranged and enlarged, so as to contain in all a hundred and one sonnets, styled "a sonnet sequence," and divided into two parts, "Youth and Change," and "Change and Fate." This work is in no sense autobiographical, nor does it furnish in the order followed any clue to Rossetti's mental development, as, though written at intervals between 1848 and 1881, some of the latest written were placed near the beginning and some of the earlier near the end of the series. It does, however, very forcibly reveal to us many of the various, yet harmonious, phases of the writer's temperament, and, almost unmatched on purely literary grounds as a collection of beautiful poems in strict sonnet form by one man, it is of at least equal value with Mrs. Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese," or any other "sequence" that could be named, as an unfolding of a poet's soul.

Rossetti died at Birchington, on April 9, 1882, and then solved the problem he had so plaintively stated in "The Cloud Confines":—

The day is dark and the night
To him that would search their heart:
No lips of cloud that will part
Nor morning song in the light:
Only, gazing alone,
To him wild shadows are shown,
Deep unto deep unknown
And height above unknown height.

Still we say as we go—
"Strange to think by the way,
Whatever there is to know,
That shall we know one day."

Amid happier conditions of life he might have done more and better work, and his genius might have taken broader flights; but his genius soared high, and the work he did was enough, and good enough, for us to be very grateful for.

H. R. FOX-BOURNE.

SCIENCE NOTES.

Magnesia in Paper.

ALL who are addicted to observation must have observed that a change has lately come over the face of the paper on which magazines and many books and pamphlets are printed. American magazines started it, and now it has become widely extended. Is this merely a result of fashion demanding a higher degree of pressing and rolling in the finish of the paper, or is there some other reason less obvious, and questionably understood?

I think I can answer this question, having learned that in the manufacture of paper talc has lately been largely used in the place of the white china clay that was formerly employed to give body, weight, and opacity to the vegetable pulp. The primary motive of the paper-maker in using it was that the pulp will hold a larger quantity of talc than of the other cheap mineral material. Talc is a magnesian mineral. Vauquelin's analysis of ordinary lamellar talc gives the following results :—

Silica	62·0	per cent.
Magnesia	27·0	
Alumina	1.8	
Oxide of iron	3·2	
Water	6·0	

From this it will be seen that it is but little more than a silicate of magnesia. When attending the class of Professor Jamieson, the last of the Wernerian mineralogists (those who classified minerals by their physical characters rather than their chemical composition), I was much interested in his illustrations of the peculiar unctuous smoothness of the surface of magnesian minerals, and his statement that the presence of magnesia in a mineral may be detected by rubbing it with the finger.

This may be done to an extent that is scarcely credible unless the experiment be tried after taking a little pain
correct tactile perception of the charact
presence of silicate of magnesia.

chlorite, augite, olivine, hornblende, asbestos, meerschaum, etc., may at once be *felt*, and thus detected without chemical analysis, in spite of the differences of their colours and other physical features.

This peculiar smoothness may be imparted more or less fully to mixtures containing silicate of magnesia. When making some experiments on the manufacture of solid ink pencil material some years ago, I found that the addition of this compound greatly improved the smoothness of the otherwise harsh mixture of vegetable black. It imparted some degree of the smoothness of plumbago.

I have no doubt that the facility with which the smoothness of the surfaces of modern paper is now obtained is largely due to the substitution of the silicate of magnesia of the talc for the silicate of alumina of the china clay, but am not aware to what extent the paper-makers themselves are acquainted with the *rationale* of this part of their work. They probably know by experience that talc is better than clay, without knowing why. The talc at present used is imported from New Jersey, but, if my theory of its usefulness is correct, we have no need to send so far for suitable material. The southernmost extremity of our island, the Lizard region of Cornwall, is composed of serpentine veined with soapstone, some of these veins having considerable dimensions. The average composition of soapstone being about the same as the average composition of talc (both are variable), the soapstone may be used as a substitute for the talc if it can be obtained at a cheaper rate.

It is stated (see *Athenæum*, May 14) that the effluent waters from paper mills wherein talc is used is far less contaminated than when kaolin is employed. I do not understand why this should be.

Since the above was written I have met with an analysis of the New Jersey talc, by W. J. Macadam. It contains 33·13 per cent. of magnesia, only 0·31 of alumina, and $\frac{1}{10}$ per cent. of iron oxide.

Spring and the Poets.

IN the last number of this magazine Sylvanus Urban asks the certainly pertinent question, "Are the seasons in very fact changing, or have our poets through successive generations beguiled us with pictures of a delusive and non-existent Spring?"

In reply I may state that one very definite change has occurred. When Thomson wrote "The Seasons" (published in 1728) May 1 fell on May 12 as we now record it, and his May 21 on June 1. His Christmas Day fell upon a time that we now date as January 5, a time at which we are far more liable to the Christmas weather of the poets than at our present Christmas.

These differences arose from our correction of the calendar in 1752.

On September 2 of that year, eleven nominal days were struck out, so that the day following was called September 14 instead of 3.

The year 1751 suffered still more severely in England. It began on March 25 as the previous year had done, but ended on December 31. It had but 282 days. This change, however, has not affected the apparent seasons, it merely touches the legal dating of the year.

The effect of cutting off the eleven days in the dates of the month has had a sensible effect on all our records and traditions concerning the seasons. If the "April showers" were rigidly punctual, they would now begin on April 12 and end on May 12, and the May blossoms that now come out so late as June 11 are still within their proper month, according to old style.

The change from old to new style was not effected smoothly. "Give us back our eleven days" became the cry of threatening rebellion.

Russia still clings to the old style with accumulating error. Its calendar is now twelve days behind.

Why the Style was Changed.

As some may not clearly understand this, I will endeavour to explain it. If the time occupied by the earth in travelling round the sun were exactly equal to that of any given number of its rotations, say 365 or 366, our calendar would be simple enough. But it is not so accommodating, for taking the mean solar day, or apparent going round of the sun, as our unit, the length of the year is 365·24224 days, expressed in decimals, or 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 49·7 seconds. (I say *mean* solar days, because our days as measured by the sun are unequal. The astronomer measures his day by the stars.)

We make a correction for this by means of leap year, but this addition of one day every fourth year assumes that the length of the year is 365¼ days. The above figures show that it actually falls short of this, and thus we overdo our correction by 11 minutes and 10·3 seconds. Although this error is but small for a single year it becomes considerable in the course of centuries. It amounts to 7 days in 900 years.

To avoid a continuation of the old error, it was enacted by the Statute 24 George II. cap. 23, that the several years 1800, 1900 2100, 2200, 2300, or every h

except only every fourth hundredth year, of which the year 2000 shall be the first, the 29th of February shall be omitted. These shall not be leap years as they otherwise would. This supplies a practically sufficient correction (9 days in 1200 years is not far from 7 days in 900 years). Those among us who live to February 1900, will find a disturbance in the almanac. Leap year and its privileges will then be omitted, but not so in February 2000, nor February 2400, nor February 2800; this cancelling of the omission on every fourth century being a further correction necessary to avoid overdoing it.

Another way of stating the arrangement is to say we have a leap year every four years, excepting once in a century, but a leap century every 400 years annulling this exception.

The Phonograph again.

ALL who have any respect for scientific sobriety must have hoped that the exaggerations concerning Edison's phonograph had long since been played out, but this is not the case. The *Philadelphia Times* tells us that there is in the house of Mr. Edison, at Llewellyn Park, a remarkable memento of the late Mr. Henry Ward Beecher; that instead of asking visitors for their cards, Mr. Edison has in two or three hundred instances requested them to speak a few sentences in a phonograph, that he keeps the plates in a cabinet, and occasionally runs some of them through the machine, which sends out the words as uttered; that Edison is thus probably the only man who can revive the silenced voice of the great preacher.

This is a mild revival of the trumpeting which announced the invention. The following are a few samples from *Nature* of May 30, 1878. "Mr. Edison, in an interesting article in the current *North American Review*, tells us that it may be the means of actually realising some of the wildest dreams and speculations of the frenzied poet and preacher, and creating a revolution in human intercourse only to be paralleled by the invention of printing, or even of speech itself." In our streets we shall have barrel organs "turning out for us a ballad by Sims Reeves or Santley, or a witching air in the voice of Patti. Alas, the invention came just too late to preserve to us for ever the matchless voice of Titiens."

Quoting the words of Mr. Edison, the writer proceeds to announce that "phonograph letters may be dictated at home or in the office of a friend, the presence of a stenographer not being required. The dictation may be as rapid as the thoughts can be formed or the lips utter them. The recipient may listen to his letters being read at the rate of 150 to 200 words per minute, and at the same time busy

himself with other matters. Interjections, explanations, emphases, exclamations, &c., may be thrown into such letters *ad libitum.*"

Then as to books, there seems some chance that ere long the printer's, if not the publisher's, occupation will be to a great extent gone, and the present unwieldy form of communication between an author and his readers be abolished. What would one not give to have the "Christmas Carol" bottled up for ever in Dickens's own voice, to be turned out at pleasure? Books, as Mr. Edison truly says, would often be listened to where none are read, and the possibilities of the instrument in this direction may be learned from the *fact*, that *a book of* 40,000 *words might be recorded on a single metal plate ten inches square.* (These italics are mine.) The writer adds, "but when Mr. Edison speaks of our thus collecting 'the last words of the dying member of the family' and of great men, we feel as if he were approaching the ludicrous and the shocking." We now know that he has quite reached them.

"We shall have phonographic clocks, which will tell you the hour of the day, call you to lunch, send your lover home at ten," &c. The phonograph will "revolutionise the present systems of telegraphy," and so much more of our daily business of life that I must refer the reader to the article itself for the rest, merely quoting its concluding words. "Certainly some substitute or substitutes for the clumsy mode of recording our thoughts by pen and ink, so inconsistent with the general rapidity of our time, must be close at hand; and what form one of these substitutes may take, seems pretty clearly pointed out by the actual uses to which Mr. Edison's invention has been put."

I could fill a number of this Magazine with quotations of similar character, those in the daily papers of the time, much more extravagant than the above, which are from a sober scientific journal. What has it all come to? Those among my readers who attended any of the conversaziones of eight or nine years ago where the toy was exhibited, will remember the absurdity of its actual performance as compared with these fables. Having spoken into the instrument with a deep loud voice it answered with a mouse-like squeak, the words being only intelligible when suitably selected. At such conversaziones the usual words attempted by the exhibitor were "Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard," the selection being determined by the abundance of labial consonants. If words made up of vowels, liquid, and sibilant consonants were spoken, the failure was complete. All the statements concerning the reproduction of the characteristic quality and sweetness of a voice were gross absurdities.

The thing is now practically dead. It is not even receiving the degree of attention which it really deserves as a philosophical toy and an instrument for the elucidation of certain acoustic problems.

Tofu and Vegetable Cheese.

VEGETARIANS should look to this. Tofu is a curd manufactured from beans in Japan. According to the "Journal of the Society of Arts," December 24, 1886, it "approaches more nearly in its composition to animal food than any other vegetable known." It contains about one-fifth of its weight of fat, and nearly two-fifths of nitrogenous matter. As a beefsteak contains less than one-fifth of its weight of nitrogenous matter (72 per cent. being water), the tofu must have at least double the nutrient value of beef, and is especially desirable among rice-feeding people, rice being deficient in such material. The bean has lately been successfully grown in Germany.

The Japanese prepare it by soaking the beans in water for 24 hours, then grinding them in a stone mill with the purest water obtainable, so as to form a thin pulp. The pulp is heated to boiling, when more water is added, and it is boiled again; then more cold water is added, and it is allowed to stand. The liquor is then strained out through a bag, and brine is stirred into it. This effects a coagulation, and the curd is pressed as in making cheese. It is, in fact, a vegetable cheese, and may be used accordingly.

The fibrous residue left in the bag, after the filtering out of the vegetable casein, may be mixed with chaff as a food for cattle.

I have treated our common split peas in a similar manner, and have obtained soluble casein, which I precipitated with acetic acid (see "Chemistry of Cookery," page 217 to 220). All kinds of peas and beans will yield such soluble casein when thus treated, and most valuable food may thus be obtained free from the woody fibre, which is difficult to digest.

My experiments were avowedly but preliminary and suggestive; they, however, point to the possibility of a very important industry in the manufacture of a new and most desirable food, viz. vegetable cheese. If I am not altogether mistaken, it may be produced on a large scale at about threepence per pound, and be equal, if not superior, to the best cheese made in the dairy. As I have shown in the work above quoted, a sheep weighing 60 lbs. contains less nutritive matter than 20 lbs. of ordinary cheese. This also applies to the vegetable cheese.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

Lawyer and Client.

ONE result of the exposure of the Langworthy marriage case, which has recently stirred English feeling as it has rarely been stirred, must be that the question of the relations between lawyer and client will have to be reconsidered. With regard to the barrister, the obligation to make the best of a bad case is understood. When a prisoner has pleaded guilty to a serious crime he has been advised to withdraw the plea, and a counsel has been directed by the presiding judge to undertake his defence. The duty of the man so placed is clear. He is to endow the criminal with his own professional knowledge so as to take advantage of every loophole for escape that may be presented, invalidate the testimony borne against him, and urge every point that tells in his favour. In a sense, the counsel in a criminal case may almost be supposed to be on his own trial. He may not, it has been decided, proclaim his belief in the innocence of a man he knows to be guilty. Believing, however, the man to be guilty, it is none the less his duty to get him off. Is the case the same with the solicitor? To this the answer must be in the negative. In the first place, the barrister, as a rule, does not know his client, who is to him an abstract entity. Between solicitor and client there is ordinarily, meanwhile, complete confidence. A man not seldom goes to an attorney stating in effect, "I am in a mess, and you must help me out of it." The lawyer hears a confession of weakness or worse, which he takes for what it is worth, and supplements from his own experience. How far, then is a solicitor justified in using the engines of the law for the purpose of shielding a man he knows to be in the wrong? The question cannot be readily answered. His client is, let me suppose, a youth belonging to a family of which he has long been the confidential adviser. He is bound to think the best of the case and use his efforts to avert a disaster. That he may not swear to affidavits he believes to be false belongs to the alphabet of honour. If, however, he is too nice in conduct, he may have difficulty in pursuing his profession

When no solicitor will take a case in which his client has not perfectly clean hands, we may say with Hamlet, "then is doomsday near." A solicitor, moreover, who finds the son of an influential client in a difficulty, is naturally tempted to strain a point or two to get him out of it. How many points he will strain is a matter of individual conscience. In that disgraceful business of the Langworthy case there can be no doubt that a man of fine feeling and exquisite sense of honour might well hesitate before continuing to act for a client by whom every instinct of humanity seems to have been outraged, and of whose mendacity so many proofs have been advanced.

Is Alcohol a Narcotic?

THERE is little temptation for one who is neither a partisan nor a disputant to enter upon the questions of the moral and physical influences of alcohol as a beverage. The point, however, whether alcohol can justly be defined as a stimulant stands apart from that of its value. I am not greatly concerned with "Temperance" literature, nor wholly convinced by "Temperance" arguments. In a so-called Jubilee Address on Alcoholic Beverages by Dr. Edmunds, the senior physician to the London Temperance Hospital, the argument that alcohol is not a stimulant but a narcotic, or, as the lecturer prefers to call it, a stupefier, is, as it seems to me, conclusively proven. The diminution of suffering which, under certain conditions, follows a dose of brandy is due, it is maintained, not to exalted energy, but to blunted sensibility. The theory that an intoxicant, which in large doses produces stupor, will in small doses exercise a contrary effect, is, Dr. Edmunds maintains, "an absurdity." Were it admitted, however, that stimulus is the result of the exhibition of alcohol in small doses, this would not disprove that alcohol is a narcotic, since opium itself in small doses is more of an irritant than a sedative. Further than this I will not enter into a subject that challenges discussion and not seldom engenders heat. I fancy, however, that for non-scientific purposes the description of alcohol as a narcotic will pass muster.

Milton's House at Chalfont St. Giles.

IF only in the interest of visitors, American and other, to our shores, the scheme of the Vicar and Churchwardens of Chalfont St. Giles for preserving to the public the cottage in that parish in which Milton finished his "Paradise Lost" is to be commended. To

the retention of the residences of great men who have dwelt in London, the overpowering necessities of an immense and a rapidly augmenting population offer a constant opposition. In presence, indeed, of developments forthwith to be expected, it is impossible to say what portions of London are secure against destruction for the sake of facilitating access to other parts. In the case of country districts, wherein population has a tendency to diminish rather than to increase, a house which has been closely associated with a great man may and, if possible, should be preserved. It is futile to ask what Shakespeare would say as to the use to which his house at Stratford is put. Neither Shakespeare nor Milton, supposing either to be still cognisant of sublunary affairs, could be other than gratified at the influx of visitors to spots associated with and sanctified by their residence. When, again, spots so associated are situated in the most beautiful portions of England, the amount of innocent delight and intellectual cultivation to be obtained by visiting them is to be taken into account. The sight of our lovely island does more to soften American hearts to us than the moral, civic, and political purity on which we plume ourselves. Chalfont St. Giles will be a worthy shrine. Rossetti also dwelt, in his early youth, in the place from which, on September 1, 1842, the earliest of his preserved letters is dated. He speaks, however, with little reverence of Milton's house, saying it is "unquestionably the ugliest and dirtiest in the village."

Rosina, Lady Lytton.

NOT an edifying chapter in the history of literature is that which is opened out by the publication of Miss Devey's "Life of Rosina, Lady Lytton."[1] Making allowances for charges that it is to be hoped and believed are visionary, such as the attempt to murder her, which Lady Lytton puts forward, it is obvious that she was the victim of cruel wrong. Her confinement in an asylum, and other matters, are things concerning which evidence is forthcoming. At the same time, a perusal of the statements put forward by her biographer and executor shows her to have been a singularly hard and caustic woman, with whom it must have been difficult for a man of nervous temperament to get on. It is useless, moreover, to say that the bitterness came as the result of her wrongs. Her opening sketches of the characters around her are as vitriolic as they are clever. The biography should be read to the end; much of it is

[1] Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

too pleasant reading, and the whole leaves an unpleasant flavour. *It* is difficult, however, to avoid feeling resentment for the treatment accorded Lady Lytton, even though the conviction is borne in upon the reader that she was well able to take care of herself, and "gave almost as good as she got."

The Augmentation of English Empire.

A CERTAIN leaven of hypocrisy is according to our Continental critics always working beneath the English character. We do not exactly, in the words of Butler,

> Compound for sins we are inclined to
> By damning those we have no mind to;

but we turn up our eyes, such is the charge, in holy horror of the very class of offences which we practise in private. There is some truth in the accusation, though less truth than our enemies suppose. In many cases our disclaimers are the result less of hypocrisy than of ignorance. Take, for instance, the question of the seizure of land with which as a nation we are charged: How many Englishmen are there who know, or will believe when told, that the possessions on which within the last five years we have seized, amount to something not far short of a million square miles? In this calculation Egypt, which we hold and shall some day, if we can, resign, of course does not count. The calculations which establish this astounding fact are not my own. They are taken from the "Melbourne Age," and are quoted in an evening journal. It is little use mentioning names, which, except to a school-boy going up for an examination, convey no meaning whatever. It is since 1880, however, that the protectorate over New Guinea has been proclaimed, Quetta and Pishin have been declared to be English possessions, Bechuanaland declared an English Colony, and Burmah annexed. These additions to our empire are sufficiently important to arrest the attention of foreign nations. While, however, we are ourselves proceeding at this rate, we are indulging in violent outcries against other nations whose extension of territory is insignificant compared with our own It behoves Englishmen to know more of their own history, and to calculate the danger and responsibilities with which the constant increase of territory is attended. The same causes which have brought about recent changes are still at work, and there is no reason to expect that the increase in future years will be smaller than it has been in the past.

SYLVANUS URBAN.







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